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Everybody's

FRANK QUINN
EDITOR

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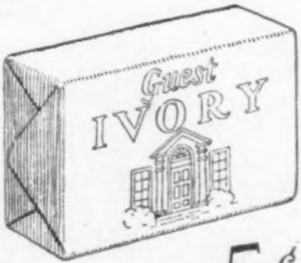

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Advertising section continued in rear of book

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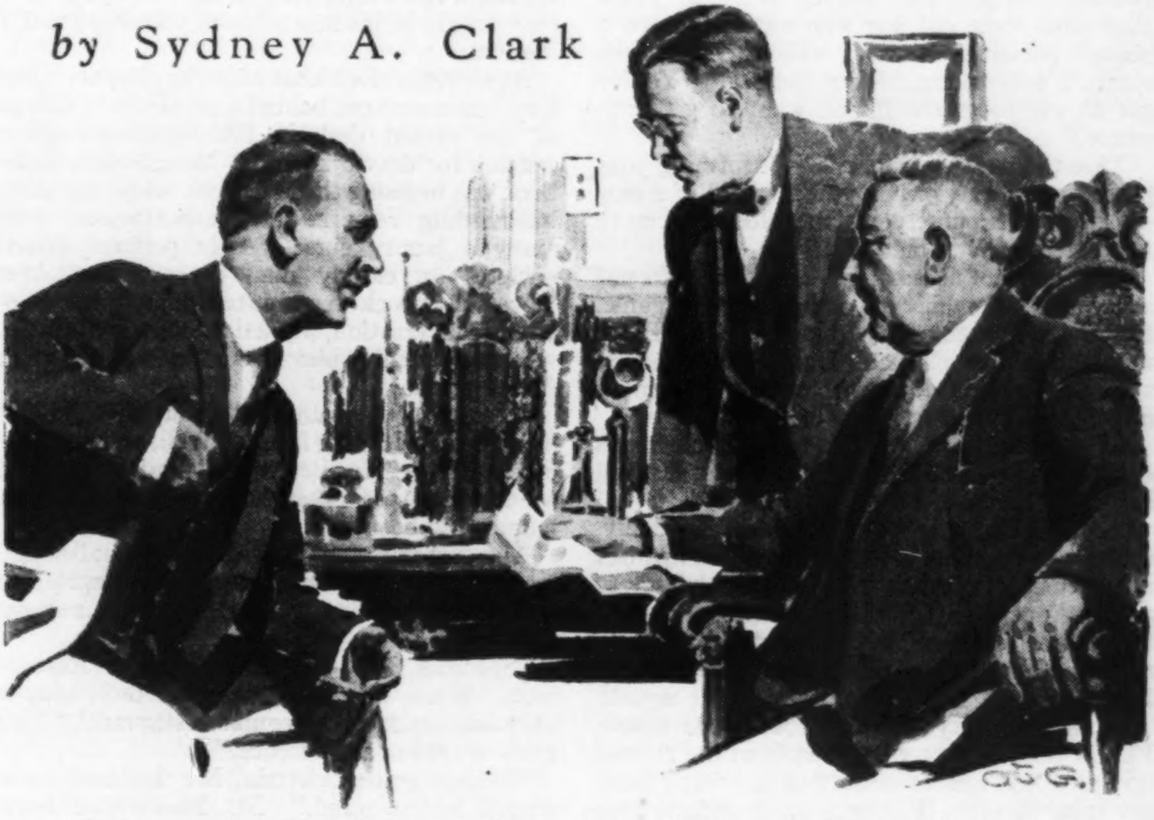
A cub realtor understudies a veteran who overlooks an important footnote in the rule book of Success

The Success of Montgomery Lubbock

by Sydney A. Clark



Monty proceeded with definiteness and thoroughness. He drew up a list giving his customers detailed information about each place. He was a soul of patience and service.

"IT'S ALL a matter of experience, Steve. When you've been in the business as long as I have you'll be able to judge just like that whether a prospect is a live one or a dead one; whether he has money and means business or is just an old woman out shopping."

Montgomery Lubbock removed a fat cigar from his lips, blew out a great cloud of smoke, and tipped farther back in his upholstered swivel chair.

"Yup, Stevey my boy, that's half the game—sizing up your prospect; being able to judge from a glance what there is in him. The rest of the game is imagination—resourcefulness—figuring out what ought to happen and then making it go ahead and happen."

"I think I see what you mean, Mr. Lubbock," said Steve.

"Mr. Lubbock! Hell's bells! Call me Monty, my boy. Forget the formal stuff. I'm a few years older than you, of course, and I've had a whole lot of experience which you haven't had, but that makes no difference. We're office mates. You're Steve and I'm Monty. Get me, my boy?"

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"Yes, I get you. Thanks Mr. — Thanks Monty. It's mighty decent of you to be so friendly to a new man."

"Decent? Not at all. Don't accuse me o' being decent. I won't stand for that. I like the cut of you. That's all. I'm going to help you to get ahead."

The new man, Steve Graham, flushed with pleasure.

"Yes, my boy. As I was saying, it's five parts judgment and five parts imagination. Real estate—at least the brokerage end of it—is unlike any other business in the world. I have no patience with the plodder in this business, the chap who takes on all comers, one-two-three order, and fiddles away as much time with some old hag who wants to open a beauty parlor as he does with the man who wants a fifty-thousand-foot factory. You've got to use judgment if you want to get anywhere."

"Are there any special rules for forming your judgment, Monty, when you get hold of a new prospect? I suppose you always look him up in Bradstreet or Dun first of all?"

"Oh, no—not necessarily. I used to. It's not a bad practice while you're learning the game. But I've rather got away from that now. Those reports don't mean much. Half the time they're all wrong. No, I depend on my own judgment mostly. Size 'em up, you know."

Monty was leaning far back in his chair, his cigar tipped at a rakish angle, his hands clasped behind his head.

"Look here, my boy," he said suddenly, shifting his cigar to a far corner of his lips but not bothering to remove it. "The only way to get the knack is by actual experience, of course, but it'll help you a lot if you watch somebody that's had experience—me for instance; and by the way, don't mind what I say about myself. This false modesty stuff never did appeal to me. I know the real estate business from the ground up and I don't mind admitting it. Well then, get this, Stevey. I always hang around here from eleven to twelve. That's my hour, you know, the hour when I take any telephone or counter business that happens to come in. You'll have an hour assigned to you pretty soon if you show you can handle it. There's not a great deal of business comes in that way, but there's apt to be one or two calls most every day. Now I suggest that you stick around here this morning between eleven and twelve. Sit at that vacant desk in Ed. Spalding's office. He won't mind. Pretend to be fussing over a catalog or something, but keep your eyes and ears wide open. Watch who comes into my office and watch the way I handle 'em. You'll learn a lot. See?"

"Yes, I see. Thank you. I'd like to do that. I think it would give me an idea of the thing."

THE house into which Stephen Graham had come a week or so before was the largest and best known real estate brokerage house in the city. There were eight other men besides himself and the three members of the firm. The eight brokers worked together in friendly competition and there was seldom any serious friction among them. Disputes, when they arose, were generally settled by the toss of a coin or by arbitration. The older men, in point of experience, gave the newer men plenty of advice, always friendly, sometimes condescending. Montgomery Lubbock dealt it out in large lots and only his gusty humor and good spirits saved it from being entirely offensive. He could call a man his own age "My boy" and blow smoke in his face without seeming exactly insolent.

At eleven o'clock that morning Stephen Graham was ensconced behind a set of card catalogs at the vacant desk in Ed. Spalding's office waiting for developments. Mongtomery Lubbock was breezing through some telephone calls, interlarding remarks and exhortations with many a jaunty curse. After perhaps fifteen minutes an elderly man entered the outer office. Lubbock hastily terminated his telephone conversation, winked meaningly at Steve, who was watching him, and hurried out to greet the customer.

"Yes, sir. A restaurant, you say. H'm." Monty pulled a long face. "Well, step into my office, Mr. — Mr. Beckwith," and he glanced at the card the other had given him. "My name's Lubbock."

The customer followed Monty, and although he was twice the latter's age gave the impression of trotting obediently in response to a summons.

"Siddown, Mr. — Beckwith, H'm. Restaurant. What was your idea—cafeteria maybe or quick lunch, or a regular restaurant? You know it makes a difference."

"A high grade cafeteria, Mr. Lubbock, was what I had in mind." Mr. Beckwith chewed his upper lip as though a bit nervous. "I want a first class location."

The faintest shadow of a smile flitted over Monty's expansive face. "Did you have any particular figure in mind—what you'd be willing to pay?"

"No, I can't say that I have. It all depends on the location."

"Are you familiar with rents in this city? They're damned high, you know. Business district is so concentrated."

"I only have vague ideas about that. I know they're high. I've always understood that."

"Well, if you want a first class location there's the store at the corner of Garfield and Thornton. That would set you back twenty-four thousand per."

Mr. Beckwith pursed his lips as if to whistle, and again Monty allowed himself the shadow of a smile.

"Then there's the old Ames store in the block between West and Stanwood on Garfield. That can be had for twenty thou. for a short lease. And there's the new store on Warrington. They're asking twenty-six for that. It's got a good frontage, though, about thirty-two feet. And if you want the best there is, regardless of price, there's the store in the Johnson Block, number 642 Garfield, for thirty-five thousand dollars per."

"You haven't anything cheaper," ventured Mr. Beckwith, "in what you'd call a first class location?"

"No, sir. Absolutely not. You can't get anything cheap these days. Better take a run around and look at the Ames store, 520 Garfield. Twenty thou. is the price. They might shade it a trifle."

"Thanks," said Mr. Beckwith and it seemed to the closely watching Steve that his face showed a trace of annoyance. "Let me see. That first one at the corner of Garfield and Thornton was—"

"Twenty-four. Frontage maybe eighteen feet on Garfield. It ells in after twenty-five or thirty feet."

"And the new store in Warrington was—er—twenty-six thousand you said, and the frontage thirty-two feet?"

"Yes, sir. If you're interested in any of them at all, just give me a ring and I'll give you further dope on 'em. Glad you stepped in, Mr. Beckwith."

Two prosperous looking men were in the outer office, and it became very evident that Monty's bright eye had spotted them. He rose and Mr. Beckwith followed his example. As Monty ushered him out he grasped his hand, a bit too boisterously, Steve thought.

"Mighty glad to be of service to you, Mr. Beckwith," he said by way of parting, and the customer drifted out as the new ones walked into Monty's office.

Monty's manner at once changed. Steve had not supposed he could be so courteous and quiet. The two new customers gave their names as Mr. Pilchard and Mr. Abrams, representing the Eagle Millinery Company of New York. They wanted two or three upper floors in the retail district for a popular millinery line.

"The idea is this, Mr. —"

"Lubbock, sir."

"Mr. Lubbock. The idea is just this." Mr. Pilchard was talking in a loud and slightly nasal tone. "We won't pay your street floor rents. The prices you ask in this town are ridiculous. But if we can find the right location upstairs, say a couple of floors of five thousand feet each —a second and third floor it would have to be—we could make an attractive display and advertise and get the women coming. It's got to be in the very heart of things—and the price has got to be right. Do you see?"

"Yes, sir. I understand perfectly. That sort of thing ought to go here."

"I should hope so," said Mr. Pilchard with needless truculence. "If it goes in New York it certainly ought to go here. What locations have you got?"

Monty proceeded with a definiteness and thoroughness that evoked Steve's admiration. He drew up a long and carefully annotated list, giving his customers detailed information about each place. He was the soul of patience and service and was plainly making an impression on Messrs. Pilchard and Abrams. After he had completed an exhaustive survey of what was to be had in the district he said: "Now I suggest that you men come to lunch with me at the Maynard if you can spare the time and after lunch we'll go and explore these places. What do you say?"

THEY readily assented and Monty put on his hat and coat. "Just a minute, please," he said. "I'm supposed to be on duty here for another twenty minutes. I'll get someone to take my place."

He hurried into Ed. Spalding's office where Steve still was sitting entrenched behind his catalogs.

"Steve, my boy," he said in a low tone. "Think you can swing things for the next few minutes? There probably won't be any calls and if there are maybe you can tease 'em along a bit, or pass 'em over to Ed. Spalding if he should come in."

"I'll do the best I can," said Steve.

"By the way," went on Monty, lowering his voice almost to a whisper. "There couldn't have been a better illustration of what I was saying this morning. These men are the real thing. I can see that at a glance. But did you see how I got rid of that restaurant bird? Wasn't he a beaut? Without being unmannerly or anything I just kissed him out the door. He'll never bother me again."

"Yes, Monty. I took it all in. I'll finish out your hour now the best I can."

"Thanks, Steve," and with that Monty went out with Messrs. Pilchard and Abrams. He started a colorful story almost before he was out of the office—one that would require a sharp hiatus should there chance to be any women on the elevator.

Steve took his place in Monty's office. In his mind was the ever-recurring picture of Mr. Beckwith's face as Monty had "kissed him out the door," the little cloud of annoyance and resentment that seemed to rest on it. The man was not impressive, surely. His nervous little habit of biting his lips did not prepossess anyone. And yet, to Steve's way of thinking Monty would have been wise, not to say courteous, to show him a little more attention, to take the trouble to prepare a decent list for him as he had for Messrs. Pilchard and Abrams, and to set a date when he would show him the different locations. It seemed rather too bad, but of course Steve knew nothing about the business and he didn't feel that he was much of a judge of faces.

No calls came in during the remainder of Monty's hour and at twelve o'clock, Steve went out. He was headed, in a general way, for lunch. Without knowing exactly why, he walked down Garfield Street. He passed the corner of Thornton, where the twenty-four thousand dollar store was, examined it as carefully as he could, and then walked on. He had taken a mental note of the three stores which Mr. Beckwith was supposed to check up, and gradually an indistinct purpose formed in his mind to hunt for the man and see if he could do anything for him. It was plain enough that Monty had "got rid of him," that the man if he had a spark of pride would not come into the office again. No doubt Monty was right and the man was only a shopper, without means or experience to warrant taking over a big lease. But to work with him would be only good experience anyway.

He hastened on to the old Ames store, then around to the new store on Warrington Street. Just as he reached the latter he saw Mr. Beckwith turning away. A little breathless, he hurried up to him.

"Oh, Mr. Beckwith," he said, "I've been hunting for you. My name's Graham. I'm from the Hamlin office, too. I just want to say that I was in the adjoining room to Mr. Lubbock's when you were there half an hour ago and—er—well, sir, I think Lubbock wasn't quite himself this morning. He's always breezy and all that, but I'm afraid you thought he was discourteous and I know he didn't mean to be that. If you'd permit it I'd like to see if I can help you."

Mr. Beckwith was pleasantly astonished, it was certain. He seemed a little bit confused and while he hunted for a proper reply Steve hurried on:

"Suppose we step along to the Grantley for a bite to eat and then we'll look around some more. Will you do that?"

"Why, yes, young man," said Mr. Beckwith, warming to his new acquaintance, "Yes I will. Glad to come."

"I ought to confess to you first," said Steve, coloring a little, "that I'm—new at the business. I can't fire off a lot of information as Lubbock could, but I'll do any amount of foot work and inquiring to help you. I thought we might look around and if you see some locations that would just suit you, even if the stores are occupied, I could hunt up the owner and report to you what the chance might be of getting it a little later. I'll do my best for you."

"First rate," said the older man, gratefully, "first rate. That's just the sort of service I'm looking for."

The "bite to eat," at Grantley's cost Steve the best part of three dollars, a very large bite from his weekly stipend. But he went through with it without a quiver. Afterwards the two went out together and strolled along Warrington Street and then Garfield Street. Some four or five locations specially appealed to Mr. Beckwith and Steve promised to dig up thorough information about each one and report. With a warm hand shake and a pleasant smile, they finally parted and Steve hurried back to the office.

ON THE elevator he met Montgomery Lubbock also returning from his search with Messrs. Pilchard and Abrams.

"Hello, my boy. How's tricks? Whatcher been doing?"

Steve flushed as he replied. "Well, Monty, it's this way. I happened to see that restaurant man on Warrington Street—no, I won't put it that way. I'll admit I went out and hunted for him. You see, I figured I could learn a lot from running around trying to help him, and since you said you had purposely got rid of him I thought you wouldn't mind if I chased around a little."

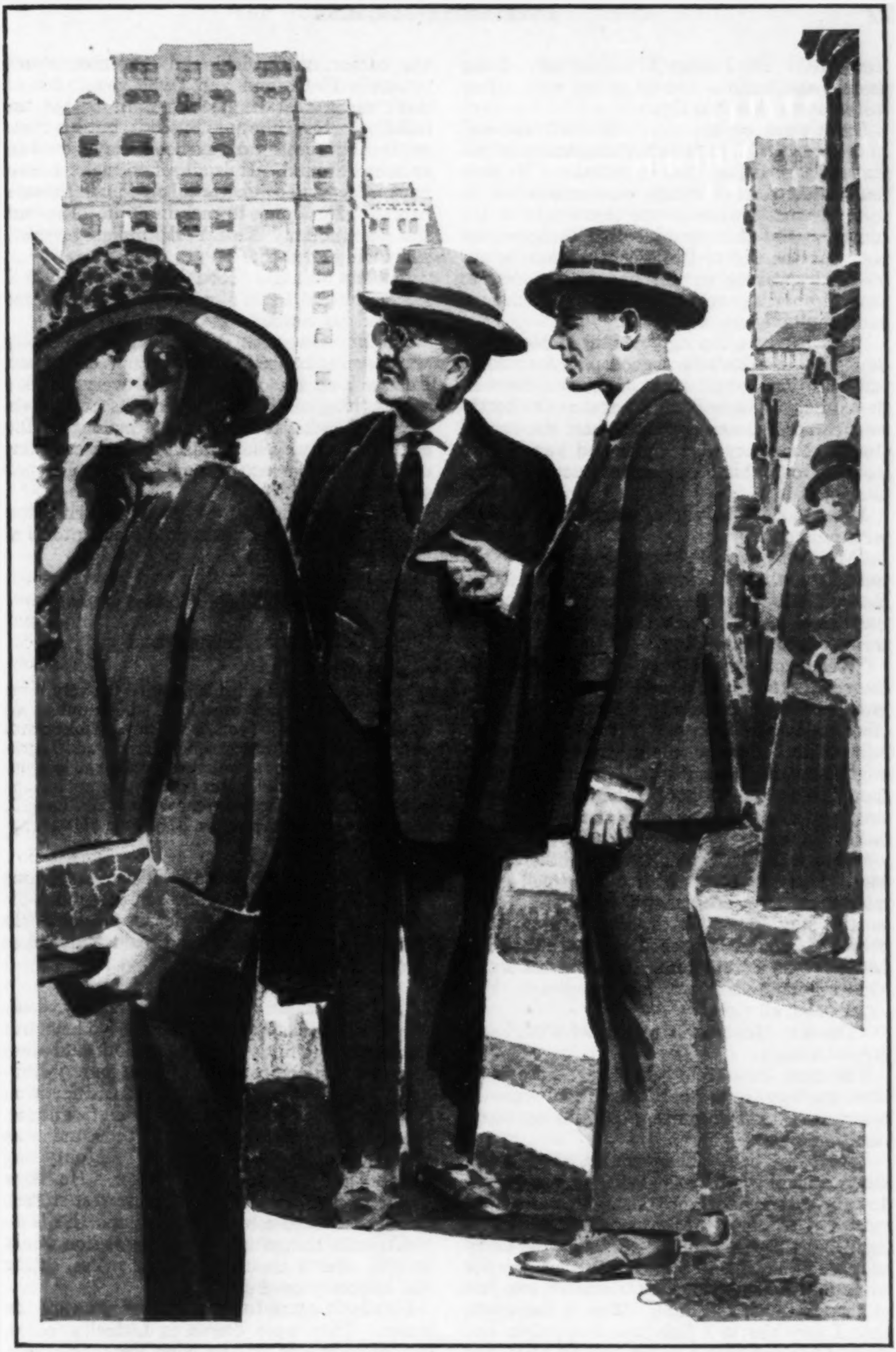
"Mind? O lord, no," and Monty exploded with a big laugh. "I'd forgotten all about the gink. Go to it, my boy. Take him on with my blessing. Only, seriously Steve, I don't like to see you fritter away too much time over such a chap. Fool along with it a little if you want to. It will give you experience. But don't waste a barrel of time. There's nothing in him."

"You know, Monty, I looked him up in Bradstreet's and—"

"And found him well rated. No doubt Stevey. He's probably been running a fairly successful line of quick lunches in the small towns of the Middle West or upper New York State. I know that type. They drift in here as thick as flies in a sugar bowl. But they can't pay the big rents we get here. No, my boy, there's nothing in him. Take it from me. However, if you want to run around with him for a while, go to it."

"All right, Monty. I believe I will. How are you coming on with Mr. Pilchard and Mr. Abrams?"

"Good. They're O.K. They've got money and they mean business and I'm going to make a dollar there. It'll be hard to get the right location, but I'll get my wits to work and figure out something. 'S I say, Steve, next to judgment—picking the right customers to work with—it's imagination that counts in our game. There happens to be nothing lined up for these men.



Illustrated by O. J. Gatter.

The two went out together and strolled along Warrington Street. Some four or five locations appealed to Mr. Beckwith, and Steve promised to dig up information and report.

Very well. Do I drop it? I do not. I dig around and build a line-up of my own. Just fasten on to that, old top."

Steve went on his way. He "fastened on" to the bits of wisdom which Montgomery let fall and he learned fast from experience. He soon found that certain things were impossible, in spite of what Napoleon may have said to the contrary, and that certain other things—were not. At the end of two weeks neither he nor his loud speaking mentor had any success to report from the particular customers which they had simultaneously taken on.

"I've been wondering," ventured Steve one day, "if it wouldn't be a good plan for you to talk with old Ledgell about those two floors at the corner of Garfield and Thornton, the northwest corner I mean, opposite where the vacant store is, the floors over Pierce and Van Dyne's store. Don't think me presumptuous, Monty, to suggest it."

Monty looked at the other compassionately for a moment.

"My dear boy. Do you suppose I have not thought of that? I know Ledgell like a book. He wouldn't rent those floors on a bet, though they have been vacant three months. He's trying to sell the building.

"Well, excuse me, Monty, for butting in. Of course I knew you would have covered the ground, only I happened to be in Ledgell's office today and from one or two things he let fall I gather that he might weaken a little—might rent the floors after all, to a good firm. I should think it might not be a bad idea, specially since you know him so well, just to drop in and talk with him."

"Oh, I will, I was going to drop in there, anyway. I get in touch with old Ledgell every month or two on general principles. He's worth staying in with. Remember that, Steve. If you've happened to meet a man like Ledgell, fasten onto him. He controls six or eight million dollars' worth of property. Yes, sir, it pays, all right."

"Thanks, Monty, I'll remember that," said Steve Graham.

The next day Monty Lubbock did drop in there anyway, to see old Ledgell and when he returned to his own office, a curious conversation took place.

"Steve, my boy. There couldn't be a better illustration of what I was saying to you yesterday about the importance of staying in with the right sort of men." Monty paused to light a cigar and then continued, "Now take old Ledgell. You know I said that I make it a practice to drop into his office every month or two just to keep in touch with him. Well, it was about time I saw him so I just now dropped in and chewed the rag with him for half an hour, and what do you think? He's entirely changed his attitude on the question of his property there at the corner of Garfield and Thornton—store tenant is Pierce and Van Dyne you know. I don't mean that he doesn't want to sell the building. He still wants to sell it, but his views on leasing those various floors have entirely switched around. He's all set to make a lease now. Seems to think it will help him in the sale. Anyway, I'm going to cash in on it. It's just the place for my New York millinery crowd. They will jump at it."

"Good, Monty. Good luck to you. As I said yesterday, I sort of got the idea Ledgell had changed his views."

"Huh? Oh, yes. You did say something about seeing Ledgell, didn't you? Well, 's I say, I can call on the old boy about every so often and nothing of this kind ever gets away from me. I'm going to shoot a letter along to Pilchard right away hot and he'll come crowding over here by the next through train. You just see if he doesn't."

Steve, too amazed at Monty's self-assurance to counter it, heard him dictating to Miss Carley:

"GENTLEMEN:
I believe the very thing has turned up now—

"No, Miss Carley, change that:

"GENTLEMEN:
We have just succeeded in securing the very thing for you. It has been considered wholly out of the question to get those floors at which you looked with so much interest at the corner of Garfield and Thornton Streets, but now, whether because of our influence with the trustees, or possibly, because of the writer's personal acquaintance with Mr. Ledgell, who is the active trustee, we have been able to persuade them that—"

Steve listened no more. He had a curious sensation as if needing air. Furthermore his pulse was quickened by a riotous elation. He hurried into the clear and cold November afternoon.

THINGS came along very rapidly with Messrs. Pilchard and Abrams. They both came over promptly from New York and were seen much in company with Montgomery Lubbock. There was dickering back and forth on the floors over Pierce and Van Dyne's store. Finally a rental of eighteen thousand was agreed upon for a five-year lease. Monty was radiant and full of good humor. He blew smoke in clouds. He got off his rawest stories. Things had been a bit flat lately and this lease would wake things up. The commission would be well over a thousand dollars. Yes, sir, he was in pretty good spirits.

Finally it came to the point of drawing the leases. They were drawn in Ledgell's office, hacked to pieces by the New York attorneys for Messrs. Pilchard and Abrams, redrawn in the Ledgell office with slight concessions, again slaughtered by the clever attorneys, until it appeared that the whole trade would fall through. But Messrs. Pilchard and Abrams had set their hearts on the location and Montgomery Lubbock worked early and late to smooth out the difficulties, and finally a compromise lease form was drawn up and agreed upon and signed by the lessees.

At this point there was a slight delay which had Monty on tip-toe with anxiety. He was confident old Ledgell would sign, but the delay, slight as it was, worried him. Old Ledgell did sign, however, and Monty came into the office one day shortly before Christmas waving the leases in triumph. Steve nad come in only a few minutes before and had been talking with Mr. Hamlin, from whose office he had just now returned to his own.

"Hey, there. Come in here a minute, my boy," called Monty.

Steve went to his mentor's office.

"Take a squint at that, old boy," said Monty in triumph, waving the lease before Steve's eyes. "Take a squint at that. Signed on the dotted line by all parties. Little red seals 'n everything. Ready to be delivered. What do you think of that?"

"Good work, Monty. Great work. I congratulate you."

"Pooh. It's not so much. But I will say, Steve, that it's a beautiful illustration of what I've been trying to tell you. You don't take offense at my preaching, do you, old thing? 'Course not. You know I'm just trying to get you started. Listen, then. In the first place I picked my customers, spotted them right off as live ones, leaving the dead ones to drift by. You can only develop that sort of judgment by practice and experience. Then, having my customers in hand, I got my imagination on the trail. Nothing seemed to happen so I made it happen. See? I dropped in on old Ledgell just at the psychological moment, got him going and presto a good lease—comish of twelve hundred and some dollars! There you are, Steve. Judgment and imagination. Just what I was telling you."

"That's mighty good dope, Monty. Sure is."

Steve seemed agitated and a little embarrassed and presently Monty said, "What're you fidgeting about? Got anything on your chest? Anything I can help you with? Come on, out with it."

"Why not exactly that, Monty," said the other with increasing embarrassment. "All is, I've put through a deal, too. I've told Mr. Hamlin the whole thing, of course. But I haven't been able to tell you or anyone else except Mr. Hamlin, everything about it, because I've been pledged to secrecy until it should be all buttoned up. But now it's signed."

He took from his pocket a pair of blue documents, the familiar Purchase and Sale agreements, used by the Hamlin office, spread one of them out before Monty's eyes and allowed him to read. Slowly Monty's lower jaw dropped. He trembled a bit with half suppressed emotion. Then he stared at Steve.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said in a hollow voice that did not sound like his, "that you've *sold* the building—that same building—to old Beckwith—for $680,000?"

"Yes, Monty," said Steve rather apologetically. "Beckwith runs a line of high class cafeterias in Chicago and St. Louis and is worth a lot of money. As for this trade, the trustees are taking back a big mortgage, you see—$480,000. Beckwith only has to pay $200,000 in cash. And the Pierce and Van Dyne store lease has less than two years more to run."

MONTY was still fighting for breath. "And what—put the idea into his head to buy it, Steve?"

"Well, he didn't want to buy it at first. But it was the only way he could get it and it was just what he wanted. He figured it was a much better corner than the one opposite because so many people turn up Thornton Street to Warrington on that side. Finally he got so interested that he said he'd consider buying it if Ledgell would lease the second and third floors advantageously. I talked with Ledgell about it and he said he would reconsider that point and might make a lease if Beckwith would agree to buy the property on that condition. Beckwith did agree and the price was finally settled upon. Ledgell signed up both your lease and my agreement at the same time this afternoon. I was—in his office at the time. He called you up right away."

"Hell's bells," murmured Monty faintly. He was beyond the explosive stage. But his spirits were extraordinarily resilient, and the habit of self-assurance soon broke through the thick mist of his depression.

"Steve my boy," he said finally with gathering vigor, "I'm mighty glad I was able to put you onto that lead. Long ago I started Ed. Spalding and Bill Pratt and they have both made good. Now I've got you started and you're coming along. It's one of my weaknesses that when I get a good lead I'm apt to pass it on to one of the new men. I think you're going to succeed in this business, Steve." Then he added with superb irrelevance, "I lay my own success in real estate entirely to two things, the ability to form correct judgments of men and the imagination to work out any given problem."

These were brave words bravely spoken, but as Monty turned back to his desk Steve thought he heard a sigh and the whispered ejaculation, "Hell's bells."

He *has* Taught Thousands *to play* Bridge

It was R. F. Foster, dean of authorities on card games, who introduced bridge tc America. His valuable hints to players are based on analyses of thousands of hands

by Mary Stewart Cutting, Jr.

IF YOU are an "average" bridge player you will always remain one unless you learn the value of the cards, particularly the *small* ones. When it comes to doubling, be conservative; most poor players are not. If you are a woman, don't play too hurriedly; if a man, don't expect the ladies to accept penalties cheerfully. And if you like knotty bridge problems, try these gems from the collection of Mr. Foster.

"A GENTLEMAN of a very irascible temperament was playing bridge with a lady he was most anxious to please," said R. F. Foster, acknowledged American authority on all games of cards, and more particularly on bridge. "Presently the lady trumped a spade, and the man asked, 'No spades, partner?' to which the lady shook her head. Again she trumped another spade, and yet a third, but at the end of the hand it turned out that she held the deuce of spades among her clubs. The adversaries immediately claimed three revokes, and fully expected the man, with whose manners at the bridge table they were thoroughly familiar, to take his partner's head off. Instead of which, he smiled sweetly, and said, 'That was entirely my fault, partner, I should have asked you three times if you had no spades.' "

Another bridge story that Mr. Foster recalls with evident relish is that of the lady from the West, who considered herself a great player. She happened one evening at a party to cut a partner without noticing his name. During one hand her partner played a no-trumper, and in the course of the play, he apparently inadvertently discarded all four aces. This had such an effect on the lady from the West, that she could do nothing but look first at one and then the other of her adversaries, with an expression that distinctly said, "Did you ever see such a wretched player in your life?"

The hand over, she called her partner's attention to what he had done, whereupon he quietly called her attention to the score and the fact that he had made a grand slam, which he could never have done except by discarding the aces.

"Well," she replied, "you may call that good bridge in New York, but we don't play that way at home!" With that, the lady on her left whispered, "Your partner is Sidney Lenz, the champion bridge player of the world!"

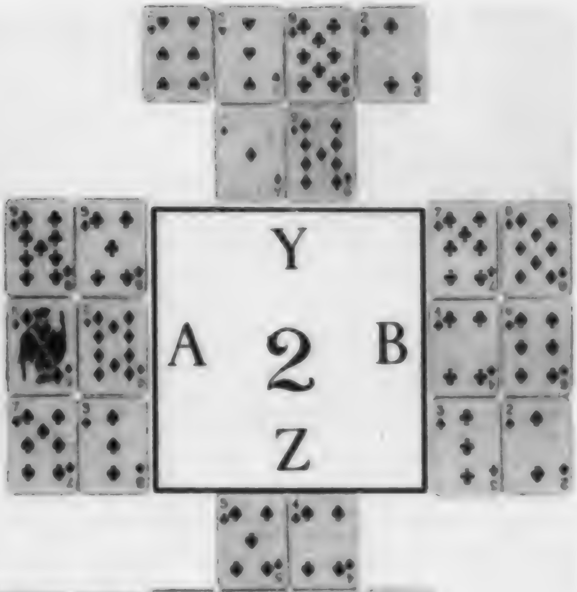
It was R. F. Foster who introduced bridge to America, through the old New York *Sun*, of which he was card editor for many years. And it was he who brought auction-bridge to its present-day popularity through his lectures given before card clubs all over the United States. In everything connected with the game he has always been ahead of his time. For example as far back as 1895 he prophesied in his first book on games that some form of a dummy game would eventually take the place of duplicate whist, which was then engrossing attention.

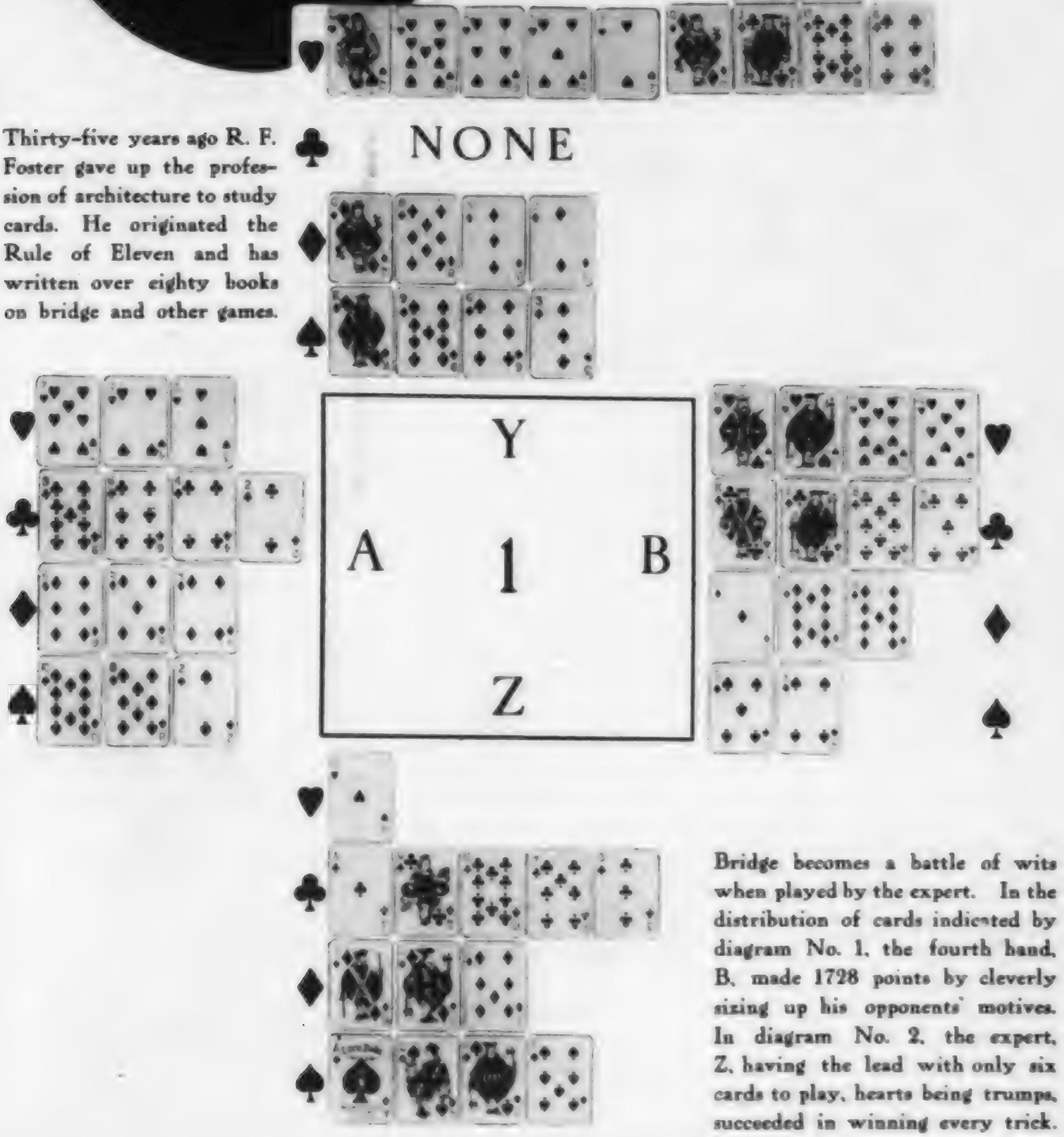
And lo, with the years, bridge began to come into its own, just as he foretold. The "boys in the back room" still sit down to Saturday night sessions of poker. But even here they shift occasionally to a shrewdly fought-out game of bridge. It is no sign that the traditional hardy American spirit is weakening, but a tribute to the superior skill required of one who maneuvers through a no-trump redoubled. Some of our future "bridge-sharks" are going to come from the cross-roads.

On winter evenings they still play checkers in front of the village store stove, but bridge is creeping in here, too. And the games of

[*Continued on page 160*]

Thirty-five years ago R. F. Foster gave up the profession of architecture to study cards. He originated the Rule of Eleven and has written over eighty books on bridge and other games.





Bridge becomes a battle of wits when played by the expert. In the distribution of cards indicated by diagram No. 1, the fourth hand, B, made 1728 points by cleverly sizing up his opponents' motives. In diagram No. 2, the expert, Z, having the lead with only six cards to play, hearts being trumps, succeeded in winning every trick.

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The plant at Highland Park looks busy, is busy, yet never seems rushed, for "Clean Shops" is a Chrysler slogan. He excels at routing work in a scientific fashion with a minimum of waste.

The two Chrysler youngsters in this picture, Jack and Walter Jr., start in life with a precious asset in the name they bear. Their father, Walter P. Chrysler, was born in Wamego, Kansas, fifty years ago. At seventeen he left school to become a machinist's apprentice in the Union Pacific shops. His marked aptitude for tools and thorough shop training laid the foundation for a record that made him a man of mark in the automobile industry long before his name meant anything to the public.

Chrysler Punches In

Millions rode in cars made by Walter P. Chrysler before they ever heard of him. Meanwhile he was quietly punching away behind the scenes—in the shops where he made his mark as a skilled mechanic

by W. A. P. John

THE skill and training and pride in craftsmanship of a good workman shine throughout this story of a man who quickly forged to the top in an industry crowded with able men. Before he burst into public notice as an automobile production wizard, Walter P. Chrysler had learned to do things with his hands—and to do them conspicuously well. He has solved disheartening problems of production, management and financing by tackling each as a job in the spirit of a craftsman who lays out his work and selects or makes the right tools with which to do it.

JUST inside the office entrance of the Chrysler Corporation in Detroit hang four racks of time cards against the bare brick wall. For no reason at all I stopped to glance at the names. That on card No. 1 was *Walter P. Chrysler*. The record on its reverse was interesting: Two days present that week. On both mornings the clock had been punched before 8 A.M.! The other four days he was probably at his New York office, "punching in" at about the same time.

"Punching in" is a phrase that goes well in a story about Walter P. Chrysler. The verb is particularly good. For nearly ten years he punched away at some of the biggest jobs in the automobile industry. But he punched silently—and behind the scenes. Of the millions who were riding in the motorcars he had built, not a fraction of one per cent. had ever heard his name.

Then, in rapid succession, came two exhibitions of executive and organizing ability so pronounced that he was swept into the public eye. One was his spectacular reorganization of an almost bankrupt automobile company. The other was his even more spectacular success, three years later, in introducing a new motorcar. Even when these two achievements hurled Chrysler into the spotlight he came with reluctance. Twenty-four months ago he balked at the idea of an interview, backed water and evaded. Finally, at the persuasion of some of his executives, he yielded. That was his first appearance in the public prints. Today he is probably more widely known for his achievements than any other man in the automobile industry, save Henry Ford. And that, if you please, is one of the miracles of America's most miraculous industry.

Fifty years ago Walter P. Chrysler was born in the western Kansas hamlet of Wamego. He grew up in the near-by town of Ellis where the shops of the Union Pacific are located and out of which his father piloted a wood-burning locomotive across the prairies, then still dotted with bison and occasional Indians.

Until he was seventeen he attended the public schools of Ellis. They were not noted for their thoroughness and young Walter was not a particularly diligent student. During the summer he clerked in the neighborhood grocery store. His first real job was that of machinist's apprentice in the Union Pacific shops. And that was where his real education may be said to have begun. He underwent four years of rigorous and thorough training in practical mechanics, beginning at a wage of five cents an hour and working up to twenty-two and one-half cents an hour, then the standard pay of the full-fledged journeyman mechanic.

The difference between what Chrysler was expected—and able—to do at the completion of his apprenticeship and the abilities of the present day machinist is a startling commentary on the decreasing craftsmanship of America's artisans. Today a man calls himself a machinist when he knows how to don a pair of greasy overalls, read a blue print and swing a ball hammer. Twenty-five years ago he would have been fired did he not know how to design, build, set up, use and repair any existing tool or its adaptation—all without blue prints and working with calipers, dividers and other tools that he had made himself.

That was the day of the master craftsman mechanic; and the Union Pacific shops boasted the best. Yet, even then, Chrysler stood out head and shoulders above them all. From the very first day of his apprenticeship he displayed an extraordinary aptitude for tools, machinery and mechanical work. Each month, almost, this became more pronounced. At eighteen, he built himself a steam locomotive, forty-eight inches long, complete even to the air brakes and ran it on a track in the back yard. The lathe on which it was built he also designed and constructed. Shortly thereafter he wanted a shot gun. He could not buy one—so he made it.

Hardly had he become a full-fledged mechanic when his feet began to itch. Not yet of a voting age, he wanted to see the world, particularly the various railroad shops toward the West. Sometimes he traveled in style; at others, in a fashion that may account for the fact that the initials W. P. C. may still be found on various water tanks along Western railroads. It was a carefree life that he led—barren of any thought of responsibility, thinking only of the day and never of the morrow. Then came a realization that it was time for him to be up and about the business of becoming something in this world. That decided, he hustled back to Ellis, married a schoolgirl sweetheart and returned to Salt Lake City to carve out a future on twenty-seven and one-half cents an hour.

One who interviews Chrysler in the hope of coming away with some subtle secret of success comes away empty handed. He has but one formula to which he subscribes, and that by deed more than word: work harder than the hardest working man in the place. Give the boss more than he has a right to expect, and if he is any kind of a boss he will see that you are rewarded. "And if he doesn't," he added crisply, "no man can succeed under him—and you better find another job."

Following that principle years ago enabled Chrysler to make that biggest of all the upward steps; the one that took him out of the ranks. With traffic at its peak due to the annual influx of Mormons at tithing time, a locomotive pulled into the shops with a blown-out cylinder head. A mail train was due to leave shortly. No other locomotive was available. The superintendent of motive power was tearing his hair. There were two hours in which to replace the damaged part—and no one in the shops had ever done it in so short a time. They called in Chrysler, explained the situation and asked, "Can you do it?"

In telling the story Chrysler asserts that his answer was a modest, "I'll tackle it."

But the chances are ten to one he said, "Hell yes, gimme a hammer!"

There was a furious burst of speed on his part and that of his helper, with the fidgety superintendent holding the watch. Two hours later the locomotive rolled away on schedule while Chrysler, dripping perspiration, stood watching it.

"Walt," said the superintendent, who rejoiced in the name of Hickey, "I didn't think you or any one else could do it. I can't pay you anything extra. But I won't forget it and you better take the rest of the day off."

That's the first part of Chrysler's formula: give the boss more than he has a right to expect. Now for the second, which deals with rewards. Three months later, out of a clear sky came a letter offering him the position of general foreman in the Colorado & Southern shops at Trinidad, Colorado. On Hickey's advice he took it. When he reached Trinidad, he discovered that an executive of the Colorado & Western had asked Hickey to recommend a capable, hard-hitting young man as general foreman and Hickey had recommend Chrysler.

From this point Chrysler's progress was rapid, if not meteoric. Bigger jobs followed hard upon each other, until at thirty-three he became the youngest superintendent of motive power on record at the Chicago & Great Western System. In nine years he had driven himself from the bottom to the very top of one of the three main departments of railroad operation.

How He Broke Out of a Rut

Having arrived at the top, he was not long in discovering that he had worked himself up—and into a rut. Further progress was impossible. Since the earliest days of railroading, no "mechanical man" on record had ever leaped the wide gap from the head of his own department to an executive position over transportation, engineering, finance or the other coordinate branches of railroad management. He could stay in his job till he died of dry rot—but as for further promotion, tradition prevented. But tradition *did not* prevent Chrysler from deciding to change his job.

He knew all about tools and machine processes. But he didn't know all about manufacturing locomotives for competitive sale. So he accepted with alacrity when offered the position as works manager of the American Locomotive Company in Pittsburg. It meant less money and the loss of his white collar job with its season passes and other perquisites. On the other hand, it was an opportunity to learn something new—to broaden his scope, to expand his practical abilities. And that trait of continually learning something new has played a large part in the career of Walter P. Chrysler. Two years later he had bridged the gap that had stopped him in railroading. He became general manager, and during his régime the company earned very satisfactory profits.

About this time the automobile began to make its appearance. Cars began to chug with increasing frequency about the streets of Pittsburg. Here was something new—an individualistic mode of transportation. It had wheels and works. Everybody would want one. The germ of an idea was planted in Chrysler's brain. That germ came to life with unexpected suddenness. In 1911 control of General Motors passed into the hands of an Eastern banking group. C. W. Nash, now president of Nash Motors and then at the head of Buick, was elevated to the presidency of the parent company. One of Nash's first problems was to replace himself at Buick; and the financiers who had been watching Chrysler getting results in Pittsburg suggested his name.

The two met. Nash, who combines exemplary vision with equally unusual business ability, started in to convince Chrysler of the possibilities at Buick and General Motors. He painted a picturesque past, a colorful present, and a vivid future. Chrysler, literally itching with eagerness, could hardly wait until Nash concluded with "Would you care to tackle the job?"

The answer was brief and emphatically affirmative.

"What salary would you want?" Nash proceeded.

"I'm getting so much," replied Chrysler naming a figure.

Nash shook his head regretfully. "We're going to pass through some critical years," he explained, "every penny will—"

"All right," interrupted Chrysler. "You name the figure!"

Almost the next day, it seemed, Chrysler was on the job in Flint, punching things up at Buick. Nearly the first thing he interested himself in was the cost of the new models then being designed. In those happy-go-lucky days of the industry, prices of new models were determined by guess or by gosh or by adding the cost of whatever improvements were being made to the price of the model being superseded. This was changed at once.

Railroad locomotives were once Walter P. Chrysler's specialty. When automobiles began to chug about the streets with increasing frequency, he saw possibilities in the new and individual method of transportation and cast his lot with the reorganized General Motors forces at the Buick plant. Those were the happy-go-lucky days of the passenger-car industry, and Chrysler's training in an older and more highly competitive field enabled him to watch pennies and still set a pace that quickly made history in automotive production.

TRAINED to watch pennies—for the business of building locomotives is keenly technical and bitterly competitive—Chrysler worked out the cost of the new models in advance. He presented his figures and his associates told him he was crazy—that it was not humanly possible to build the cars so cheaply. He countered by offering to take as his salary the difference between his own conservative estimates and the actual building costs. This was rejected; but to be absolutely safe they added thirty dollars to Chrysler's figures and learned later that he would have earned a king's ransom. For the actual costs were several dollars per car less than Chrysler had predicted they would be.

At this time Buick swept into the biggest and most furious expansion period in its entire history. A vast new plant was planned, rushed up, equipped, and put into high pressure production. When Chrysler had arrived as works manager, the daily output had been ranging between fifteen and forty cars. When he left as President and General Manager they were hitting five hundred and fifty a day and the company was pouring into the General Motors treasury profits of almost fifty million dollars a year!

It was during this period that Chrysler established his reputation as one of the ablest production men in the entire automobile industry and a genius of shop practice. Ideas that seemed radical to others are just common sense efficiency to him.

He utilizes the best, newest and most efficient machinery that can be obtained—even if it has to be designed in the company's engineering department. Work is routed on the shortest possible line between the start and finish; and each successive operation is dovetailed fore and aft so that the fewest possible steps (or seconds) are lost along that line. That calls for uncanny skill—almost prevision—in placing whole departments and the re-arrangement of all machines in departments where better results are possible. That, too, costs money, but it saves money in the end.

That is why Chrysler's shops are always "clean shops"—they look busy, are busy, but never seem rushed. The work moves in orderly progression. There is little piling up or clogging, none of it habitual. There always seems to be a place for everything with everything in its place. And as for deviations from established standards of quality, they tell me he can spot these around a corner.

A high executive in the Chrysler Corporation said, half smiling and half in earnest, "I honestly believe that the inspection and production departments would rather see Old Nick himself walk in than Mr. Chrysler. Having been through the mill himself he doesn't have to be told the difference between right and ninety per cent. right. He knows. Let him catch a streak on a fender coming out of the enameling oven and he can give them half a dozen reasons for it, ranging from the wrong heat down to the possibility that some workman mistook the enamel vat for a cuspidor when the foreman wasn't looking."

His Spectacular Reorganizations

As concerns the men at the machines—the boys out back with grease under their finger nails—Chrysler has never forgotten his hopes and ambitions and horizons when he was one of them. There was nothing paternalistic in his theories of labor handling. His is the human theory, the man-to-man on equal mental planes theory. It works, if results are any indication.

Then, as previously and subsequently, Chrysler drove himself relentlessly. For two years he denied himself everything but the sheer joy of unknotting the problems that presented themselves. Soon he was equal to problems in sales and distribution as well as in purchasing and production. For Chrysler was learning again and adding practical sales and distribution to his already extraordinary manufacturing ability. Not once did he give himself any relaxation. Not once did he take Mrs. Chrysler downtown or to any social function. But she understood what the wife of every successful man must, that at certain periods in his life the job must be paramount.

From the presidency of Buick, Chrysler was called by Durant to become vice-president in charge of all production in all General Motors units. Later he was stepped up to executive vice-president. In 1920 there was a clash in policy. Durant and Chrysler, friends for many years and still closely tied by mutual interests, separated. But those Eastern capitalists who had discovered Chrysler in Pittsburg and who had been figuratively cheering from the sidelines ever since, had a task for him that would call into play all the diversified knowledge and ability he had been teaching himself. Willys Overland, one of the largest automobile concerns in the country, was in difficulties aggravated by the post-war depression. They decided that Chrysler was the man to pilot the ship safely to port.

He was called in as executive vice-president and general manager to clean house. And rarely has the automobile industry, or any other industry, for that matter, witnessed a more thorough cleaning. He arrived to find that the company owed forty-six million dollars to the banks; that there were scores of places where unnecessary and uneconomic production equipment was costing money instead of earning it; that a huge office force was living "the life of Reilly;" that heavy, long time commitments for bodies, parts, etc., at war time prices were threatening to break the company's back; that in general a splendid concern, which since under the personal direction of John N. Willys has staged a brilliant comeback, was about to give up the ghost.

Chrysler saw to it that the parts makers relieved the company of its crushing burdens. Enough office help was eliminated to make possible a sale of office equipment that brought over $150,000. Radical changes in production reduced costs. For example, one saving of eighty dollars was made in the building of each Knight motor. Leaks were plugged. Sales were driven up. And month by month he kept whittling away at that $46,000,000 debt to the banks.

With things booming along and the bank loans pared to $18,000,000 there came another S. O. S.—this time from a craft ready to crash on the rocks to bankruptcy—the Maxwell Motor Company.

Again the Eastern banking interests enter the picture. Incidentally, how do these parlor pinks who damn bankers as hoarders and not producers account for the way in which these selfsame bankers have a real knack of finding men like Chrysler and making use of their talents? In this case they were heavily involved in Maxwell and needed some one to save the day.

It was Chrysler again that they turned to, despite the fact that he was in the midst of a tremendous job at Toledo. His description of the situation is brief and to the point.

"If there ever was a mess," he said, "that was it. Bankruptcy was forty-eight hours around the corner and if the break came, only twenty cents on the dollar would have been paid.

"They showed me that the company owed

At Great Neck, Long Island, the Chrysler home is near enough to New York to enable Mr. Chrysler to keep in close contact with his business interests in that city. It is near enough to the ocean to be convenient headquarters for an ardent devotee of yachting, who also turns to golf for occasional relaxation. Mr. Chrysler's other hobbies are collecting oriental rugs and needlepoint tapestry.

the banks over $12,000,000; that accounts payable were $6,000,000; that other items of indebtness brought the total up to over $20,000,000. That was bad enough. But it wasn't the half of it. There were only fifty active dealer accounts on the books. The old Maxwell car was discredited everywhere. I doubt if you could have given one away under the conditions that then existed. There were twenty-six thousand of them scattered around the country in freight cars, on sidings, in warehouses—unsold, unwanted, and with $10,000,000 in notes receivable against them needing liquidation.

"I went over the list of creditors. Three-quarters of them were old friends of mine! Right then and there I knew I was in for a job if we could evolve a reorganization that gave us a ghost of a show to succeed.

"We worked out a plan to take care of the creditors by issuing new stock and notes. The bankers provided working capital and—" he shot a quick, fast-breaking smile across his desk, waved his brawny hand, in a semi-circle that started with a brick wall of his unprepossessing office and ended in the direction of the big general offices visible through the glass partition, "and," he concluded, "here we are!"

Chrysler chooses to dispose of a splendid feat of business saving with those three words and a grin. The actual story is one of those romances that could happen only in 20th century America.

He went to the helm at Maxwell on August 15, 1920. By the night of August 16th he had met for the first time and appointed as vice-president in charge of sales a man whose success until his untimely death eminently justified Chrysler's snap judgment. With almost equal directness he found the executives to take charge of other phases of the business—engineering, production and finances, men incidentally who are still with him. And that is unusual in companies which have gone through drastic reorganization from top to bottom. Then things began to hum.

One of the company's officials analyzed Chrysler's success in three sentences. "The biggest thing about him," he said, "is that *he can make up his mind*. He has the most amazing vision I ever encountered. He sees the future clearly and when he does decide where he is going, nothing ever sways him."

From the very start, Chrysler must have sensed not only the hills in the rough road they had to travel, but also the end at the foot of the rainbow. He knew that the Maxwell had to be built better and at the same time at less cost. So better manufacturing methods went into force *immediately*. He knew that a discredited car had to be restored to public confidence. So an aggressive, persistent, advertising campaign was inaugurated which inferred with daring boldness a right-about face in Maxwell quality. He knew that large sales and permanent growth were impossible without dealers. So the sales department began working three shifts to sell those twenty-six thousand unwanted cars and signing up new dealers whereever human persuasion could accomplish that end. Today those fifty dealers have grown to almost four thousand retail outlets in America and the rest of the world.

Chryler's Master Stroke

Each month saw steady progress; more economical and finer manufacturing, wider, more scientific distribution, increasing sales, increasing net profits. Three years passed. Then in January, 1924, came the master stroke.

A new car which represented several years of costly development and which incorporated many then radical new features and qualities was introduced. That was the Chrysler Six. Those connected with the automobile industry are still trying to explain its sensational success.

It was a compact car, when the tendency was toward long wheel bases. It was a rather low car when the trend was toward stately height. Its beauty struck a genuinely new note among cars of moderate price introducing the now widely copied panel and bead effect.

With a small motor it offered something new in performance possibilities—sixty miles an hour and the ability to deliver around twenty miles to the gallon of gasoline. It was the first car to incorporate a device for filtering the crank-case oil during operation, thus protecting the interior of the motor and increasing the oil mileage. It was what we called high priced for the size. One able manufacturer bet his son on the Chrysler prices before they were announced—and he was three hundred dollars *low!* But the public disagreed with him—and agreed with Chrysler.

During 1924 no less than thirty-two thousand Chrysler Sixes were sold at a retail valuation of over $50,000,000—a first year record that surpasses all others in the twenty-five years of automobile history. Late in June, 1925, the Chrysler Four was announced. On July 16th, the factory was turning them out at the rate of five hundred a day and utterly unable to cope with the orders actually signed and carrying deposits.

Translating that growth into dollars and comparing the reorganized company's first statement (June, 1921) with its last (December, 1924) is perhaps an even more vivid picture of growth.

In 1921 there was a run down factory and $7,000,000 borrowed cash working capital. There were obligations in the form of notes and mortgages totaling $16,000,000. The company's total outstanding stock was on the market at a price representing an actual worth of only $19,325,000. At the close of business in 1924, three years later, there was a plant equipped with the most modern machinery, all of it bought out of profits. There was $5,000,000 cash in the bank. There were no notes, no mortgages, no bank loans. And on the day that this is written the same stocks referred to above sold on the market at a price representing an actual value of $88,275,000—an increase in three years of $68,950,000 for the company's thousands of stockholders!

Chrysler, who began as a production man and who since acquired the fundamentals of sales and finance, is eminently qualified to talk on business success. Yet when he does, he talks about others. Rarely have I heard a man praise an organization so unreservedly—one who so eagerly gives it credit. He glories in the men of the Chrysler Corporation which recently absorbed Maxwell, lock, stock, and barrel. He even brags a little. "There's only one secret about business success," he said, "an open one at that. It's men. Give a man the ability to pick, develop and use men, and no business venture is impossible."

"How do you pick men?"

"I don't know. You just do it. On the basis, I suppose, of what you can deduce from their character, training, experience and personality and your hunch as to how they will fit into the job and work with the others around them. Sometimes you're right and sometimes you're wrong.

"Develop them! Give them enough rope to strengthen their powers and confidence; restrain them sufficiently to prevent one of those ghastly mistakes that are so costly in a business which moves as rapidly as this. That *restrain* is wrong. I don't believe in holding men back. They have to run just as fast as you do and in the same direction.

"Men have to be sold on the policies of the company's directing head—and the company's directing head has to do the selling. He has to win confidence—absolute, unshakable confidence. He has to win loyalty. If he can't win loyalty from *everybody* he can't succeed. And if some of the organization can't give it, they have to get out for their own good as well as the company's.

"You know," and he leaned across the desk with a confidential smile—"I'll tell you the real secret of successful management is *to get men to do things because they want to and not because they have to!* Convince them that the policies are right. Reward them generously for success. Criticize severely and frankly any mistake but do it, not personally, but in a business way. Give them all the help they want from you and others, because no man can succeed alone. Pull with them. Look at things from their side of the table as well as yours. Cultivate their initiative, lean on 'em—bear down heavier and heavier all the time—and they'll never fail you.

"You know—" another confidential smile—"it's lots of fun handling an organization and more fun watching the men grow and preparing for the organization's future. We have a conference of vice-presidents at that table whenever I come out from New York. One of them acts as chairman. I sit on the side lines and let them do most of the deciding.

THE boys out back in the shops with grease ground under their finger-nails know that Walter Chrysler understands them and their jobs. He has never forgotten his hopes and ambitions and horizons when he was one of them. But there is nothing paternalistic in his practise of handling labor. He meets them as one of the bunch on an equal mental plane. It gets results. Chrysler shops are all-fired busy, but there is no piling up or clogging. The work hums through in orderly progression, right on the dot. And the shop executives say Walter Chrysler can spot a bad job clear around a corner. Slovenly workmen would rather see Old Nick himself than the boss. He has been through the mill himself, so he knows the difference between right and 90 per cent right. A streak on a fender from the enameling oven means to Chrysler any one of half a dozen reasons, ranging from the wrong heat down to some carefree soul who mistook the enamel vat for a cuspidor.

"One of these men is going to get my job. I'm going to find one of them matching his wits against mine more and more and convincing me that he is right with increasing regularity. Some day he is going to do it once too often. Then I step out and *he* steps in! But not before!"

Reading that is one thing. Hearing Chrysler snap it out is another. Big, close cropped, square jawed, tanned, he talks with amazing vigor, crashing his palm upon the desk for emphasis, instinctively leaning toward you to get your full attention when he wants it.

They call him a driver. That, he claims, is the bunk.

"All I am," he says, "is just a man who wants things done *and done quickly*. Give me a quick decision, even if a mistake happens. That's all right. The same mistake won't happen the second time."

Chrysler is typical of the newer generation in the American industry. He is well grounded in the fundamentals yet always eager for new developments and awake to the changing conditions of our more complex, swifter moving, present day civilization. Comparatively speaking he is still young—exactly fifty years old. Although his major business interests are in Detroit, he lives in unostentatious comfort with his family at Great Neck, Long Island. That does not mean that he is ever out of touch with the factory. For he is in his office there several days each week and at his New York office on the others.

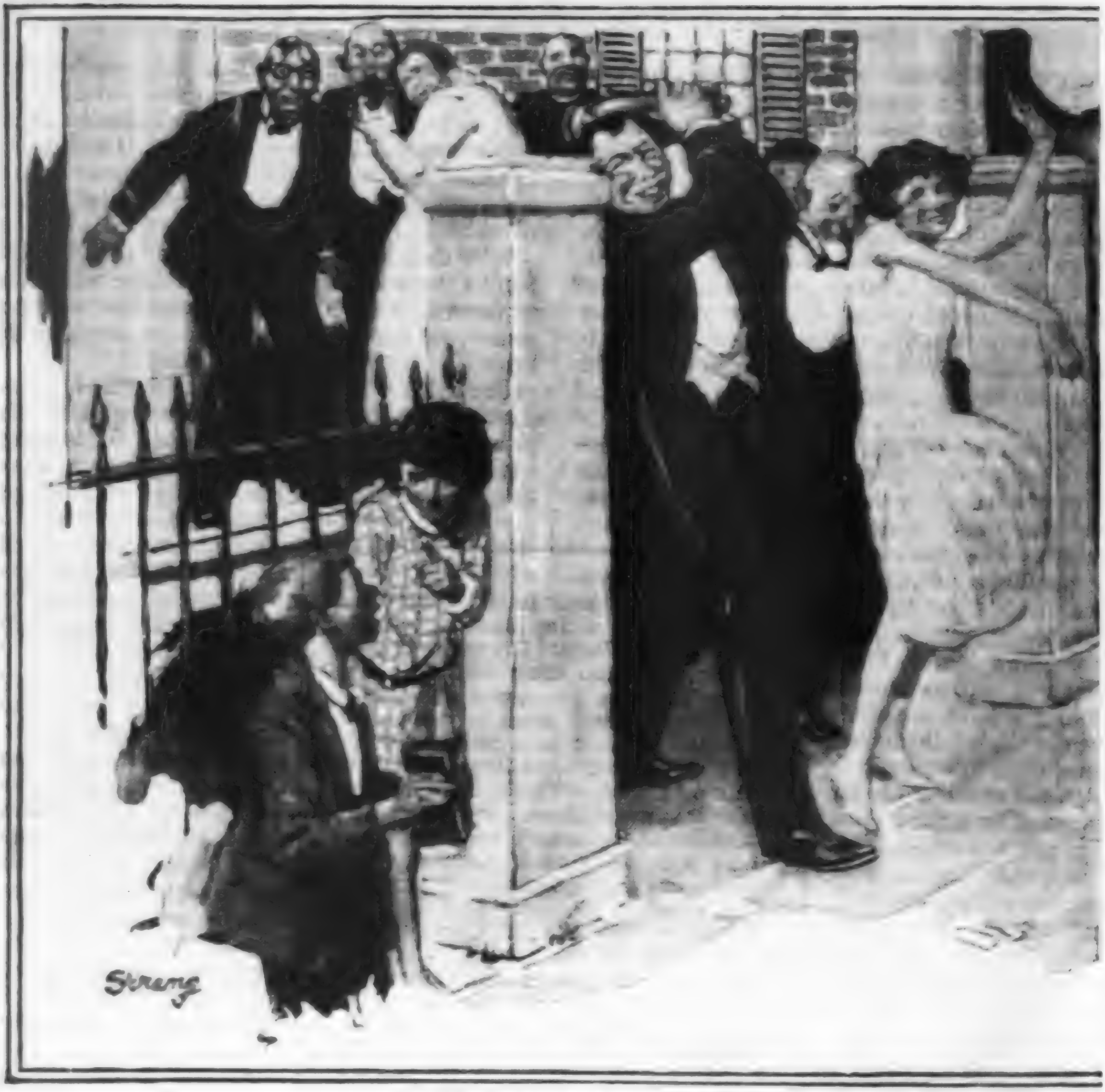
Why does he continue to live at Great Neck? Simply because he was living there when he shouldered the load at Toledo and Detroit five years ago, and since has found no occasion to leave his neighbors and associates.

Great Neck is near the ocean and he has become an ardent yachtsman spending as much time as possible aboard his boat. It is near a plenitude of golf clubs—and he finds relaxation on the links, where he plays an average businessman's game. It is near New York where he has the advantage of proximity in handling the company's financial affairs.

He has two young sons, husky lads who resemble him more than their mother, and two daughters, one now married to a prominent young Detroit businessman, the other just graduated from finishing school.

In addition to his boat and his golf, Chrysler has one hobby which is amazing in the light of his past career—Oriental rugs and needlepoint tapestry. These he has been gathering for years and his collection ranks among the finest private ones in the country. Yet, not at all strangely, he refuses to spend huge sums with "specialists." Instead, on a Saturday afternoon he haunts the auction sales, patiently watching for the specimens he wants and letting the others go by with a knowing smile.

Chrysler's position in the automotive industry is reflected in the words of an automotive giant whose name and spectacular exploits are know to millions. Said he, "I would call Chrysler the first production man in the industry, and one of its three ranking executives. He has fought his way from the bottom to the top, fighting cleanly and fairly every minute. In so doing he has won the respect of his competitors and the unflinching, almost blind, loyalty of one of the most efficient organizations of its kind today."



Gerald and Edith felt reasonably secure. The wedding was an affair

By
Octavus Roy Cohen

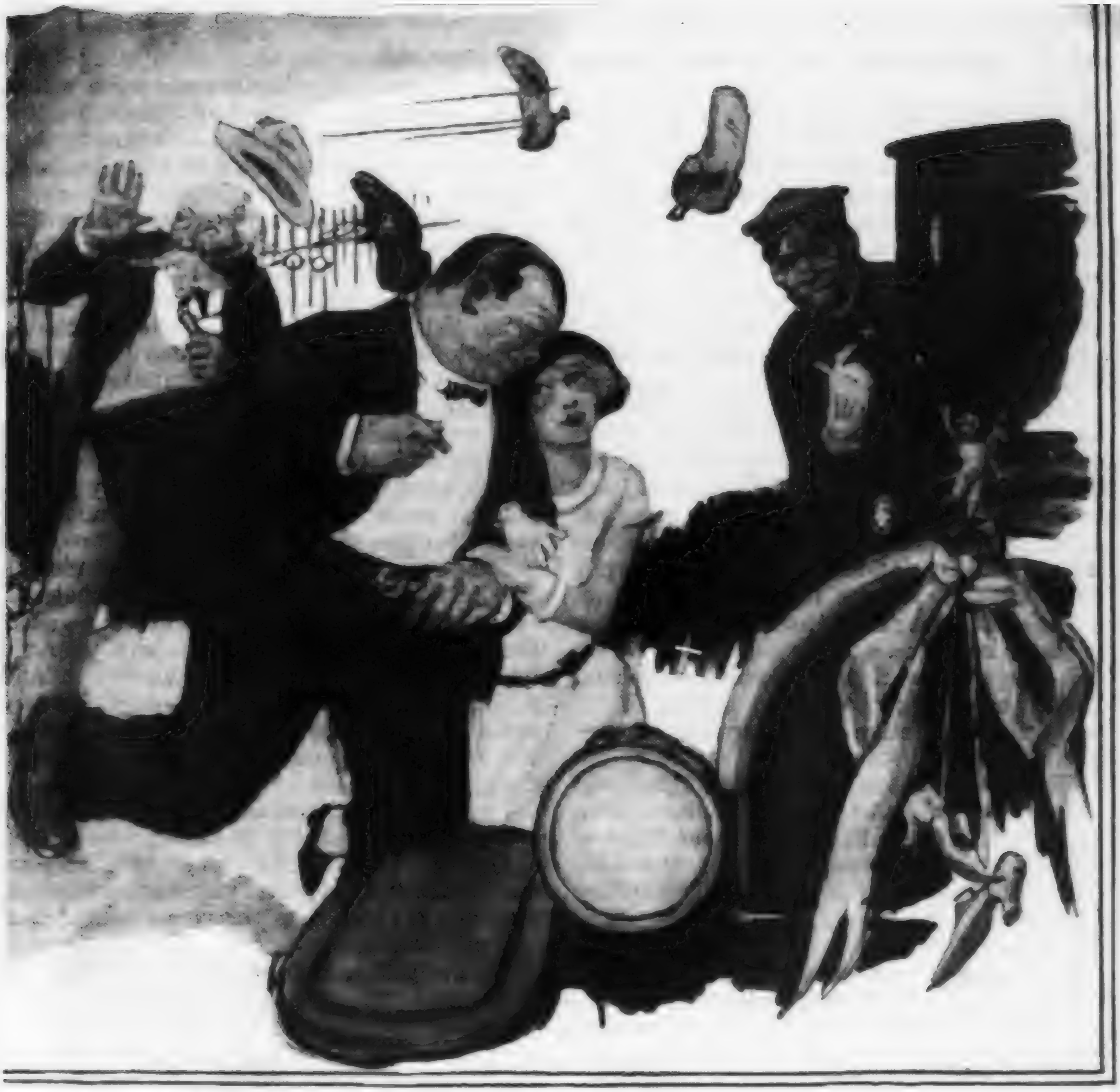
Two Pairs

Of a practical joker's misguided

BILLY WATSON stood on the corner and grinned. Billy's grin was an exotic thing. He was a long, lanky, melancholy-appearing chap upon whose face any expression of humor seemed hopelessly foreign. Nevertheless, he grinned as he saw his old friend, Gerald Farnsworth, cut sharply across the street, and duck guiltily into the doorway of the railroad ticket office.

"The sonovagun!" chuckled Billy starting in pursuit. "He's going to buy the tickets for his honeymoon."

Billy was right, as was proved by the high flush which mounted Gerald's round pink cheeks as his smiling friend edged in beside him at the counter. And Gerald was not pleased. He was fond of Billy Watson, but stood in mortal terror of that gentleman's distorted sense of humor. And he knew that a sense of humor in connection with a bridal couple is something



entirely successful from the social and matrimonial standpoints.

Joker Wild

Illustrated by
Ray C. Strang

attempt to eclipse a honeymoon

which does not augur well for the comfort of that couple.

The clerk answered Gerald's blushing query: "Don't you pick up a Chicago Pullman here on the night train?"

"Yeh. One for Chicago and one for New York. They go on the same train as far as Chattanooga. . . . "

Gerald turned pleading eyes to his friend. "You'll keep mum on this, won't you Billy?"

"Me? Gosh! Yes—I wouldn't spill it for the world."

Gerald was doubtful—but cornered. "Give me two tickets and a drawing-room to Chicago for next Wednesday night."

The transaction was completed; the friends sallied from the ticket office together—Billy Watson experiencing enormous difficulty in maintaining a straight face. Gerald hurled another passionate plea in his direction—

"Don't try any monkeyshines, Billy. It's awfully embarrassing for a bridal couple, and—"

"Why Gerald—you surprise me. You ought to know I wouldn't do anything in the world to embarrass either you or Edith. A little kidding at the house, maybe—and rice to be thrown over the automobile . . . but when your train pulls out, old kid, you're veteran married folks. See?"

"You mean—you'll let us alone—on the train?"

"I wouldn't think of carrying a joke that far," lied Billy Watson.

They parted, Billy fairly bursting with the potentialities of the situation. Gerald, stout, anxious, serious and dignified, stood staring balefully after his friend. "When the Lord runs out of qualities for a man," communed he, "He gives them an exaggerated sense of humor. Lay off me . . . Huh! That chap couldn't pass up such a chance if his neck depended on it." Gerald swung on his heel and started back for the ticket office. "Safety first—say I!"

He sought the clerk who sold him the tickets. "Listen here, buddy: I'm up against it. I want you to do me a great personal favor—have a cigar."

"Thanks. Glad to. Good cigar, this."

"Best ever. What I want you to do is take back these tickets and sell me the same thing—two tickets and drawing-room—on the New York Pullman for next Wednesday night. How about it?"

"Delighted."

The exchange was effected—and this time it was Gerald Farnsworth, prospective bridegroom, who chuckled triumphantly as he waddled importantly down the street toward his office.

"All right, kid," said he to the absent Billy. "Try to destroy the serenity of my honeymoon now—and see if you can make me mad! I'm in for a quiet, blissful trip. Believe me, I am!"

And Gerald Farnsworth really thought that he spoke the truth!

ON TUESDAY morning there arrived from Nashville, Tennessee, a young and very attractive couple. These young persons obtained for themselves the best available room in the best hotel in the city. On the register they were entered as "James H. Hanvey and wife."

They were apparently very nice young folks indeed. He was of medium height and medium coloring with wide-open brown eyes, wavy hair, and hands—they were wonderful hands; narrow, delicate; with long, strong fingers. Not so long before James H. Hanvey had attained a sterling reputation on a minor vaudeville circuit as one of the best sleight-of-hand men in the business. He was billed then under the *nom-de-Thespis* of "Harris the Great." His stage assistant in those days was a dainty little miss of a very blonde persuasion with a dimply smile and twin pools of innocence in the depths of her violet eyes. This young lady was the one now registered as Mrs. James H. Hanvey.

They refreshed themselves after the tiresome trip down from Nashville, ate a light lunch in their room and then strolled about the business section of the city: a couple which attracted more than casual interest from passers-by. They looked like the real thing. Too, they held hands a bit and knowing ones were inclined to smile.

A person following them might have noticed the particular interest they evinced in the several handsome jewelry stores. They paused at least twice before the display windows of each of these stores. But their faces were guileless—and the frank interest they took in the diamond displays were not at all unnatural.

The following morning, Wednesday—while the young society crowd of the city prepared for the wedding of Gerald Farnsworth and Edith Garet—Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hanvey again rambled through the business district. But before setting out, Mr. Hanvey did something peculiar.

From a cleverly concealed compartment of his suit-case he extracted three handsome diamond engagement rings. The stones were magnificent, the settings of purest platinum, the designs orthodox. These rings the young couple eyed enthusiastically.

"White gold and glass," breathed James H. reverently. "They look like the real thing."

"I'll say they do," replied Mrs. James. H.

They headed straight for the city's largest jewelry store. And then, awkwardly, embarrassedly, James H. Hanvey requested the clerk who bustled knowingly forward to show them some diamond engagement rings set in platinum.

The whole store recognized them as an engaged couple. They inspected only the expensive rings: stones ranging in price from eight to fifteen hundred dollars. They looked at tray after tray. The clerk found it a delight to wait upon them: they were so obviously happy, so oblivious to the rest of the world, so certain that they must buy the one perfect ring to insure the one perfect future.

They did not make a purchase that day. And when they left the store each of the trays of rings they had inspected were filled. But not as they had been filled when Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hanvey entered the store.

For in the pocket of Mr. James H. Hanvey nestled three genuine diamond engagement rings totalling in value more than three thousand dollars, and in their places were the three imitation rings which he had so thoughtfully brought from the hotel.

By four o'clock in the afternoon two other jewelry stores contributed two rings each to his collection. The day's operations had netted the handsome young couple a profit of more than seven thousand dollars.

"Not bad," sighed James H.

"Not at all," agreed his wife. "Better hide them."

From a wardrobe trunk he extracted three empty tooth-paste tubes. Into each of these he dropped some of the rings, filling the tubes with tooth paste from a jar. To the top of each tube he screwed a specially manufactured top which gave the finished job the appearance of the genuine twenty-five-cent article as purchased from a drug store. The tooth-paste tubes were placed casually in their traveling-cases.

"Great hiding place," enthused James H. "You certainly worked that pretty noodle of yours when you thought of it. And now—?" he paused.

"We may as well travel, Jim. We both need vacations."

"You said it, sweetness. I haven't stopped being scared over that Nashville fiasco. When I dropped that ring on the floor. . . ."

"I wonder," she speculated, "whether that jeweler ever examined the other rings in his tray and discovered that we had already taken one of his best?"

"I hope not, dearie. I'd hate to have one of the Jeweler's Protective Association detectives get after us. They're plumb mean when they start." He puffed on a cigaret: "French Lick or Hot Springs, kiddo?"

"Chicago!" she responded positively. "I'm sick of these hick burgs."

A half hour later he returned to the room. "We leave tonight at eleven o'clock, Hon. I've got two tickets and the drawing-room to Chicago."

She sighed relievedly. "The minute that train starts to roll—I'll feel safe."

"You're safe now," he reassured.

But neither Mr. nor Mrs. James H. Hanvey knew that at that very moment another train was arriving from Nashville and that among the passengers was a certain Mr. Michael Kelly, a square-jawed, flat-footed, ponderous person, who was by profession a detective and whose weekly pay checks bore the imprint of the Jeweler's Protective Association.

IT WAS not fair to say that Billy Watson possessed nothing save a sense of humor, although it is quite permissible to make the statement that humor permeated his life. True, it had imparted a geniality which brought more than moderate success on its heels . . . but on the other hand, this same sense of humor had more than once come very close to breaking up the romance extant between Edith Garet and Gerald Farnsworth and the friendship of Gerald and Billy.

For instance, during the days when the result of the courtship was in doubt, Billy had considered it the height of humorous achievement to discover in advance Gerald's evenings with Edith—and to stroll in nonchalantly shortly after Gerald arrived—there to sit until he departed. And there had been the incident of the two dozen American Beauties which Gerald had ordered sent to Edith.

Billy dropped by the flower shop before the order was delivered and informed the clerk that Mr. Farnsworth had sent him for the roses. Later Gerald arrived at Edith's home and marveled that she did not thank him for his gift. Nor did he see the flowers about the house—until Billy strolled in a half-hour later and in his inimitably solemn manner presented Edith with two dozen suspiciously familiar American Beauties.

"Some day," raved Gerald, later, "you're going to be found murdered, Bill Watson. And I'm going to plead self-defense."

"Aw! g'wan! You can't take a joke."

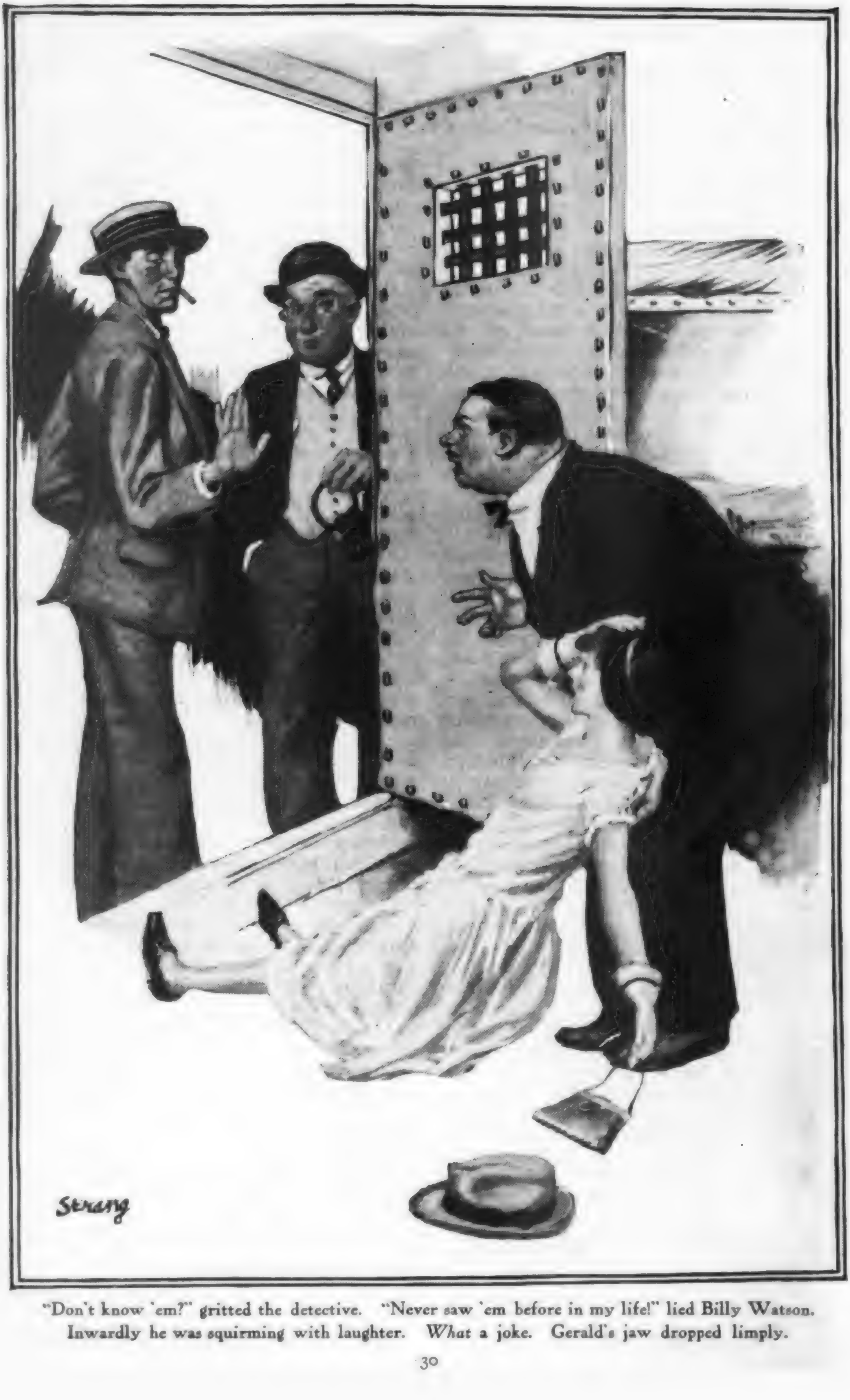
"I've taken so many from you, Billy—but you wait. One of these days . . . " and Gerald left the threat unfinished.

But on this night—the night of his marriage to Edith Garet—Gerald felt reasonably secure. Whatever embarrassment had been planted aboard the train had been fixed in the drawing-room of the Chicago car, in which Gerald had not the slightest interest. His tickets called for the drawing-room to New York. He complimented himself on his generalship. He had put one over on Billy at a time when the putting over was calculated to do him the most good. And he knew by the deliberate seriousness of young Mr. Watson's face—Billy being his best man—that the pledge to hands off the train humor had not been kept.

The wedding was an affair entirely successful from the social and matrimonial standpoints. A telephone call assured the palpitant bridegroom that the northbound train which was to pick up the two Pullmans at the station, was on time. Fifteen minutes before it was due the bridal party descended in force upon the Terminal Station. And when Billy Watson did not even offer to accompany the young couple through the gates to the waiting cars, Gerald Farnsworth knew that considerable mischief had been brewed.

Good-bys were wept and laughed and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Farnsworth blushingly boarded the New York car. It was very quiet and very somber—as Pullmans are under such circumstances. The porter wore a broad grin, but it was patent that it was not for them. Gerald even made so bold as to question him.

"They's a young gemmun an' lady bride in the



"Don't know 'em?" gritted the detective. "Never saw 'em before in my life!" lied Billy Watson. Inwardly he was squirming with laughter. *What* a joke. Gerald's jaw dropped limply.

nex' Pullman an' the drawin'-room has done be'n fixed up simthin' scrumptious."

"Bridal couple in the next car, eh?" Gerald handed the porter a crisp one-dollar note. "I can sympathize with them. It isn't so long since I was married."

"Nossuh—nossuh Boss. You-all don' look like no ol' timers. An' 'scusin' me now, suh—" He vanished.

The hilarious wedding guests had not all departed from the station when Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hanvey arrived. They passed through the gates and entered the Chicago Pullman to find a half-dozen grinning passengers blocking the aisle of their car. A glance at the drawing-room door—which was half-open—and the interior beyond furnished adequate explanation for the overt chuckles.

The full wealth of Mr. Billy Watson's broad sense of humor had been expended upon the decoration of that particular drawing-room. Bride and groom placards hung upon the door, a package of rice had been cleverly arranged—so that it cascaded upon them as they passed within. And inside was a kaleidoscopic array of paper wedding bells, matrimonial mottoes, imitation bridal bouquets, pink and blue ribbon.

Mr. James H. Hanvey closed the door with a bang and faced his wife.

"What the hell?" he questioned.

She was smiling. Her keen mind had leaped upon the solution. "Somebody decorated the wrong car. They pick up two cars here."

He slapped his palms together. "You called it, Kid. Pretty soft, I'll say. The more bride-and-groomy they think we are—the safer I feel. I've been sort of nervous tonight, anyway."

The buzzer sounded and the porter insinuated his grinning physiognomy into the room. "Anything you wants, boss?"

"Just to be let alone, George. We've just been married, and—"

"I sispected that, Cap'n. I sispected that right outen my own haid."

A five-dollar bill caressed the ebony palm. "See that we're not bothered."

"You said it, Ginral. An' you sho'ly done said it the right way."

Meanwhile Mr. Michael Kelly, detective, leaped from a moving taxicab at the Terminal Station, exhibited his badge to get by the gateman and reached the two waiting Pullmans just as the through train of which they were about to become a part rumbled loudly under the shed. Mr. Kelly found the two porters matching quarters—

"Is there a young couple on either of these two cars?"

"Yassuh—they sho'ly is, suh. They is jes' be'n ma'ied, an'—"

"Bridal couple?"

"Yassuh—jes' bridalled, too, suh. An'—"

"I'm not interested in any bridal couple. Did any other couple get on here within the last few minutes—"

"Oh! Nuther couple?" The porter of the New York car in which Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Farnsworth sat silently and beatifically side by side raptly contemplating the roseate future—broke into the conversation: "Yassuh, they's a young gemmun an' lady in the drawin'-room of my car. They on'y jes' got in a minute ago."

"Where are they going?"

"They's got tickets to New York, suh."

"New York . . . Hmm!" Mr. Kelly did some thinking. "This is a Cincinnati and Chicago train, isn't it?"

"Yassuh—sho'ly is."

"And the New York car lays over a couple of hours in Chattanooga?"

"You said it, Cap'n. Regalar train goes on to Chicago an' we lays over to git picked up by a New York train."

MR. KELLY sprinted for the ticket office where he purchased a ticket and berth for Chattanooga.

"I've got the goods on 'em for that Tennessee job," he reflected happily. "And Chattanooga is in Tennessee. I'll pinch 'em there—without any bother about extradition."

And so when the train pulled out Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Farnsworth sat in adoring silence little suspecting that half a car length away there perched a ponderous person who planned to arrest them within a few hours.

Back in Birmingham Billy Watson regaled a group of his friends with the story of his drawing-room decoration.

"It was a lulu!" he finished. "And with Gerald hating publicity like he does—well, I reckon I'm the original lad who started something!"

Billy was right.

He had started a great deal of something.

A half-hour before the train reached Chattanooga a harsh knock on the door aroused the bridegroom. He protested violently when Mr. Kelly sought to enter the matrimonial sanctuary, but the detective effectively stopped what promised to become physical resistance by the simple expedient of snapping a pair of handcuffs on Gerald's wrists.

"When ye get quiet, me laddybuck, I'll loose 'em."

"This is an outrage. . . . "

"Seems to me like I've heard folks say that before when they've been pinched."

A feminine sob came from the lower berth: "Oh-O-oh! Gerald—what *have* you done?"

"I've done nothing. This fathead—"

"Easy there, me boy. Fathead I'll not be called before your moll."

Mr. Kelly exhibited his badge. "We're pretty close to Chattanooga. Will ye dress or ride to the station-house as ye are?"

"We'll dress—but there is some mistake. I demand to know on what charge we are arrested."

"That's easy," grinned Mr. Kelly. "Robbery is one of the least." He unlocked the handcuffs. "I'm sittin' outside the door, me friends. We'll get off together at Chattanooga."

And they did. To give Mr. Kelly his due, he proved an extremely courteous detective. True, he exhibited no particular interest in Mr. and Mrs. Gerald's wild protestations of innocence and he announced that he didn't care what their name was. "Ye ain't bein' arrested for your name—it's what ye done that's gotten ye into this mess."

At the Chattanooga station, the detective filed a telegram to a jeweler in Nashville.

> Have arrested parties desired. Holding them in Chattanooga for your identification. Come immediately.

And a half-hour after the receipt of the wire in Nashville the jeweler who had been victimized by Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hanvey was being speeded eastward on one of the fastest trains of the N. C. & St. L. road.

Also, within half an hour several other events occurred all of which bore more or less directly upon the suffering bridal couple and the large and proud detective who had them in charge at Chattanooga police headquarters.

The New York Pullman remaining in the shed, the balance of the train proceeded toward Cincinnati. But it only proceeded a short distance. Some said that spread rails caused the trouble. But certainly the train was thoroughly smashed, thirty persons severely injured, and traffic on that division tied up for a minimum of twelve or fourteen hours.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hanvey dressed themselves hastily, and ruefully inspected the chaos. And then, because there was nothing else to do, they rode back into Chattanooga on the relief train and secured a room at the Patten Hotel.

IT SO happened that the wires were not overloaded when news of the train wreck was received in the office of the evening newspaper. Whereupon a dispatch was sent out over the syndicate service and at the same time an enterprising reporter queried an evening paper in the city which was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Farnsworth stating that the bridal couple were occupants of the most sadly wrecked Pullman and requested to know how many words were desired on the story.

A reporter telephoned the tidings to Mr. Billy Watson—and for once Billy's lips lost their chronic twist of humor and he became deadly serious. He even found the grace to swear at himself for his ardent efforts to make his friends' honeymoon as uncomfortable as possible.

The local newspaper could give no details; the Chattanooga scribe having been careful to maintain secrecy on the fact that the supposed Gerald and Edith were uninjured that the order on the story might be large. But the news reached Billy Watson in time for him to make a lightning journey to the terminal station and so catch a Chattanooga-bound local.

In the Chattanooga jail Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Farnsworth sat miserably together in a private cell. Gerald's round cheeks were white with futile worry and a-quiver with righteous indignation. He held his wife's hands between his pudgy palms and mumbled reassuring words: "It's all right, sweetness—"

"But it isn't all right. It isn't!"

"We haven't done a thing; not a thing. And they can't arrest innocent folks."

"But they have arrested us. We're in jail!"

"I know—I know, honeybunch. But we'll get out . . . some time."

Her slender arms wrapped around his neck; "Oh! Gerald! I'm *so* unhappy!"

"Y-you've got me, haven't you, dear?" consoled he.

"Y-y-yes. But I don't want you—in prison!"

Outside the door perched Detective Michael Kelly. He perused with interest a local extra giving details of the wreck. "—among those in car X-21 was a young bridal couple who have registered at the Patten Hotel and who refused to see a reporter for this paper." Kelly grinned. "That's the pair the porter was tellin' me about last night."

At Valley Head, an hour before his arrival in Chattanooga, Billy Watson secured from the news-batch a copy of the extra containing an account of the wreck. And his eyes, too, lighted upon the item about the bridal couple. And so, immediately upon his arrival, he sped to the imposing Patten Hotel. The clerk informed politely but firmly that there were no such persons as Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Farnsworth there. Billy insisted and designated the newspaper paragraph. The clerk grinned.

"Oh! *Them?*"

"Uh-huh! Them!"

"They're registered under the name of Hanvey. Want to see 'em?"

"You said it."

The gong sounded. "Boy! Front! Show this gentleman up to number 637."

Billy dismissed the boy at the door. In answer to his knock the door swung back. Billy, his face already twisted into the habitual grin, let the mocking words slip out before the shock stilled them—"Mr. James H. Hanvey?"

The good-looking young stranger nodded. "Yes. What can I do for you?"

Billy shook himself together. "You are James H. Hanvey?"

"Yes."

"B-b-but the paper said—bridal couple—"

Mr. Hanvey flushed modestly. "I don't know what you're driving at, sir. But if it is of any interest to you—I am on my honeymoon."

Billy Watson backed away abruptly, an expression of unutterable lugubriousness on his lean and lanky face—"Uh-huh!" he agreed inanely, "but yours isn't the honeymoon I'm looking for!"

Straight to the office of Chattanooga's evening newspaper went Billy. A chat with a reporter brought a broad grin to his face. It wasn't hard to recognize the reporter's description of the arrested couple.

"Dog gone! Got 'em mixed up some way and arrested 'em! Oh! Mama! What a story to tell the gang."

And so Mr. Watson made speed to headquarters. He introduced himself to the desk sergeant and that official summoned Michael Kelly. Mr. Kelly's eyes narrowed—

"H'mm! Who is it ye want to see, young feller?"

"The couple you have in custody." Billy kept a serious face, but he was grinning inwardly.

Kelly gave a few moments of intensive thought to the matter. Then he turned without a word and flung open the door of the cell containing the flustered Gerald and his unhappy and considerably bewildered bride. Kelly motioned them out.

They came. They paused. They saw Billy Watson and then leaped forward with cries of delight. But Michael Kelly stopped them—

"Just a minute, me fine birds. S'posin' ye remain where ye are." He turned accusingly upon Billy Watson: "Well," he demanded sternly, "do you know 'em?"

And Billy Watson felt himself gripped by the irrepressible joking spirit. Here was a situation too good to be true, too fraught with mirthful potentialities to pass up. Of course it would right itself in a little while—but now . . . and he kept a straight face as he gave answer:

"Why no! I don't know these people!"

A twin wail from the honeymooners.

"Don't know 'em?" gritted the detective disappointedly.

"Never saw 'em before in my life!" lied Billy Watson seriously. Inwardly he was fairly squirming with laughter. *What* a joke!

Gerald's jaw dropped limply. He could not believe the evidence of his ears. "My God! Billy. . . . "

But his blonde little wife froze up and placed a restraining hand on Gerald's ample arm. "It's his idea of something funny," said she frigidly.

AT THAT moment the Nashville jeweler alighted from the train in Chattanooga, hailed a taxicab and started post-haste for police headquarters. And he reached the station even before the furious Gerald and his wife had been put back in their cell.

Mr. Kelly greeted the newcomer effusively. "There they are," he said triumphantly, designating the young couple. "Just wanted the formality of your identification."

"Them?" The jeweler turned upon Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth. "Hell! I never saw them in my life before. . . . "

Mr. Kelly was flabbergasted. Here was a development totally unexpected and one which was surcharged with unpleasant possibilities. He couldn't understand—

"You're sure they ain't—"

"Listen here, Mr. Kelly—there's two people I'll never forget—and they're the ones that stole my rings. These ain't the ones!"

"Holy smokes! They were on that train . . ." The forehead of the detective became corrugated with thought. "On that train, they were. . . . Ye're sure these ain't the ones?"

The Nashville jeweler was impatient and not a little peeved. "If you brought me all the way from Nashville on a wild goose chase . . . "

"If we're not the ones—I suppose we can go," suggested Gerald Farnsworth eagerly. But suddenly Detective Michael Kelly started for the door with a backward word over his shoulder to the desk sergeant.

"Keep 'em all here, Sergeant," he ordered. "I'll be back in a minute."

Kelly caught a taxi and uttered an address. He was playing a hunch and playing it strong. They'd given him a straight tip about the young couple being on that particular train. That being so, it was not above his quarry to have posed as bride and groom. "Patten Hotel," he told the taxi driver.

In the police station Billy Watson paid no heed to Farnsworth and his wife, and neither Gerald nor Edith would have spoken to him. They were righteously incensed—furious because they knew that the humor-intoxicated Billy was laughing up his sleeve and storing away the details of their plight to harass them for the rest of their natural lives. It was really very funny—for Billy. He was enjoying himself hugely.

Less than an hour after the departure of Detective Kelly, he re-entered the station. But he was not alone. Ahead of him walked Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hanvey and at sight of them the Nashville jeweler leaped eagerly to his feet.

"Those are the ones," he accused excitedly.

[*Continued on page 157*]

Tell Us How to Make a Living

Every day scores of women and girls from colleges, high schools, stores and factories consult Miss Emma Hirth about jobs. She knows the most desirable occupations, where to find them, and the kind of applicants to recommend

by Elizabeth Gertrude Stern

THERE are fashions in work for women as there are in clothes. The records of fifteen years make a cycle of fads. The first new profession to attract women, after teaching, library work and social work had lost their novelty, was journalism. Then welfare work in industry was the vogue until interior decoration became an alluring mirage. The novelty of banking quickly gave way to the imagined opportunities in department store work and advertising. Now every other applicant wants to go to Europe with full expenses paid. The fundamental difficulty, according to Miss Hirth, is that "the beginner or dissatisfied employee doesn't know what she wants to do. She has no real choice." It is Miss Hirth's business to help her decide.

THE first job a boy or girl gets often determines the course of a whole life. Yet most of us make this first choice almost at random. At best it is a guess. Who knows whether it may lead toward achievement and happiness, or down some blind alley ending in frustration and failure? It is to take the guess out of this choice of jobs that some of the finest constructive thinking of the next half century will have to be done. Fortunately for the happiness of the next generation some of it is already being done. The tale of it is something every mother and father and every recent school graduate should know.

On thousands of platforms in high schools and business schools and many colleges youth rises in all the pomp of graduation robes in January even as in June. The valedictorian proudly lays out a future for the whole civilized universe. The honor students advise Congress on the problems of divorce, child labor, banking, and the relations of nations. Then they who so gallantly and so confidently have told all of us what to do, how to think, and how to arrange our destinies, go forth to confront their own.

The immediate problem they face is what to do with their own lives, now placed in their own hands to plan and arrange. The choice of a career, and particularly of the first "job," is made by most of them without any real idea of just where it is going to lead. They choose as blindly as if they were reaching into a grab-bag with their eyes closed.

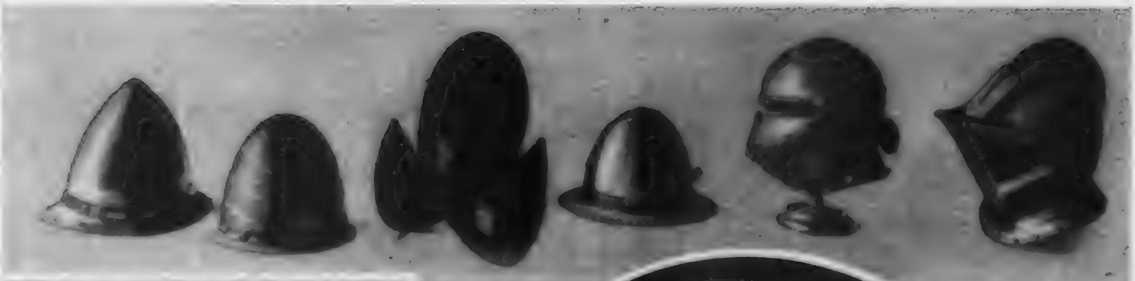
With the development of the new science of vocational guidance the future of a boy or girl, of a young man or woman, though it cannot of course be absolutely prophesied, can be shaped, and the tragedy of the misfit is no longer accepted as an unavoidable necessity. One can indeed be the master of one's fate now in a very real sense. Vocational guidance fills two functions. It discovers the facts about the individual and learns for what work he or she is best fitted. It studies the whole field of occupation to see what requirements and opportunities each trade, business or profession may have.

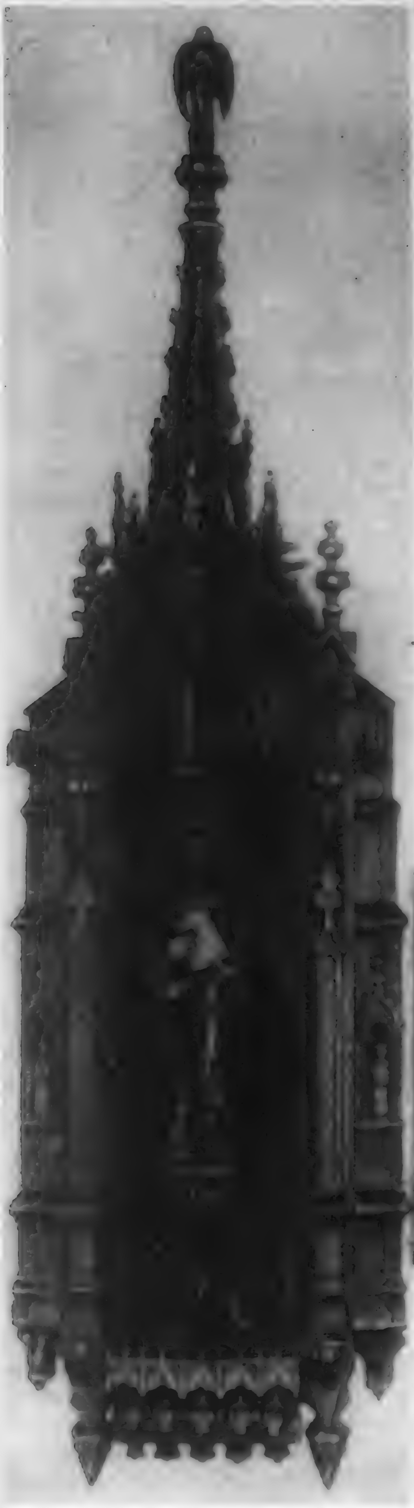
For instance, Miss Emma Hirth, director of the Bureau of Vocational Information, a national organization serving principally women, meets hundreds of young girls and women who come to her with their work-problems every year, and is developing a new service to youth. Actual stories of particular girls and how their problems have been solved will best illustrate just what Miss Hirth is accomplishing. She does not try to tell the girl at the threshold of her career exactly what path to choose and what to avoid. But she does give each one of them a little light on the subject. The Bureau of Vocational Information exists to clear away guess-work and misconceptions in every field of occupation that women are filling.

Much has been said and written of vocational work, and some of it is nonsense. So

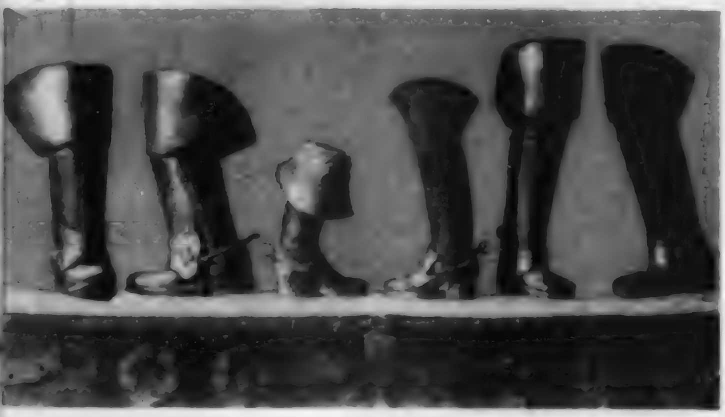
[*Continued on page 164*]

Miss Emma Hirth is director of the Bureau of Vocational Information in New York City. Her broad knowledge of business and professional opportunities is based on surveys of eighty fields open to women. Her own job is to find the right place for a girl and help her fill it.





The hobby that led Sumner Healey to haunt museums when he was a boy later became his profession. He has made over eighty transatlantic voyages on behalf of people who collect everything under the sun. Museums and individuals now employ him to run down rare rugs, statuary, laces, furniture, jewelry and firearms. Some of the oddest things he has obtained for collections include flat irons, locks, Colonial hat boxes, cow bells and icons.



Medieval armor is one of the fields in which Mr. Healey has become expert. Some of his choicest pieces are these Italian, Spanish and French helmets dating from the 15th and 16th Centuries. What at first seems to be a Gothic shrine (left) is a wrought iron lock from some church of the Middle Ages. The opening is concealed behind the figure of the saint. A pair of the oldest boots in America (1640) appears at the left of the lower panel.

Queer Things People Collect

Sumner Healey, ex-round-the-Horn sailor and soldier in the Foreign Legion, combs the world for antiques and curios. Unexpected finds make the life of the professional collector a series of adventures

by Sadie A. Frank

ONE of the most amazing finds that ever fell to the lot of a collector was made by Sumner Healey, himself an amazing character. "It was in a dingy little antique shop," said he, "that I saw a bundle of battered picture-frames on the floor. I don't know what possessed me to want them, but the dealer let me have the lot for seventy-five cents. In my shop, I discovered that on the back of one of them was a letter from Napoleon Bonaparte written to Josephine during his first Italian campaign. It threw blinding flashes of light on much unwritten domestic history of the period and subsequently sold for thousands of dollars."

A WIDOW who was about to destroy a trunkful of "worthless" letters found some rare stamps that sold for enough to keep her in comfort for life. Another elderly woman who had pawned her silver for fifteen dollars was too poor to redeem the pledge. One of her pieces turned out to be an Early American porridge bowl worth several hundred dollars. A cheap antique statue was clothed in a mantle decorated with colored glass ornaments that proved to be rubies worth a king's ransom. A workman employed in removing the wall paneling of a French abbey for an American millionaire's residence was knocked unconscious by a huge bag of gold pieces hidden in 1700.

Sumner Healey himself is a figure right out of a Sabatini story. Cabin boy on a clipper ship, member of the Foreign Legion, expert on medieval armor and French provincial furniture, he has adventured almost everywhere in the world, and collected curios everywhere else. When he talks about collecting, you sit up and listen.

As a youngster he ran away from an exclusive boys' school near New York, because of a prank that would have gladdened the heart of Tom Sawyer, and shipped on a round-the-Horn wind-jammer. Stranded in the Orient, he worked his passage back to Frisco by washing dishes and playing the ship's piano. The passengers took up a collection and gave him $150.00 to get back to New York, but he lost it all on the old Barbary Coast the night he landed. The next morning, as far away from New York as ever, he signed up on a ship to Panama, tramped across the Isthmus and stowed away on a ship bound for New York. Back home a little later he was suddenly left a fortune, set out for Monte Carlo, just missed breaking the bank and went broke himself.

With a fellow sufferer he enlisted in the Foreign Legion in Morocco and went through several campaigns in the Back of Beyond with that mysterious regiment. Eventually he turned up in Paris, speaking Arabic, Algerian and heaven knows what Levantine languages. By this time he was already becoming somewhat of an authority on Oriental weapons. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to start the serious business of a collector. And despite the usual preliminary struggles it proved to be a business for which he was supremely qualified.

Collecting, the psychologists tell us, probably originated with the food-getting tendency and may be called a blind tendency to take portable things which attract attention and carry them to one's habitation. Yet this does not account for the queer things people collect, according to Sumner Healey.

"You may watch people at the seashore," said Mr. Healey, "fascinated by the beauty of the pink sea-shells. They spend hours gathering them although they know there is no place for them at home and they really wonder what they will do with them even if they survive the gentle treatment of the transportation system. It's the joy of possession in a beautiful thing that has prompted them. And it's the same appeal that actuates the collector of snuff-boxes, statuary, pictures, rugs, old laces, rare glass, and engravings."

"What queer things do men collect?" I asked.

"That depends on what you mean by queer. I've gathered items and sold to collectors of cowbells, belts, feudal banners, spurs, icons, antique watches of a particular period, skating-pictures, hat-boxes brought from England in Colonial times, pistols, early magnets used for magnetizing the compasses of ships, and the poisoned rings of the Borgias with their tiny secret receptacles."

Medieval armor is one of the things in which Mr. Healey himself has become one of the recognized experts. Many famous pieces now in the Bashford Dean collection at New York's Metropolitan Museum, as well as remarkable finds in private collections like that of Clarence Mackay are the result of his sagacity and energy. His own pet hobby is stringed musical instruments and he has a marvelous collection of his own. But his general knowledge covers the whole fascinating field of collecting. Why shouldn't it? He has made more than eighty transatlantic voyages on behalf of people who were collecting everything under the sun.

He smiles reminiscently as he recalls some of those things—

"One lady collects dogs—not the flesh and blood, barking variety, but dogs of lead, glass, porcelain, silver, gold—any variety, any shape, any size.

"A recent acquisition to a belt collection is a broad nine-inch stiff leather harness worn by the peasants in the Tyrol. Not one buckle but five edge the end, with as many leather tongues for clasps. The tooled leather is studded with designs formed of tiny nail-heads and the inscription, LIEBEN IHREN IN 1797—JESUS—MARIA—invokes the favor of Heaven on the proud possessor.

Whalebone, Flat-irons and Booze Bottles

"Scrimshaw work is carved out of whale's teeth in idle moments by sailors on their whaling expeditions. One man who specializes in scrimshaw has a variety of odd knife-handles, decorative needle cases, and, above all, pie-wheels. These are wheels mounted on a V-shaped yoke and were used for cutting a design around the edge of pie crusts.

"Sun-dials mean to the collector not the huge garden dial on which the shadow rests as the sun changes. Rather they are wee pocket-size dials used by hunters before watches were in vogue.

"Locks and keys have fascinating possibilities. Louis XVI, who was a locksmith, gathered together a superb group of locks and keys with secret springs and ornamental workmanship. Here is one that looks like a bit of a Gothic cathedral. The means of inserting the key is skilfully hidden under the head of the sliding panel. There is a key weighing about five pounds, made of gilded silver and jewels. Its design is the Medicean motto, consisting of a shield with circles symmetrically placed. Another, the key of St. Peter's, is the chamberlain's, and is worn as a symbol by the official who has access to the Pope's chambers. This beauty is surmounted by a triple tiara, below which two croziers cross and meet the wrought keys of St. Peter. Studded with topazes, it is a gem indeed. Here is one cut from a solid piece of steel; there is a 15th-century key to the city gate. When they presented you with the keys of the city in those days, you really got something.

"Flat-irons or anything pertaining to ironing linen give the collector an interesting idea of former methods of doing this work. One old iron stands on a grilled base with a slender wooden handle and has at the back of the iron a hole into which a hot rod was placed to heat it. Around it is the injunction, LAUF, TRINKLE, ANIMA, which may be freely translated, 'Laugh, drink and be merry for tomorrow is ironing day.'

"Booze is quite a familiar term today but it remains for the collector of old bottles to tell us whence it came. About 1840 or 1850, there lived in Philadelphia a distiller who bottled his goods by the quart in molded containers. They were oval in shape and so that none might make a mistake his name and address, Elmer C. Booze, Philadelphia, appeared on the back. To him belongs the distinction of coining a new word in our language.

"From booze to black-jacks seems a far cry. Yet a collector of black-jacks harks back to the original article, which was a huge ale-container made of leather before the metal or earthen jug was used for this purpose in England. Sometimes when these large black-jacks had been emptied around the festive board, the tavern would witness a hilarious fight. So, picking up the nearest heavy article, the leathern ale-container, one friendly black-jack would invite its brother. Thus another word was coined. Fortunate, indeed, is the proud possessor of a genuine old leather ale-container.

"And what is a hurdy-gurdy? Not the instrument of torture wheeled by the old bearded man who grinds out, 'Yes, I have no bananas,' beneath your window. The true hurdy-gurdy is a valued piece in a collection of musical instruments. It has a violin-like body with strings and a keyboard and a wheel.

"Speaking of musical instruments, Rudolph Valentino used an antique archlute, in 'Monsieur Beaucaire.' In its largest form, this instrument was called the Chitarrone. It is over six feet high and the enormous length of the neck gives additional sonority to the deep bass strings. The portrait of Sir Philip Sidney's mother shows her holding the archlute. This fixes the date before 1586.

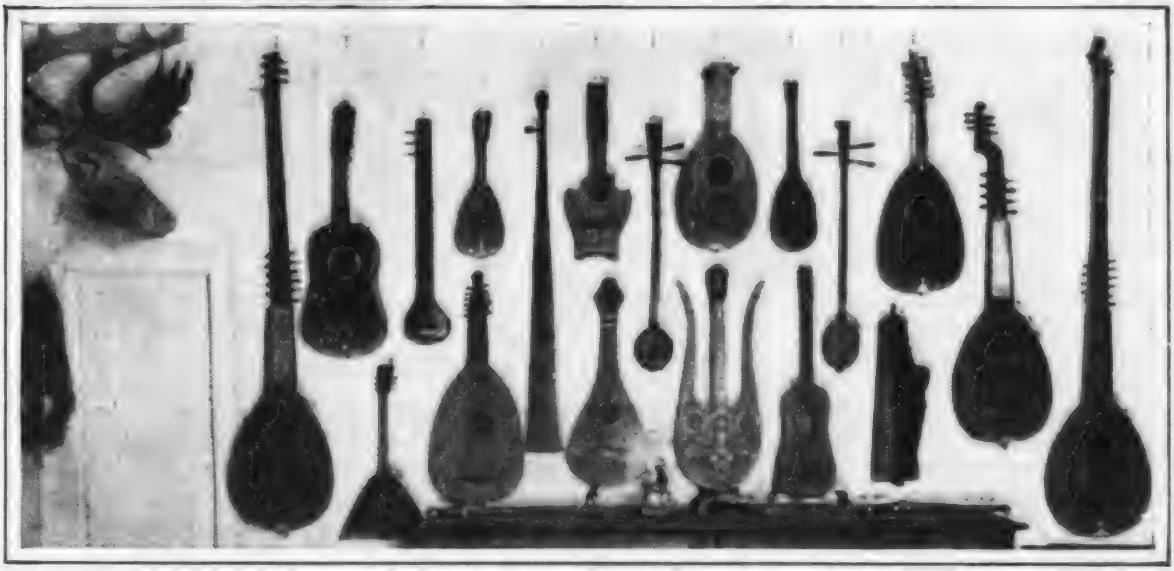
"One of the queerest things I ever saw in a collection was an odd breastplate equipped with nineteen guns. They automatically raise themselves and can be fired in groups of three, six, twelve or the whole lot, at once. When not in use, it folds down again, ready to lift up and snap in place. The stirrups of the cavalryman are equipped with a revolver apiece and another is hidden in his sword. This quaint armor was the invention of a French officer who devised it for use in charging the enemy during the war of 1870.

"While searching for guns, one day I got wind in a roundabout way of a rare firearm on display in the window of a gunsmith. The object of my search was no longer in the window when finally I located him after a short train trip. I went in and asked about it and he said that he had a rare gun but it was so unusual that he wanted a big price for it. He told me to wait while he got it from his bedroom upstairs where he had stored it for safety.

"An iron spiral staircase led to the upper rooms and soon I saw him winding spirally down with the gun in his arms. As soon as I laid eyes on it, I recognized its make. There was only one other like it in the world and that is in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, the gem of the collection.

"I called to him, 'Stop! I know just what the markings are! "John Cookson fecit!"' He came nearer and looked to verify my words and seemed so surprised that he was not exorbitant in his demands. It really was a Cookson flint-lock repeating gun and is now the treasure of the collection in the Milwaukee Public Institute.

"There is a long list of things people collect not for the sake of collecting but for joy in the rarity or beauty or fascination of the thing



Stringed musical instruments are Mr. Healey's own pet collecting hobby. These on the wall represent a few choice specimens from a collection of over one hundred and fifty valuable items. The antique archlute, hanging at the extreme left, was used by Rudolph Valentino in "Monsieur Beaucaire." The instrument is also called the Chitarrone. This rare one, which dates from the sixteenth century, is over six feet high. The extraordinary length of the neck deepens the tone of the bass strings.

collected. In its essence, it is a joy in the possession of the thing itself. Often men go through all sorts of hazardous experiences to run down a heard-of gem; often they pay others to watch the market or the breaking-up of a rare collection so as to add to their own list the missing links.

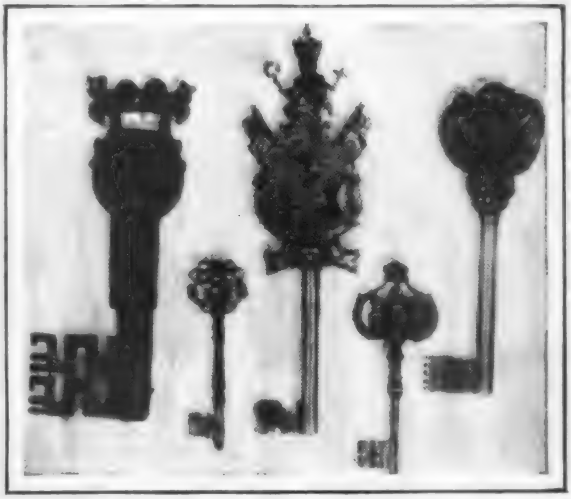
"There is a great fascination to the philatelist in seeing a whole row of a certain rare issue completed. Perhaps that was why the King of England was willing to pay $7,250 for a copy of the two-penny Post Paid Mauritius, 1847. It afforded him two kinds of satisfaction—he wanted to be *the one* to possess the rarity and an incomplete series was filled in.

"The latter motive holds good for collectors of all pennies minted by the United States, or all pistols issued by the U. S. Government. Some of these are very rare and the owner of a partial collection will pay any price for the satisfaction of filling out the vacant niches. Early American glass made in Pennsylvania has a certain style of pitcher and cup-plates which are very difficult to find if one is trying to get a complete set of one pattern."

"Is there any such thing as cornering the market?"

"That is impossible. People die and their collection is dispersed. New things are constantly turning up unexpectedly.

"One day in Bordeaux a friend of mine asked me to go with him to appraise the contents of an old house. It seems a widow had been living in affluence until her investments in Russian bonds became worthless. Her home was being sold by her creditors. We went over the place and found a few pieces of good old furniture and some bits of pewter. Finally we came to the attic stored with broken, worthless junk. My friend spied an old trunk and asked the widow what was in it. 'Nothing but some old letters,' she answered, 'which I shall destroy when I move.' We investigated and found enough rare old Island Mauritius stamps to pay off her mortgage and provide very comfortably for the woman's future.



Antique keys have a fascination for some collectors. The heavy one on the left opened the city gate in a medieval French stronghold. An ingeniously contrived bell rang when the key was removed. The central piece is a key to St. Peter's worn by the Pope's chamberlain as a badge of office. Angels, cherubs and papal symbols are wrought in exquisite detail. On the extreme right is a rare key to the house of the Medici in Florence, suitably decorated with the arms and insignia of that most famous of Italian families.

"During the war a German bomb was thrown into the French lines and the soldiers scrambled out of the way into the near-by trenches. When they returned to repair the damage, they found that the detonation of the shell had disclosed an old pot containing 400 gold coins. They were English and none were dated later than 1500. They had probably been buried in the time of the British occupation about the time of Joan of Arc. These coins were grabbed by the lucky soldiers and sold. I was fortunate enough to get hold of one of them.

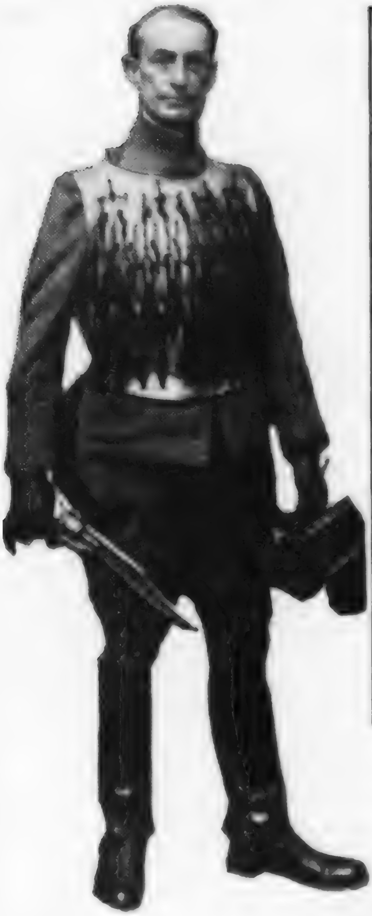
"Not only do unexpected treasures continually turn up but also people sometimes do not know the value of heirlooms they've seen from childhood. Constant association seems to dim the sense of value in regard to them.

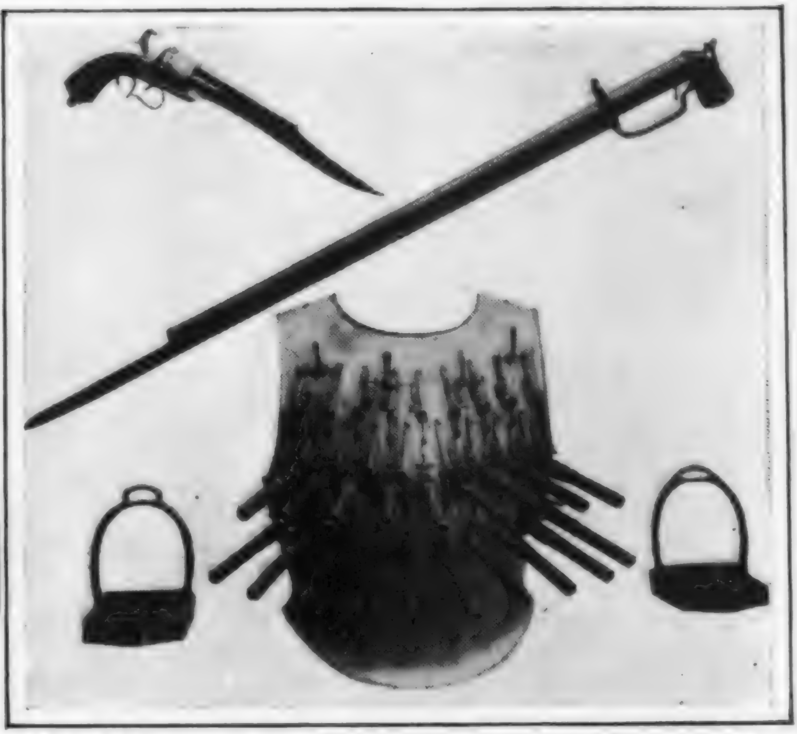
"One old lady, hard up, pawned for $15 some family silver. Unable to redeem the pledge, the tickets were to be sold at public auction at the expiration of a year. On examination one was found to be an American porridge bowl made by Jonathan Otis, a Revolutionary hero, in Newport about 1760. Three or four dealers affected a combination to buy it in cheaply. When I got wind of it, I determined to see that the old lady got a square deal and ran the bidding up from $5 to many hundreds. She also had two beakers made in Newburyport, Mass., by Moulton. These brought vast sums. So astonished was the old lady that she fainted to the floor.

"People love historical relics," continued Mr. Healey. "One man treasures the sword of Oliver Cromwell, another the pistols of George Washington. I have the mouchoir and silver spoon used by Napoleon in exile. The desire for things that have been handled by notables is the reason why collections are made of autographs, original manuscripts, furniture used by famous people, letters written by noted men, old laces, tapestries depicting historical scenes."

"Do styles change in the collecting sense?"

"Yes, I find a great change in the buying public of today.





One of the queerest contrivances known to antique collectors is a suit of armor equipped with guns. The guns on the breastplate automatically raise themselves and can be fired singly or in groups. The stirrups are fitted with revolvers, likewise the sword. This formidable array of weapons was the invention of a French officer who converted himself into a human arsenal during the war of 1870.

People come for antiques to put on a definite piece of furniture. Highboys call for pewter. Or they want a rare piece of glass to fit into their room decorations. And one piece usually leads to another. Once started in the collecting game, there is an ever urging impulse to buy just one more.

"Go into any auction of old furniture and you will find a couple who have just started housekeeping, purchasing the best old piece that they can get for their money. They do not buy period furniture as in the olden days, just because they want an antique label. They disregard the bric-à-brac, antique clocks and cabinets filled with ivories and formerly sold in quantities. Instead, they wait quietly until something is put up that will fit into the room design. The mattress of the bed is felt before it is purchased; the chair is tested for comfort. And the modern man in a small apartment in a large city has no use for huge pieces. He is collecting good furniture at reasonable prices to furnish a home.

"Besides, such furniture is an investment. If he went to a furniture dealer and bought a table brand new and later wished to dispose of it, he could get about one fifth of the purchase price. As a rule antiques well selected increase in value every ten years.

"At present there is a great vogue for Spanish things, especially for California and Palm Beach. Houses are being built with patios and open courtyards so that the Spanish grill work fits in beautifully.

"Due to the small sized room of the present day, small tapestries and pictures are in much greater demand than formerly. Only the wealthy who have huge rooms can house the larger sizes.

"Thus styles change from time to time. Queen Victoria set the fashion in porcelains and they became the rage. About 1870 the Cruikshank rage started. Fifteen years ago, every one wanted pewter. Then it became a drug on the market and no one would buy. Today there is a revival and good pewter, though in great demand, is quite difficult to find. The law of supply and demand automatically regulates the prices. When popular fancy has turned into another direction, the article drops to its worth as a thing of beauty or as an antique and stays there until a popular wave forces the price up again."

"Are the particular things collected an index to one's personality?" I asked.

"I have a pet theory that I haven't been able to test out that the type of thing collected depends on a hereditary influence. It may be that one's ancestors had been pewter-makers; another's forbears may have been armorers or locksmiths, or weavers of laces or tapestries."

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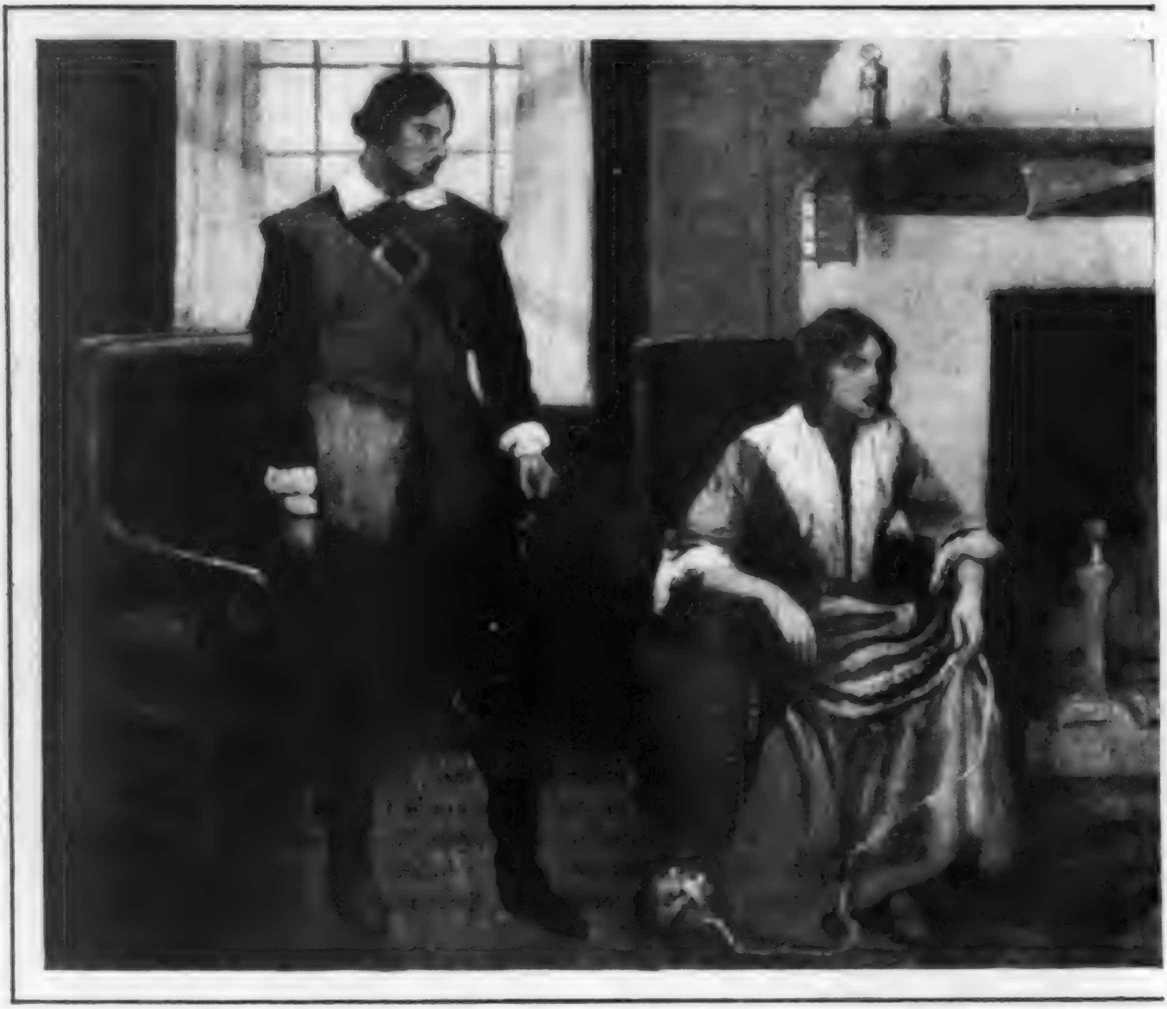


"Sancia," remonstrated Madam Oort, "consider your manners." "Why should I consider

By
Robert W. Chambers

The Man

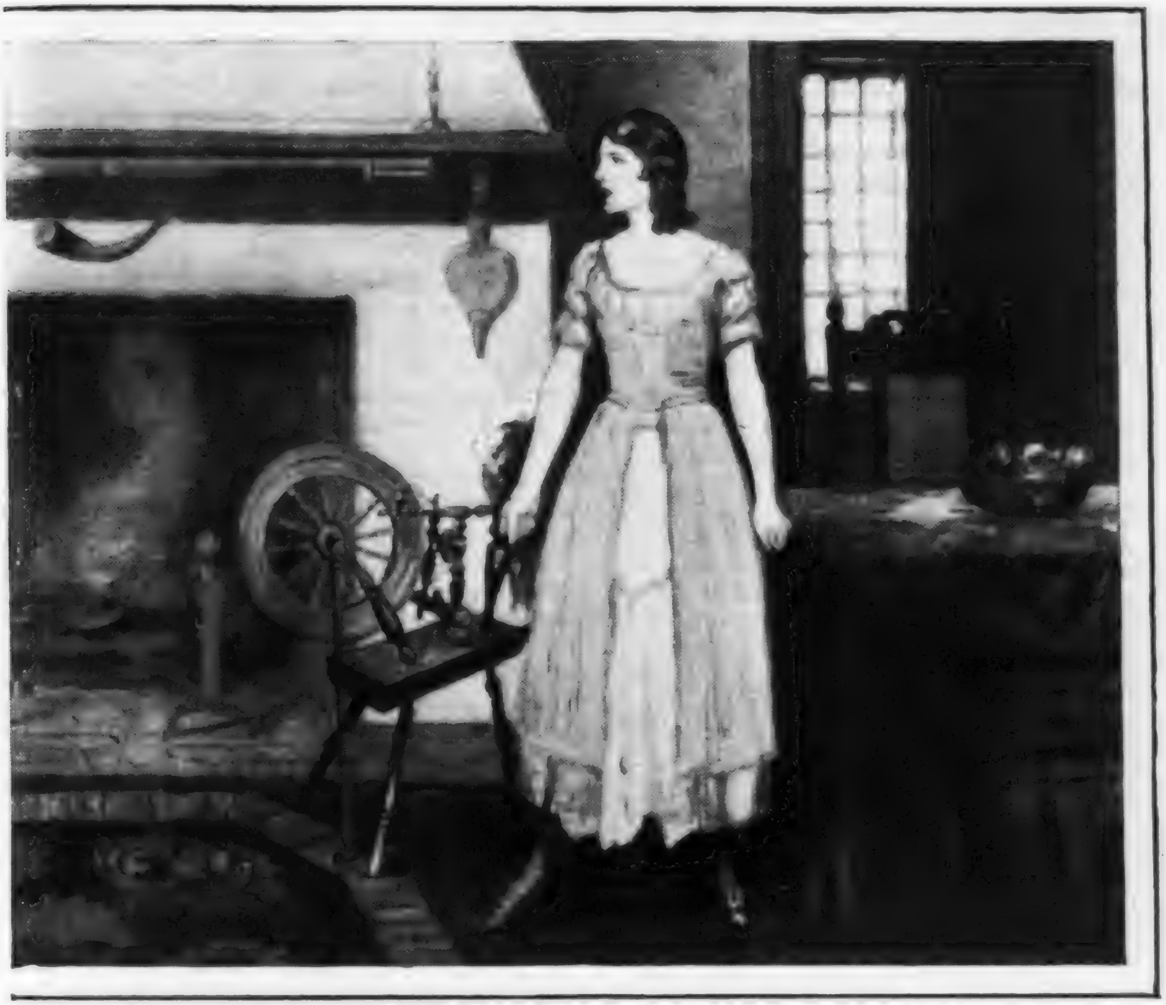
A story of the days

Illustrated by

Begin this serial with any instalment. The story up to this point is here.

I, DIRCK HAZLETT, was in my eighteenth year when Captain William Kidd, who was one of New York's most respected merchants, proposed that I serve as secretary for Mistress Oort, a charming widow whom the Captain was shortly to marry. I had had no duties other than teaching swordsmanship, so I willingly entered the Widow's service, balancing her accounts and writing her letters, since she, although gifted in many things, could neither read nor write. I must needs mention, at this point, that her ward, Sancia, a saucy minx, immediately laid claim to my affections, and also did Maddeleen, a pretty slip of a girl, who minded my house for me. Both wooed me, but Lord! what had I to do with women?

New York in that year—1669—was the rendezvous of pirates, or, as they chose to call themselves, gentlemen in the Red Sea Trade and *On the account* privateersmen. Although many frowned at their activities, little was done to put a halt to them. Captain Kidd, I knew,



anything when Dirck considers nothing but his lust for brawling?" replied Sancia hotly.

They Hanged

A novel by the
author of "Cardigan,"
"The Common Law," etc.

when New York was young

Gayle Hoskins

had refused a proposal to join Robert Livingston and several other business men in outfitting five vessels under notorious pirate captains. Shortly after he had sailed for England on his own business, I became involved in a tavern brawl with the privateersmen and wounded Captain Maze, later being stabbed by his friend, a Captain Wake, who lay in ambush for me. Upon recovering I repaired to the Dark Ship Tavern where I met two forest-runners who, with five Mohawks, had come from the North to enlist troops for the Three Rivers. The Indians having been sent back to Major Schuyler, the two runners, Schoharie Harry and Nick of Beverwyck, proposed that I join them in outfitting a ship and sailing to the St. Lawrence where, as privateersmen, we might make goodly hauls from the French ships. Attracted by the scheme, I consulted my friend, Riel de Lanois, and persuaded him to go with us as ship's doctor.

This month's instalment.

THE story of how was secured from Mr. Philipse his new sloop, *The China Rose*, and how she was commissioned, fitted, armed and her captain, officers, and crew selected and assembled would be too tedious to relate.

Because it was a story of hopes deferred, of senseless delays, of bargaining, bickering and of jealousies. The meanness, craft, and rapacity of Colonel Philipse and his agents sickened me so that had it not been for the wisdom and patience of Rielde Lanois, of Mr. Emott, a lawyer, and the kindness of Mr. Chief Justice Dudley, I would have thrown over this privateering and forsworn all thought of any glory and treasure to be gained upon the sea.

Well, in the end Mr. Emott made a bargain for me with the Patroon, and this is the final listing of our ship's company and the shares allotted to each in our articles of agreement.

NAME	QUALITY	SHARES
Peter Breeze	Capt. Commander	3½
Duncan Avery	Lieutenant	2½
Edward May	Master	2½
John Dole	Capt. Quartermaster	1¾
Riel de Lanois	Doctor	2¾
Harry Burns	Mate	2
Austin Read	Boatswain	1¼
Dirck Hazlett	Lieutenant Gunner	3
Wm. Bennett	Gunner	1⅛
Evan Morgan	Gunner's Mate	1
Richard Smith	Drummer	1
Ned B. Grigg	Cook	1
58 People	Sailors	¾

To Schoharie Harry and to Nick of Beverwyck five shares each for their discovery of the enterprise. They listed as musketeers. Which arrangement allotted between 25 and 30 shares to the owner and the remainder to be divided among officers and crew.

No sooner was our bargain made with the Patroon than our business was known and noised through the city, and every home, tavern, and bouwerie hummed with it.

In that same day *The China Rose*, sloop, left the mouth of the Spuyten Duyvil, dropped down the North River with the tide, and came to anchor off the new market at Coenties slip, where all the city could view her from the waterside, and I from the sunny settle on my little stoop.

And Lord, how I admired to see how all captains, sailors, and seafaring folk afloat and ashore gathered along Great Queen Street to gaze upon *The China Rose* where they were carrying her guns, small arms, and stores aboard her. There were barrels of bread, barrels of beef and pork, barrels of flour, beans, sugar, hog's fat in kegs, rum, the doctor's chest and medicines, spare spars, spare sails, powder, for the great guns and muskets, cases of cutlasses, pistols, flints, bandoleers, cartouche boxes, and Osnabrigs to make frocks and trowsers for the crew.

That first day I spent on the sloop, on my stoop, and on the waters between, so happy and distracted was I in this first true adventure and enterprise of my career.

Mr. Emott was there, and also the old Patroon, who cried out continually, at all expenses and haggled over every item so fiercely that I wondered whether we should presently discover that some barrels of pork and beef stank, or if the ship's bread were gone mouldy or no.

Frederick Philipse, was, when he chose, a civil, polite, gentle, and even elegant person. He had a coat of arms, and was said to be of good blood, but he had been a common carpenter, and looked like one, I thought.

Riel de Lanois only laughed when I expressed fears for our beef, and told me that this was the Patroon's way of thrifty dealing, who clutched a half-jo as desperately as a starving wretch clings to his crust.

And further, Mr. Emott related how Margaret once stopped her own great ship which had weighed and sailed—and made the captain lower a boat to go back and pick up a deck-mop worth five pence which had fallen overboard.

Well, God help us all, for all have their faults, and I know what mine are, and you already have discovered them.

Now, as I say, the news concerning *The China Rose* was soon noised abroad, and long before we had our commission, which we got when Mr. Ingoldsby returned from Curaçao.

Our captain, Peter Breeze, a citizen of Hartford in Connecticut, lodged at The Indian Queen Tavern, together with Mr. Avery, his lieutenant, and Mr. May, master.

John Dole, Captain Quartermaster, and Austin Read, Boatswain, respectable Long Island men, from New Utrecht, baited at Krieger's Inn on Broadway, which was lately the Heere Stratt, and down which, in July, 1673, Captain Anthony Colve marched his Dutch army from the fleet of Admiral Evertsen, and on into the Fort which so abjectly had been surrendered by Carr and Manning, poor betrayed and bewildered wretches.

BUT now English and Dutch lived in amity in New York City, and were as one people. Out through the city gate along the Heere Wegh my two sergeant-musketeers Schoharie Harry and Nick of Beverwyck, marched our new English and Dutch crew; with Dick Smith, our drummer, a-drumming at their head, and swarm of school children, negro slaves and pot-house idlers trailing along to see the training.

Lord! That was a brave sight, never, I think, seen before in our city. But our Captain Breeze argued that if these sailors were to fight aboard their own ship or the enemy's, and might even be forced to do battle ashore, then they should know the butt of a musket from the muzzle, and be taught to keep together as well as to load, aim and fire.

However, the officers at the Fort looked but sourly upon these privateersmen, and would not allow us to use the plaine which was, nevertheless, a public parade. And I was for marching thither and defying the garrison to attack us, thinking that such a brawl might somewhat season our new fellows, but Mr. Emott begged us to refrain.

I own I was a greatly excited young man, and lacked sense and balance, and such a brawl as I had encouraged might have deprived us of our ship and our commissions.

My days were busy with preparation for departure and much running about the street. Also, acting as sword-master to our officers and sailors, I was busy exercising the latter, with cutlass and hanger, and giving instruction to our officers in cuts and thrusts and parries with Moorish saber, long sword and rapier.

And now it is better that I tell how I carried the news of my new enterprise to Madam Oort and Sancia Caradac.

Mr. Bradley already had acquainted these ladies of my purpose. So when I entered the pretty house on Wall Street, hat in hand, I saw Sancia's eyes were stormy, though Madam Oort seemed tender and sweetly concerned that I should embark on such adventure.

"Let him go," said Sancia, in a voice both hardy and careless, "I can write your letters and keep your accounts, Mother. So let this restless and brawling lad go where he shall have his dish of glory and his fill of sword-blows . . . for it seems that a belly full o' daggers leaves him still hungry—"

"Sancia," remonstrated Madam Oort, "will you consider your good manners before you speak—"

"Why should I consider anything when Dirck Hazlett considers nothing—nobody—save himself and his selfish lust for brawling—"

"Sancia."

"I listen, Mother—"

"Does Dirck belong to you?"

"No, and be damned to him—"

"Be pleased to withdraw and instantly to seek your chamber!" said Madam Oort sternly.

Sancia, scarlet with fury, cast a flaming glance at me that flew out of her gray eyes like an arrow. She could scarce curtsey to her mother, made no pretense to notice me again, but turned her back upon me and went up the stairs, her little hand gripping the rail as though to crush it into splinters.

Madam Oort drew me to a chair beside her, and we talked long and seriously concerning my intentions.

Sweetest, gentlest, most loyal of women was Sarah Oort, using me now as a mother, now as an older sister to examine into my purpose and counsel me.

"Well," says she at last, "the restless youth in you is not to be denied, Dirck. In your blood is lust of fighting, you come of such a race. It were vain to argue, vain to point out to you any surer and gentler careers where fortune waits on wisdom, industry and thrift. You would not brook such delay, I think. The slow but steady effort to acquire position and wealth by trade, by a profession—" she looked most earnestly upon me, slowly shook her head, and I bent and kissed her hands.

"Well, then," she said, "if you will go, then you shall go. And Sancia, and I must be about our knitting for you vests and good warm stockings—"

"Oh, Madam—"

"Oh, Dirck—" She put her lovely arms about me and laid her lips to my brow.

I HAD been madded to see how insolently Sancia had conducted, and to hear her opinion on myself and purpose, but now my dear Madam Oort softened all anger in me and made me understand how this child, Sancia really believed that I was her prize divided into shares, and that her commission from God and Nature entitled her to every share and undivided profit of my capture.

"The silly minx," said Sarah Oort, fondly, "she so adores and idolizes you that it is useless to argue, and this adventure of yours is come like a blow to her pride that brings her to her very knees. Had you but told her, made pretense to consult her, even hinted at such a matter, she had consented in tears—no doubt—but her pride would not so mortally have suffered.

"It was that this business had become public knowledge before ever she dreamed of such a thing, that hath wounded her. So go you to her chamber, Dirck, and make your peace together. And you both will learn, I think, a new tenderness and a new respect, and kinder knowledge of each other when you are reconciled."

So I went up the stairs to the long chamber which was Sancia's, where potted flowers were ranged before the windows, and rare shells and corals and stuffed birds like very jewels gleamed from a pearl-incrusted table out of India.

Lord, but she seemed a little thing where she sat upon a stool and a book upon her knees in which was pictured scenes from all the wars that ever had been fought on earth.

She would not notice me at all but turned the leaves of her book whilst I endeavored to pacify her and make amends.

"Also," I continued, "it was agreed between us that we should harbor no sentimental thoughts and no silly jealousies, only a generous confidence in each other's friendship and kindness—"

"Was it friendly to leave me in ignorance of this adventure?" she demanded, not looking at me.

"I meant nothing—"

"Was it kindness," she cried, and flung the book upon the Turkey carpet, and fetched it a kick. Which hurt her foot, for she gasped, and caught at the bed-post to lean against it, one knee lifted like a lame hound, and her face pinched and white with pain.

I said nothing, but took her up in my arms, and she turned on me like a wild-cat and struck me with both hands so that I stumbled under the sudden fury of the blows.

And the next instant her arms were around my neck, strangled me and her tearful mouth and face sought mine, sobbing out that she loved me, and that I used her cruelly who could know no peace nor happiness if I must go away.

We came down the stairs from her chamber together, her slender hand clasped in mine tightly.

Madam Oort was in the pantry sugaring jumbles, and we ate a few as we told her we had become reconciled, and were tender friends again, and that never more as long as I should live, would I consider or embark upon any enterprise unless first of all I acquainted Sancia and took counsel with her concerning it.

I thought we never would sail, so exasperated was I at the endless delays; though it seems all ships are subject to such, and privateers most of all.

Men listed and then deserted us, several barrels of pork stank when opened and were carried back to Mr. Philipse's stores where his agent made a great to-do and swore the pork was as sweet as April butter.

"In that case," said I, "you shall save and serve it to Colonel Philipse," which cooled his heat in some degree.

All were aboard *The China Rose*, now, and our captain was uneasy for fear a warship might arrive and start a-crimping and press our people.

Other captains feared this, too, because fishermen off Coney Island reported a frigate hull down; and some ships weighed and fell below Staten Island, from whence their boats plied all day between anchorage and city, and the waters of the harbor were lively with craft of all descriptions.

There were two brigantines which lay off the shipyards at the foot of Maiden Lane and the captains of which caroused ashore, doubtful men whom I know not but could have betted a guinea to a stiver that both sailed *On The Account*.

These two whose names were Steerwell and Falls, were ever watching *The China Rose* through a glass, and their boats ever hovered in our vicinity.

Falls' ship, *The Rainbow*, brigantine, 18 guns, and Steerwell's *The Fancy Bird*, 20 guns, were nearly ready to sail, and I told Peter Breeze, our captain, that I was convinced that they would stand for Malabar and carry supplies from Colonel Livingston to the pirates in those waters.

"Well," says Captain Breeze, "what would you have me do, Mr. Hazlett?"

"Hasten, in God's name, and weigh and get us to sea as soon as may be, and if, by strategem, we can pretend distress, why, if they sail together, I think they may attempt to take us."

"You mean that they sail to take any flag."

"I do."

"Sir, that is a grave charge."

"Sir, I've heard Captain Kidd mention Steerwell and call him a pirate, too. Livingston and Pell's stores go into his hold every day. Sainte Marie is his destination I do not doubt. Who would be the wiser if he and his consort stopped us on the high seas and robbed us and set us afire?"

Breeze shook his head uneasily, and said that he did not desire to anger Livingston and did not wish to put himself in any position where such a conflict might arise. "Although," he added grimly, "if I raise them at sea and they swerve by a point to follow me, I shall not show them my heels."

"God send we sight them and they follow us," said I.

"Why, you pious young sea-brawler," says he, laughing, "is not a belly full o' French iron enough for you? Would you, on mere suspicion have me take the English flag and carry Mr. Ingoldsby's commissions into port for Livingston to bawl murder and run to the Admiralty—ay, to the Lords of Trade, and to the King himself?"

I laughed, too, and he swore I was counseling piracy, and so he carried me to his cabin, and there made me drink a glass of Madeira, and so parted excellent friends, he to mount the poop and look to our slow lading, I to go ashore, where, so far, I had slept in my own house.

WHEN I came into my house I discovered Maddaleen there, busy with her needle and shears, and a bolt of Osnabrig upon the table.

Now I had become very wary of the girl because we had had a few hot encounters and she had wept and swore she was sick o' love for me, and, if I would not marry her, then I should love her nevertheless. So what with tears and reproaches and fevers, and her pulling me about, and I afeared to hurt her pride and ashamed to deny my obligations, we both had become unhappy, and I scarce knew how to mend matters.

But lately she had calmed, and vexed me no more but was gay and bright and kindly reasonable. I hoped and believed the fancy had passed, yet kept an eye on her.

Now, noticing the Osnabrigs, I asked her what she was about, and she showed me frocks, and trowsers cut out, and some basted.

"For me?" I demanded.

"Who other?"

"But I am not a regiment, Maddaleen! Why do you make so many?"

"What I make will be needed," says she, smiling.

And now I noticed two sea chests which Jan Gilles, the carpenter on Perel Straat, had fashioned out of oak.

"Two?" I exclaimed.

"Did you not command two, Dirck?"

"I did not, and be hanged to that Dutch jackass. Doe she think me a dandy? Does he suppose I am made of gold to command furniture by the dozen pieces?"

"I have money, Dirck," says she demurely.

"To what purpose?" said I.

"To lend, gladly—"

"I need neither your money nor two sea chests," said I, turning red and hot.

"May I not aid you to equipment?"

But I was too vexed to answer her, and presently went out of the house to sit upon my settle and gaze at *The China Rose.*

It was a calm day on land and water. Pleasant sounds came from the harbor—noise, of oars, of winches, cries of teamsters on the dock and the far hail of those across the waters.

I thought of Captain Falls and Captain Steerwell, and of their ships, *The Rainbow* and *The Fancy Bird*. If only they would cruise outside the Hook to meditate a piracy upon *The China Rose!* How agreeable it would be to take two ships of New York, and full o' Pell's stores and Livingston's. I know not why the thought of such an enterprize so tickled my fancy, for Robert Livingston was not yet my enemy, and I troubled me not at all concerning Pell. Yet ever, now, in my mind persisted the hope and desire that these brigantines might conspire to fall upon us. It was a pleasant thing to dream on. And often, during those slow, sunny days of preparation I dreamed this dream where I sat upon my door-sill and gazed across the stream upon *The China Rose.*

But the hour at last approached when we should weigh and stand for the Narrows.

All were aboard, now, officers and crew, and nearly everything we were to carry.

Madam Oort I waited upon to arrange and regulate all accounts, and to write for her such letters as she desired.

Jan Gilles I called upon and refused the second chest, but he only laughed and took it away, still laughing, but why so mirthful I could not understand.

Such visits of obligation and ceremony as I considered fitting I now made, and was everywhere kindly received.

Mr. De Puyster, our honorable mayor, was amused at our expedition, but doubted we should catch the French napping.

Colonel Bayard was ill, but he was my father's friend, so I paid to him my respects, and to others throughout the city so that none ever could reproach me for the manners which my parents taught me.

In Whitehall I encountered Malloch. We took off our hats to each other, but in my heart remained no kindness for him, and would have passed on without inquiry if he had not spoken my name.

"Dirck," said he, "my quarrel needs mending —but witn a sharp instrument, I think."

"Swords?" I inquired, staring.

"Certainly."

"Have you learned nothing then?" said I, "and do you suppose I shall bore myself by boring you through every time it suits you to demand it?"

"Do you fancy yourself so mightily and make so little of my skill?" he retorted.

"Your sword play," said I, "is contemptible. Mend that first before you come a-swaggering, or I take a stick to you."

He paled. "When you return from your present and spectacular adventure," says he, "I shall satisfy you regarding my swordsmanship."

"What is it you want?" said I coldly. "Do you wish me to kill you? What animates you is less than courage, it is a stubborn stupidity."

"Will you end it now with me?—in your own garden, if you choose—"

"No, you Harlequin! What the devil have I to do with your wooden lath? You annoy me. You are, also, an evil man, Malloch. And I tell you this much, I'll not fight you for pleasure or honor. No! But if ever again you trouble me or mine, then shall I do your business for you and make no more ado about it than if I were obliged to rid me of a rat!"

"I shall be at pains," says he, "to give you reason for your rat hunt."

BUT I paid no further heed and went my way, ashamed that I should even have bandied words with so contemptible a man.

My God! there was more merit, and far more pleasure, in fighting Captain Maze, or any of a dozen other crazy blades with whom—I confess, and with true regret, I hope—I have had some little sword trouble during my brief career.

I went aboard Breeze and found all nearly complete, and already the captain's weather eye alert for a favorable wind and tide.

So I returned to my house in the long-boat and carried my sea chest and effects to *The China Rose*, then back to land to do the last offices about my house and lock up.

Madam Wyck, I waited on to say adieu, but Maddaleen was not there, and her mother told me that Doctor Lamois also had waited on her and seemed troubled by Maddaleen's absence.

"She's a wild thing, Mr. Hazlett, but innocent and means well. So I ask God's protection for my daughter and must trust to it because I have my shop and must go on, gain a living, and no leisure to follow and guard her myself."

"Maddaleen is a brave, kind friend," said I, "and for my recovery am I beholden to her. Pray bid her adieu for me, Madam, and say to her that I am ever her grateful, loyal friend."

So I went to the pot-house on Beaver Street and there found my two forest-runners, Schoharie Harry and Nick of Beverwyck, and bade them pack up and go aboard.

Sancia, then, I waited upon, and discovered her in the garden a-shaking down of fruit.

"I go aboard," said I, gaily, "and we are like to sail on the next tide. So have come to say farewell—"

She had gone so white that I went to her, and first took her hands which lay like fallen blossoms in mine and lifeless. And then, I know not why, I took her body in my arms.

Presently I felt it trembling, and began to shiver, too.

I said nothing, nor did she, but presently she sighed. And, after a little, laid her cheek to mine.

Thus, for a long time, we stood, and in my blind mind a new thought stirred restlessly till I seemed to discover how dear had Sancia become to me who had so twisted and entwined herself around my heart, my nature, my very being.

For I had never dreamed our severance would be hard, only as friends part in happy regret and promises.

But this was becoming different. I noticed how hard her heart beat, and felt it, and suddenly felt my own begin to pulse, loud, heavy as a muffled drum.

"Lord," said I, scarce knowing what I said, "—I feel no pleasure in this parting, for it hurts."

"I am like to die of it," she whispered.

"Does it hurt you also, Sancia?"

"Oh, God."

And that was the way of it—a blind, hot clinging of the lips, tears—I know not whose—and every halting breath a pledge.

How I got me, stumbling, to the street I know not. I was all of a daze, and the scent of her breathed still in every breath I drew as I made my way down Wall Street toward the waterside.

MY NARRATIVE, by your leave, I now transfer to my journal during the days it was writ by me, and this is a true copy called "A Journal of some transactions on board the sloop *The China Rose*, Peter Breeze, Com'r, by God's grace and under His protection bound on a cruising voyage against the French, begun October 15th, 1691."

October 15th.

The Pilot came on board and we weighed from our anchorage off Maiden Lane. Saluted the Fort with seven guns and fell down to the Narrows between Staten Island and Long Island.

Came in a brigantine from Barbadoes, but brings no strange news only that she passed *The Rainbow* brigantine, Captain Falls, and *The Fancy Bird*, Captain Steerwell, outside Sandy Hook and cruising N.N.E. Which news excited me.

Three ships came down the Narrows, one bound for London, and two for Newfoundland.

Came in the *Indian Maid*, snow, from Curaçao, and no news only that she had passed Steerwell to leeward cruising in company with a consort brigantine hull down.

Came in a snow from Marblehead, John Winters, master. No news.

Sailed down the Hook and anchored. We saw a topsail schooner lying at Coney Island which was the *Gravesend Beauty*, privateer, Captain Holt, but did not speak to her, for there came in a great ship and so lofty that we took her for an 80-gun ship, and feared she might board and press us, and so hoisted a V reef in the jack and lowered our pennant for a signal to our pinnace which had gone ashore.

But she was an Indiaman eight weeks out of Lisbon and now for the Brazil trade, which eased our fright, thank God.

Whereupon Captain Breeze wetted his commission by giving the people a tub of punch, and officers also very merry with rum and Madeira.

Captain Breeze showed me his commission, the first privateering warrant that ever I beheld: and it was from Ingoldsby.

'To all Persons to whom these presents shall come, Greeting.

'Whereas his most Sacred Majesty, William the Third, by grace of God of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc., etc.

'And whereas Peter Breeze, Mariner, of Hartford in Connecticut, and Frederick Philipse, Merchant, of New York City, have equipped, furnished, and victualed a sloop called *The China Rose*, of the burthen of about one hundred and thirty tons, whereas the said Peter Breeze is Commander, who had given Bond with sufficient sureties.

'Know ye therefore that I do by these Presents grant Commission to, and do license and authorize the said Peter Breeze to set forth in Hostile Manner the said sloop under his command, and therewith by Force of Arms to apprehend, seize, and take Fleets, Ships, Vessels and goods belonging to France, etc., etc.'

Ingoldsby signed it, and it was sealed with the seal of the Colony by his secretary and a notary public did set his seal to the paper and signed his name.

We were all happy to see Mr. Breeze's commission, and all wetted it again in bumpers.

The captain winked at me and, says he aside, "Falls and Steerwell cruise outside like a pair o' prowling sharks, and what d'ye make o' that Mr. Hazlett?"

"Sir," said I, "how soon do we weigh?"

At which he laughed and spoke to our Quartermaster, Mr. Dole, who presently mustered our people and quartered them to the guns—that is, quarter deck and its opposite three men; and to every one and its opposite of the deck guns, four hands.

The captain then ordered me to deliver arms to those who had none. Some thirty hands fitted themselves.

My two birds in buckskins from the Northland would not touch pistol or cutlas, so I smiled and was content to leave them their muskets, war hatchets, and long knives.

About 5 P.M. we weighed from the Hook, the wind at W.S.W. with a fresh gale, bound on our cruise against the French.

We opened a barrel of beef and a tierce of bread and the captain ordered the people another pail of punch to drink to a good voyage by God's leave, and under His protection. One pound of beef per man a day and seven of bread per week.

As we passed out Sandy Hook we met a great swelling sea, and set our shrouds up—which means we tightened 'em, and scarce had done so than we saw a sail under our lee bow. All hands were called on deck and took stations ready to receive her but I saw she was not Steerwell nor Falls, and when we fired one of our bow chasers and brought her to she proved to be a Boston sloop. Hiram Dingle, Master, out sixteen days and knew nothing.

So our people were dismissed, and I was glad to see how our Quartermaster had them in control, and how he mustered them and examined all who lacked aught in equipment, yet was neither noisy, angry, nor profane.

My two birds o' the Northland were sick. Dr. Lanois told me, and was kind to them, but they seemed now woeful, now wild, and like caged things, hurt and terrified, casting about them for some avenue of escape, from the heaving deck of this fearful cage called *The China Rose*. Poor forest folk, I pitied them—having no such weakness myself but always well when afloat.

Our carpenter, who seemed something of a fool, hit himself with his own mallet, and Riel went below to patch him up.

IT WAS growing dusky at sea. Against a long, pale, greenish strip of clear sky, great waves washed up like mountains. Once, darkly in silhouette, we saw a sail about a league distant, but the night came and we lost her, and I heard she had been *The Fancy Bird*. There was nothing to be done, however.

There were six in the captain's mess, eleven each in the first three, ten in the last two, and in the cook's mess, three, makes sixty-two hands, and so when the cook's mess reported four, none could account for the odd man, and the mate carried it to the poop.

I remember I was standing by the starboard deck battery when Dr. Lanois came to me in the dark o' the stars.

"My God, Dirck," says he, "do you know Maddaleen is aboard?"

I stared at him, gone dumb.

"Stowed away," says he, "and is prisoner to the cook in his galley where she defies all and plays the boy in her frock and trowsers of Osnabrigs!" And "Lord," says he, "what our captain is like to do God only knows, for if you know not why this madcap hath shipped with us, then no person on earth can know."

My amazement and anger changed to concern.

"Riel," I said, "do you wish to tell me that this wild girl came aboard us out o' love for *me?*"

"What else?" said he coolly.

"Have you seen and spoken with her?"

"Yes. If she is frightened she has a great heart and hardy, for she laughs and ruffles it well, and says she can teach the cook a new dish every day. And poor Ned Grigg stands there looking wild and fearing her, yet will not let her budge until authority hath dealt with her."

"Riel," said I, "go you to the captain. You know the girl. She is honest, whatever else she may be. Tell him who she is. Ask his leniency on this mad prank of hers. This is a dreadful business—"

"Go you and speak with her," said he, calmly, "and I will gain the captain's patience, and his favor in her behalf. And, Dirck, be not harsh, for if this silly girl has done this thing out of love—"

"Out of devilry, rather," said I, "for that she hath any fear of anything or anybody on this earth, I doubt. I shall not upbraid her. That is useless at this hour, and also unkindness hurts her and she is swift to tears when harshly used. Lord, what shall her mother think. No, this is beyond all bounds—"

"Look to her," said Riel, briefly, and went away in the dark, and I started for the galley scarce able to keep my legs on the heaving, rolling deck. Heaven! how the wind blew, too.

Well, I discovered her in the lamplit galley, and when the saucy jade saw me she blushed, for which God knows, and she had every reason —but suddenly I became so madded that I could not trust my voice.

Ned Grigg, the cook, told me that Mr. Burns was steering and the captain had gone to his cabin.

Maddaleen said, "Are you angry, Dirck?"

"No," said I, "but sorry for your mother."

At that she shed tears—for my tone and manner were cold, and condemned her which I could not help.

"I wrote a letter to Mother and left it on my bed," she sobbed, "in which I made it very plain that I could not survive if you deserted me. Oh, Dirck! Oh, why do you look upon me so angrily—"

"Because," said I, exasperated, "I am cursed with a very plague of women, and no living man deserves it less."

"What!" says she, looking up very quickly, and the tears still falling.

"You would have it. You have it. I said a *plague*. You heard me, did you not?"

"You are so hard—" she whimpered.

"Am I? A cannon ball is harder. And what the devil are you to do when some Frenchman lets go his broadside at us?" I demanded, in a fury.

She wept and said she had no fear of broadsides—which doubtless was true enough. But the very thought distracted me and enraged me, yet what was there to say?—for it was too late to say or do anything.

AND presently comes Dr. Lanois, unhurried, amiable, gravely courteous, who sees instantly how I have lost my temper, but does not seem to remark it.

To me he said aside, "The captain was amazed, not angry, but rather heartily sorry that this little rogue should play so perilous a trick upon her mother and upon him, too.

"He is a kind man, and upright, and made known, to me, that he leaves a wife and six children at home in Hartford, and, if you please, will give Maddaleen a bed in his cabin, and charge himself with her safety as far as he is able."

"He is a kind man," said I, "and honest—which God knows, all Connecticut masters are not— Take her away, Riel, for I have lost my temper, which I promised not to."

He went into the galley where Maddaleen sat upon a sack o' corn meal, and says he cheerfully, "I am come to carry you to Captain Breeze, who desires the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"Will he scold me?" she asked, and gave Riel a piteous look.

"If he chides you," said Riel, "you shall take it like a wayward child from a parent. Will you do it, Maddaleen?" he asked, so gravely gentle that the tenderness instantly seemed to hearten her, and she gave him a swift look in which was a trace of a smile, very faint, like the glimmer of a rainbow after storms.

She got up from the sack o' meal, gave me an odd look, less loving than defiant, then Riel took her by the hand and led her across the pitching deck, she running and reeling and stumbling along beside him, in her sailor's frock and trowsers, like a culprit boy hastened and hustled forward, toward punishment.

Lieutenant Avery I now sought, and found him and our Gunner, Mr. Bennett, already in their bunks, so tumbled in to sleep if I could until our watch should be called.

It was blowing more than a gale and the swelled sea had become monstrous, and it is strange how it excited me, a landsman, and how I loved it, and never even thought of sickness or of fear. And so fell asleep, balanced like a young hawk in a gale, and the last I thought about was Steerwell and his consort, and hoped to see them on the morrow.

October 16th.

ON DECK at 6 A.M. and learned that we had sprung our mast and that the captain was very stiff with our mate, Mr. Burns, and told him very plainly that he had carried too much sail in so wild a wind and sea.

There was naught to do but to fish our mast, and all was made ready to fish it. Wind and sea had fallen, and the sun shone in a blue sky.

About 10 A.M. espied a sail under our lee bow, and bore down on her, firing when in shot.

When the Master came aboard us he brought his papers which showed his schooner to be a Frenchman sailing under a Spanish privateersman's commission, but had transferred her guns to a consort and was now bound to St. Augustine loaded with tar, tallow, gun powder, beans, poultry, cattle and horses.

As she was a lawful prize, and her Master a Frenchman, our Captain sent aboard her John Donovan and John Sanders, the first to be master, the other, Mate:—and with them Ned Wild, Samuel Glover, Dick Ward, and Alfred Winch.

To Donovan, the new Master, Captain Breeze gave written orders that he should take over the Spanish schooner and sail her in company with *The China Rose* until signaled to make for New York. He cautioned him concerning the prize cargo that it be cared for, and nothing embezzled, diminished, wasted, sold, or any part unloaded until he, Captain Breeze, was present, but to make proper report to Ingoldsby.

Further, to signal us, he was to hoist his Dutch jack to masthead; and if we hoisted first he was to answer in this same manner but not keep his jack up long.

Now scarcely had our prize crew gone aboard the Spaniard and hoisted sail, than I heard our drum beating to quarters and ran to my station, and saw a sail schooner standing to n'ward.

A fine breeze had sprung up and we gave her chase, the crew greatly excited and the men a-cheering and laughing at their guns.

I saw my two buckskinned rogues, very ghastly, from their sickness, but wearing determined features and carrying their muskets.

The captain, knowing them to be sure and steady marksmen, called them to the poop where they could overlook the spar deck abaft the mast. Our mast was yet but partly fished, and it caused our captain some concern—the top-mast seeming too heavy for a sprung spar. But this was no moment to fiddle, and we bent what sail we dared and followed our chase.

About midday we gave her a gun in chance of bringing her to and learn what she was. She paid us no heed, nor to another shot, nor hoisted any colors, but bore down on us under all sail, then tacked and bore away.

We fired a dozen shots at her, but she hugged the wind and showed no rag o' color nor anything to know her by.

Our lieutenant said to me that he thought she was Boston built, yet, by her course might prove a Frenchman.

All that afternoon we chased her. She had a good pair o' heels, and we were sailing fast, and very soon we lost sight of our Spanish prize.

Darkness came, and we could no longer make out our chase, but we sailed on trusting in our fortune which already had proven so complacent to us.

We finished a-fishing of our mast, and struck our topmast.

The captain called Riel and me to his cabin where was Maddaleen, and we supped there with him and talked of the chase. I was polite but stiff to Maddaleen, but Riel waited on her with every gentleness and courtesy, and the captain made her laugh, and called her a rogue in breeches and swore that if her eyes were as useful as they were pretty she should serve as our lookout at the mast-head.

As it was now, I learned, she was busied in cutting out and sewing Osnabrigs for the crew. Also she aided Ned Grigg in the galley, and, furthermore, was busy with a multitude of odd and useful offices which might be admirable and seemly ashore and under her own roof, but seemed to me both strange and disconcerting aboard ship.

Well, I was sullen and suspicious of her still, and resented this hardy imposition of herself upon my company.

For now the ship's company knew the story of her rash escapade, and I had the name o' being her lover, and felt ridiculous. But, strangely, none o' these sea-faring folk thought ill of her or of me, for they adore the romantic and are full of sympathy for lover and mistress alike who defy the world with the courage, enterprise and rashness of their passion.

But the more I reflected the more it madded me, and I was resolved that I was nothing responsible for this girl's behavior and it was her own devilry, and I never would marry her to give countenance to a foolishness which was none o' my doing.

I said as much to Riel that night as I went on watch, and he seemed to believe as I did, that gratitude for her care of me while ill did not demand that I subscribe to her mad whimsy or feel obliged to marry her.

"I shall ask the captain to send her into port aboard our Spanish prize," said I, "where I hope she gets a beating from her mother and a few days in the garret on bread and water."

Riel shrugged his shoulders.

October 17th.

A FINE wind and sea. Still in chase of the schooner. We set our spritsail, and square sail, and about 9 A.M. our topsail again.

About 2 P.M. our lookout sighted two sails which first chased the schooner, then one o' them brought to and fired a gun for her consort to wait for us.

"Steerwell!" said the Lieutenant as he hurried past me.

Our drums beat quarters, and the crew gave three cheers. We took in all our small sails, hoisted our pennant and bore down on *The Rainbow*, brigantine.

When we were alongside she fired ten shots at us but did us little damage—we still hedging on her, and gave her a full broadside, then stood off and tacked.

Now her consort, *The Fancy Bird*, tacked instantly to get us between the two ships to pepper us.

Now we let Falls come alongside and received his shot, then gave him a broadside and a volley of musketry and bore down on *The Fancy Bird* which was firing on us and gave her another broadside which damaged her.

Whereupon her fire ceased and she bore down on *The Rainbow*. Over her sides went her men to stop the holes where we had hulled her. Her sails were full o' shot holes, too, and I saw men running aloft to mend her rigging, but she got clear and had the wind of us, and, setting every rag she had, stood to the N.W. and we after her, taking six shots from *The Rainbow* and giving her a broadside *en passant*.

And now we settled down to the chase of *The Fancy Bird*, and *The Rainbow* chased us, so that our stern gun fired on Falls and our bowchasers let go at Steerwell.

Surely we had overhauled and taken the *Fancy Bird* had the weather held; but it had turned gusty and grew dark, rain pelted us, and the wind grew so violent that we feared for our mast again and lowered our topmast. And scarcely in time, for a white squall struck us, and we careened until I thought we must roll completely over and be lost.

Lord, what a weather was made in the twinkling of an eye, and in the gray darkness *The China Rose* was hurled and driven and battered so that she seemed utterly at the mercy of the seas and naught to do on venture but to hold on and await God's purpose.

And that was the most bewildering and fearsome night that ever I passed on land or sea, and hope never to pass such another which, I think, must resemble an evening spent in hell.

Nobody wounded aboard *The China Rose.*

October 18th.

Still afloat, and the mast still holding, but so badly sprung we can have no longer any confidence in it.

A wild sea but the sun shining. Not a sail to be seen, the topsail schooner and the two brigantines utterly vanished and God knows whither. We should have taken the *Fancy Bird*.

All day a-fishing of our mast, and made it faster, I hope. From dawn to eventide not a sail to be seen.

Comes Maddaleen to me a-whimpering because I speak only briefly to her, and reproaches me, saying that Riel is kinder. To which I reply that she hath done him no injury, and he may well treat her with complaisance.

But after Captain's mess and when all but she and I had left the cabin, she confessed her fault and begged forgiveness. So I held no longer any malice but became kind again though firm, and we are friends once more.

We talked of this and that and she told me how she was become enamored of the sea and was not afraid but joyful to mark the red flashes from the guns, and hear their loud thunder, and see and smell the thick, white powder cloud that wraps everything.

So we talked happily until watch was called, and parted with much kindness, and I hope firm friends.

October 19th.

A dead calm and the sea like a pond. Mr. Bennett, Evan Morgan, gunner's mate, and I took stock of gunner's stores, to the amount: twelve barrels of powder (coarse, fine and priming, and all bright and dry); 100 double-headed shot; 1 forge for hot shot; 1000 musket balls, for great guns, swivels, and muskets; 10 lbs. saltpeter; 16 lbs. fine brimstone; 10 bunches of gun matches, 29 quires of brown cartridge paper; 6 quires of white; 6 ladles for great guns; 4 ditto for swivels; 500 iron shot for ditto; 400 flints; 18 tomkins; 6 ditto for swivels; 6 handspikes, 6 dozen cartridge needles and 10 lbs. thread; and plenty of blocks for gun tackles; also many fathoms of chains, sufficient files, bitts, ramrods, and sweet-oil.

Still a-fishing and putting up of stays. Our Captain discontented and anxious but friends again with the Mate who could have done no better than he did, and ran with less sail than would make a pair o' Dutchman's breeches in Schenectady.

Our people given a pail of punch to drink wives and sweethearts and all merry and gave three cheers. Truly it was God's mercy that we received so many shots and none wounded. One hole through our mainsail, stays to be spliced and triced, and the larboard battery peppered by their swivels to no great damage.

October 20th.

FAIR and light breeze. Passed three bankers and a pink out of Nantucket who had heard of the French convoy but had seen nothing.

About 4 P.M. met a sloop from the North, with lumber, Josiah Miller, Master, who gave an account that the mouth of the St. Lawrence swarmed with our privateers in wait for the French convoy. Further, he said that an English man-o'-war had taken a French privateer and a Spaniard off Louisburg, both cruising out of St. Augustine where, later, the Florida Indians made a very fool of Oglethorpe with many cruelties and savage reprisals. Also he said that several English prizes taken off Cuba now lay under the cannon of the great Spanish Fortress at St. Augustine.

October 21st.

Warm as June and a light soft wind, which seems strange in these latitudes where winter cometh early.

Our Captain much troubled regarding our spars which no fishing can reassure, and he is resolved to make for Providence in Rhode Island where we may replace our mast with a good stick o' timber, and careen if we choose.

For it seems that Colonel Philipse had not been honest with us—we taking his agent's word that *The China Rose* was clean when she left the Spuyten Duyvil. Which was not true.

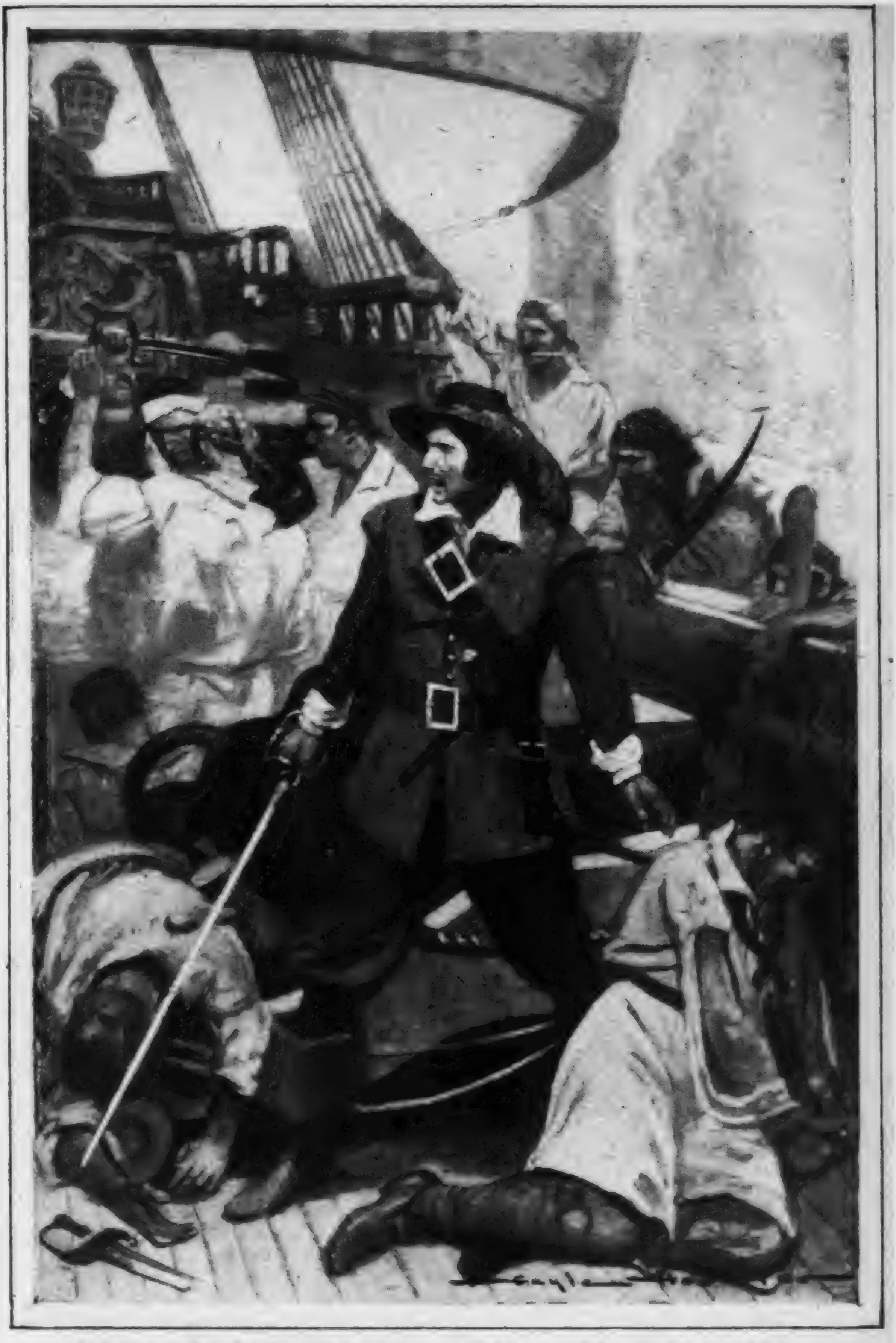
No sails seen today. About 5 P.M. many birds, and, after dark, an owl came aboard us and sat upon the masthead but made no noise, only sat there with great dignity. Our people awed and wondering if the sign be evil or of good augury.

Our Captain ordered them a pail of punch which eased them, I think, for I heard them singing hymns, and all admired to hear Maddaleens's clear, sweet voice a-singing so lustily and loud in praise of God at sea.

She is become kind and considerate of me and shows much sense and seriousness toward all. She reads aloud to the captain out of a dog-eared book called "Concerning Peace and War," by one Grotius I believe. Which seems but dull pleasure, yet the captain is very fond of it, for he goes to sleep, and Maddaleen picks up his spectacles and fallen pipe.

After the captain's mess Maddaleen showed me how she was writing a list of medicines and supplies to aid Riel in taking inventory of the ship's stock.

I looked at the long list writ prettily on white paper, and neat as any public scrivener could accomplish—



As I got up, a French sailor rushed out upon me with a spear. I beat it aside, jerked it from his grasp, and shoved him against the rail. Then I looked about me.

Hyssop	1 lb.	Aqua Menth.	6 pts.
Crem. Tart. Part Pulv.		Aqua Cinnamoni	2 pts.
Terub. Venet.	3 pts.	Bals. Peru	6 oz.
Pulv. Jalap	10 oz.	Bals. Sulph. Tereb	2 oz.
Gum Tragacanth	6 oz.	Sp.Sal.Volat.Oleos.	1 lb.
Elixr. Vitæ	8¼ oz.	Sp. Sal. Salis Dulc.	6 oz.
Rad. Gentian	2 lbs.	Tinct. Castor	8 oz.
Flor. Chamomel	3 lbs.	Etc., etc., etc.	

"Lord," said I, "do you comprehend what you write so deftly?"

"Doctor Lanois explains all to me, and how these medicines are compounded out of roots and barks and flowers, and for what purposes."

I asked her if such knowledge interested her. She said it did, and that it vexed her to learn that no woman could hope to know more of medicine than a midwife or some ancient crone who grew herbs for love philtres and abortions and God knows what dark purposes.

"For," says she, "with patience and industry, and if a doctor such as Riel Lanois would take pains to teach me, I think I might attain some small skill in knowledge of medicines and in the healing of the sick."

"Would you have women turn doctors?" I asked, surprised.

"Lord," says she, "if men were wise they would give us somewhat to feed our minds as well as our vanity, our bellies, and our passions."

"Is it not enough," said I, "to bear children, and to be busied with a household?"

"Not for me," says she, "for I begin to learn that I am more enamoured of man's knowledge than of his body; and am astonished at the beauty of the human mind."

Which so amazed me to hear that I found nothing to say, and so, presently, being called with my watch, went on duty and still astonished.

October 22nd.

GRAY weather and light warm winds. About 10 A.M. saw a sail and gave chase, the captain going to masthead to see what course she sailed. He feared she was a Dutchman.

At 1 P.M. beat to quarters and ran out our guns. A shot from a bow-chaser brought her to; and she let go everything and fell astern of us.

When we came up with her she proved to be a French ship that had been blown about the seas since the hurricane that had robbed us of *The Rainbow* and *The Fancy Bird*.

She was *La Friponne* out of Calais, Dutch built, her captain, Didier. Her mizzen mast was vanished with all hamper, they having cut it free, her head gone, quarters stove, no anchors or cables left, and their boatswain, mate, six sailors, and two negro boys swept overboard and lost.

Ordered her master aboard, who came, a polite but proud man who bore himself courteously but without fear. I think our captain was sorry to take him.

In his ship was 100 hogsheads of sugar, 60 hogsheads of Bordeaux wines, 260 bales of Lyons silks, 105 bolts striped silks, 1000 pieces of eight, 200 doubloons, 16 barrels of finest gunpowder, 500 stands of small arms, 60 bolts of Irish linen, 12 bolts damask ditto, and a vast quantity of provisions, all in the finest order and preservation.

We put our lieutenant aboard to navigate her, and ordered him to carry her, in our company, to Providence which was not a great distance to leeward as we stood.

A tub o' punch and puddings for our people, and great cheering and rejoicing for a prize of so considerable value.

But what troubled our captain was that she came not from any convoy, and had seen none, nor knew whether such convoy had sailed.

Our mast, now, in a bad way, and we dared carry little sail but made slow way toward port.

Maddaleen busy with the doctor's chest and scribbling without cease.

October 23rd.

Off Providence in a dead calm. Our pinnace towed us up.

At 10 P.M. our prize fired a gun and hoisted a light for our pinnace to come aboard and tow her up. We sent them fifteen hands and towed her above where we lay and moored her head and stern out of all mischance.

Our mast in a bad way—belaying bitts tore up or broke, hounds damaged.

October 24th.

Unloaded aboard our prize so that we might order carpenters out of port to repair our damage.

October 25th.

Nothing remarkable. Went ashore in our pinnace. Maddaleen went ashore with the doctor. Providence an inconsiderable town but a number of vessels there. No news of the French convoy.

October 26th.

Nothing remarkable. Maddaleen went ashore with the doctor.

October 27th.

Hired hands from the town to aid us. Careened, scrubbed, and gave our sloop boottops. Maddaleen went ashore with Riel.

October 28th

Finished careen. Paid off spare hands. No accident. The carpenters finished our mast. A fine stick of timber. Got it aboard and hove down one side and paid it with tallow. Hove down the other side and paid her. Got all ballast in, all provisions, and the overhead rigging. Got in our water, and all our sails and powder from on shore. Our people painting and cleaning up.

October 29th

Making ready to sail. Sent our prize to New

York under usual instructions and warning, with Mr. Guthrie, Master; Hagan, Mate, and three men to keep the French crew to their duty. Our captain settled with everybody ashore.

Maddaleen went ashore to shop with Riel.

October 30th

Fine, moderate weather. This morning weighed at Nine A.M. the pilot being aboard, and gave the town seven guns and three cheers. Off Castle Hill saw a whale. Saw a brig coming in under Castle Hill, but did not speak her.

Punch ordered for our people to drink their wives and mistresses.

Wind coming up. Reefed; then hauled our mainsail and continued under foresail only. The wind very bad. The wind near a hurricane. Got clear o' land but the gale and sea became frightful and we scudded under bare poles.

A terrible night, but no change, and all held tight though our captain feared the lashings of the larboard guns, I knew not why, for I lashed 'em.

October 31st

Still under ballast-sail. But the gale abated and the sun came out, and lo, suddenly it was like a summer morning and the wind sweet and warm. Loosed our foresail, and took the reef out of our mainsail.

November 1st

A fine wind. Saw no sail all day.

November 2nd

The wind holds warm and steady which is remarkable in this latitude at such time of year. Saw and spoke a banker, but had no news of the French convoy.

Maddaleen very gay at mess, and sang songs for us and played the captain's fiddle very prettily.

November 3rd

LAND sighted from the masthead Eight A.M. Saw a vessel at anchor under the land. Lay off and on, then saw another sail—a sloop, and gave chase.

At 11 A.M. thirty-eight sail sighted from the masthead. Our captain went up and our drummer beat to quarters.

Down comes our captain and mounts the poop, to tell us all that the French fleet is in view, and that with God's favor we should cut out a great ship and take her. Our people cheered and cheered again.

Hoisted mainsail, jib, topsail, square sail, and gave chase. My God, to see the French ships come on! For they were like to a stately fleet of clouds a-crowding the sky-blue sea. In three long columns they sailed, vast, fat ships and lofty. Mr. May, our Master, gave me his glass, and when I laid it on them I could see their signals break out and flutter; and the puff of guns to summon the escort, which now veered wide from the leeward column—great burly seventy-fours which rolled out like slow-shambling bulls from a herd of cattle to menace any who threatened.

I know not what they thought of us for our impudence, and whether we were a corsair or no; but presently we showed our colors.

Now, running parallel to them, and before the wind, we hung to them like a hawk to see what measures they should take and what chance we had to cut out a lofty ship. But now the frigates crowded us, and by Three P.M. their convoy was hull down and their men o' war still hedging in.

From our mast-head came news that the frigates in the lead had seen some of our St. Lawrence blockaders which were scattering and running for their lives.

Nevertheless, we held on, watching for our opportunity; which seemed to vex the Frenchmen, for, presently, two of their men o' war chased us.

Now we tacked and fell astern, then tacked again and came up into the wind, and again fell away, only to show them our heels and sail into the wind, where we very easily outpointed them and outsailed them, drawing away, yet ever with a hawk's fierce eye on the horizon.

Now we heard firing astern, and saw that a French frigate had loosed her bow guns at some of our St. Lawrence privateers which crowded on all sail and fled before the wind.

Three frigates gave chase; and when they were hull down, we threw our helm over and made for the horizon behind which our hidden quarry was lumbering along.

A man o' war saw what we were about, and maneuvered heavily to head us, but she might as easily have stopped a swallow over a June meadow, so easily did we dodge her, and gave her a gun in derision.

About 4 P.M. we sighted their transports laboring onward in line, and we flew at the last two which lagged.

One, a tall armed ship, very gallantly lay to for us while her mate made the best of her way to leeward, a-wallowing and waddling like a fat goose in distress.

When we came up with the gallant ship she showed us the French ensign and gave us a dauntless gun to confirm it, and when we went alongside of her we received a broadside which killed two sailors and made a havoc of our starboard gunwales, dismounting two guns.

At that we let go our broadside, tacked, and running by her again, gave her the guts of our larboard battery, both bow-chasers, and a most hellish hail from our small arms.

We then tacked, and she dropping astern, and bore away before the wind, crowding on all sail, and we doing the like.

Very soon we came again into gunshot, having shifted our bow guns to our fore ports, which they also did with their aft guns, and peppered us, from their cabin windows and poop with stern-chasers and swivels.

Our deck was red and slippery with blood, and seven of our people wounded or lying dead. Of the crew of one of our bow-chasers in the forward fore-port, one man only remained; and to this gun I ran and aided him to sponge, load and lay it, and we let them have it along their aft ports.

Now, running alongside again, we poured another broadside into her, but she would not strike to us, and kept pelting us with her swivels, and musketry, and behave most gallantly.

Also, to encourage her, our masthead lifted the top-masts of a frigate which doubtless had heard the firing and was coming, on.

Whereupon our captain called away boarders, and we tumbled into our boats and rowed for the Frenchmen.

My God, never had I been up and over the sides of any ship, only when we had careened and cleaned and gave our sloop boot-tops.

I know not how I got me to her deck, but heard our people cheering, and climbed over a gun, which, thank God, fired too late, but near blew me senseless and back overboard into the sea.

As I got up from my knees, and found my sword still in my hand, a French sailor rushed out upon me with a spear, but I beat it aside, and took hold and jerked it from his grasp, and then got the poor fellow by the collar.

"Pardon!" he stammered. "—grace, monsieur, *s'il vous plait.*"

Being nothing bloody-minded, I shoved him against the rail and looked about me, but only to see a drummer lad come out upon the poop who stood there white and frightened, yet very manfully beat a parley.

Hearing the drum our people raised a loud cheer, and at the same instant the gallant Frenchman's colors came down, and she struck to us only when all hope was gone.

Now, aboard *The China Rose* they signaled us to lose no time but hoist all sail and carry our prize to the eastward out o' harm's way.

Then our Mate, Mr. Burns, showed me the French frigate bearing down, but still distant, and I saw her fire a gun to summon her fellows, but none seemed to be in sight.

It was now growing dusky. Aboard *The China Rose* our captain spoke to us and arranged signals and set us our course, and then we both turned tail to the frigate and ran for the coming night.

November 4th

HOW long the Frenchman chased us last night we never knew, for presently we ran into a sudden and God-sent storm o' rain, and went plowing on amid a gathering and chilly gloom which became sleet and then a driving snow.

So thick the weather—for wind and rain and scud and snow became but one flying smother—that we scarce noticed when night fell.

Meanwhile there was naught to do but clap our prisoners under hatches and navigate as best we might.

For such an occasion I was raw and well nigh useless, but we had our master from *The China Rose* on board, and twenty-two armed men. Under his orders I drew on our prisoners for ten men, and with these, and our people we made out to sail her.

This morning when it became light we saw our own ship, *The China Rose*, about a league to the south-ard and under our larboard bow, but there was never a sign of the Frenchmen that had chased us, nor of any other sail upon the sea.

The sun came up into a cloudless sky, but the wind was high, and blew from the northeast sharp and cold and smelling of snow.

Now our Master, Edward May, and our Quartermaster, Mr. Dole, and I and others of our ship's company aboard this prize, were able to look about and see what kind of vessel we had taken.

She was the ship, *Belle Isle*, merchant, Captain Quesnoy, sixteen weeks from L'Orient and ten out of Havre under escort with the convoy bound for Quebec.

We had done her some damage with our broadsides, but nothing too serious to repair and she would have continued to resist and defy us had we not taken her by the board.

She was a great ship, new, and Dutch built, carrying eight guns and five swivels. Eight of her crew sprawled stiff and dead on deck and ten lay wounded in the sick-bay.

Her captain, a fiery man from Marseilles, and now prisoner to Mr. May in his own cabin, would not accept of a parole until one of our sailors fetched handcuffs and leg irons carrying two sixteen-pound shot. That made him pale, and he shuddered at the dishonor, so presently took his parole, and pledged his men to it.

I will say that he was loyal and played the man, helping us to navigate and make and take sail.

His men made shrouds and buried their own dead with every ceremony, his doctor cared for their wounded, and ours who had but few and trifling injuries. Also, he cut out from my flank, an iron splinter which had torn me and made the flesh angry. But so skillfully did this French doctor cleanse and sew me up, and bandage me as with a caushet that no fever came of it and I was only sore and stiff, and my doublet ruined by the blood.

Now, about 10 A.M. the wind and sea falling, *The China Rose* made us a signal to come alongside of her while she awaited us, and we did so, and I carried the French captain in his pinnace aboard Breeze who received him politely and took his papers.

Lord, what a fat prize had we taken in the *Belle Isle*, merchant! She carried French gold and silver for Frontenac, to satisfy his officers and their regiments and to pay off the fleet and all the religious and civil administration in Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal.

Otherwise, also, she was so richly laden that I was astonished at the luxury of Count Frontenac, and the Intendant, and the seigneurs, nobles, officers and ecclesiastics of New France.

For the inventory amazed all, and in this ship were bales and bales of damask silks, striped silks, and raw; hundreds of bolts of fine cloth for uniforms, thousands of pieces of velvets, bolts of sheer linen, bales of laces, two hundred stands of small arms with many fowling pieces of finest workmanship and inlaid and damascened with silver and gold.

There were rare wines in hogsheads, from Bordeaux, Burgundy, Champagne, Lorraine and Oporto. There were bales of spices out of India, and bar silver also, and a box full of pearls and precious stones which had, no doubt, been commanded by husbands and lovers in Quebec for their wives and sweethearts.

Lord, what a sighing there would be among the fair in New France when it became known that these trinkets were taken by a New York Privateer.

A tub of punch was ordered for our people and the French prisoners; our captain ordered a prize crew aboard the *Belle Isle* and drew some back to *The China Rose* and divided the French prisoners between the two vessels.

Mr. May was made Master of the prize, his orders and cautions given, signals arranged and course set for New York.

The French captain at our captain's mess; and he received praise from all for his gallantry. At which he smiled politely but found no heart for the gaiety aboard us, and all truly sorry for him. Because he is a gallant man and he did his best. His only comfort seemed to be in telling us that when he hove to and faced us to allow his consort to escape, it was a choice of two evils. For his consort—which he declined to name—carried a far richer cargo than did he, but was poorly armed and undermanned. He admitted, ruefully, that despite our armament, he had good hopes of prevailing and beating us off until a frigate could come up and destroy us or chase us away.

Sat with Riel and Maddaleen in the captain's cabin where she was very busy a-shining of the doctor's implements so that they were clean and bright as silver, and all the while she sang in a low, contented voice to herself while Riel and I talked of the fight and of the richness of our prize.

We sailed in company with the *Belle Isle* at 6 P.M.

Riel examined my hurt and found it clean and free of any evil.

At 7 P.M. we manned the rail and consigned our dead to the sea—seven men. Their widows or parents should live at ease henceforth when the Admiralty courts adjudged our prizes.

November 5th

A cold fair day and a brisk wind out o' the north.

Saw our prize half a league to the south'ard and sailing finely.

At 11 A.M. saw a sail and gave chase. At midday fired a bow-gun and our drum beat to quarters—

Here ends my journal which I kept aboard *The China Rose*, and, being abruptly ended, my personal narrative recommences, and the reason for this you shall very soon see.

NOW I have to make known to you why I wrote no more in my Journal, and this is the reason:

When our drummer beat to quarters, I was in the captain's cabin to examine the locks of a pair of Moorish pistols which were wrought in silver and set with jewels and which the French captain had laid upon the table together with his sword.

So when I heard our drum on deck I took my Journal and ran to my sea-chest, and there deposited it, and locked it in. Then I hastened on deck and took my proper station.

Our people all seemed very gay and excited and were laughing to see the chase which was a small snow of sixty tons, with all pinions spread like a frightened white hen and making eastward.

But a gun brought her to, we came up with her and called her master on board. He presently arrived aboard us with his papers—a clear prize—for his pass was French and so was he and everybody on board her, and he admitted it.

She was a fleet tender, loaded with naval stores, the *Hirondelle*, snow, six guns, Captain Lachaise, fourteen weeks from La Rochelle, and had been blown out of her course in the late hurricane.

Well, Captain Breeze came to me and asked me if I would go aboard with a prize crew and take inventory while she stood for New York in company with *The China Rose* and the great ship prize.

I said I would, so he named me Master and sent me, the gunner's mate, Evan Morgan, John Galt, the boatswain's mate to navigate her, and six sailors. He kept Mr. Lachaise, her Master and all but three of her crew, aboard *The China Rose*.

Well, being named Master, and duly cautioned and our course given us, and signals agreed upon, we tumbled into the pinnace of the *Hirondelle* and were very soon aboard her, standing west by south, and running before a rough wind which came in heavy squalls and made us shorten and set out topsail.

It was a red and smoky sunset with a witch's smother o' mist and spume driving like rain, and it soon became rain and then sleet and snow. And ever the glass fell.

Lord, how the *Hirondelle* pitched and rolled and tumbled through the waves that swelled ever higher in the deepening gloom. Mr. Galt dared carry no more than a Dutch man's breeches forward, and that reefed close, and I thought our trysail must go, but being unskilled, meddled not.

I will say that the Breton mariners behaved well, and were both capable and docile and not afraid, but our sailors, on a strange deck, seemed anxious. Mr. Morgan did not like the snow. He called her a cross-eyed bitch. He said she was an ill-built vessel and swam indifferently and by God's grace, alone, and that she doused by the head so that she welcomed every wave aboard and lifted to none.

Drenched and nigh swamped, rolling, tossing, we staggered on, and I had two men below, to shift cargo and ballast, and labored with them but to little purpose.

Then, in the hold, comes to me a sailor with an account that one of her damned carronades had broke loose and gone overboard carrying part of her aft rail.

I went on deck to help lash and make fast the other guns, and found that the horse stanchions, and trysail were ripped free and blown overboard.

Mr. Galt called all hands, but ere we could haul the wreckage aboard there came a crackling and a great crash, and over went our main mast, clearing away the horse staples, shattered bulwarks, trysail, larboard poop rail, and the after swivels.

Mr. Galt encouraged us to rig a jury-spar and trysail, and then set a small sprit-sail, and this we contrived to do though every instant I expected to see the trysail torn to rags, so terrible the wind and the weight of sleet that constantly augmented and clung to everything. Only the rush of the monstrous seas that we shipped swept the deck clear of sleet.

That we were in a bad way I knew for all my ignorance of the sea; yet, somehow, went about my business in a numb, dull way, too stupid with cold and too occupied by the instant need of things to feel the keen poniard-stab of fear.

We swam. But how long the *Hirondelle* would swim I dared not guess.

Once I asked Mr. Galt where we were by dead reckoning, and he replied that God alone could answer me.

About four o'clock in the morning Mr. Galt sent Evan Morgan and a Breton sailor below for flares and rockets. We fired six rockets and then six more, and burned many flares, but with no hope save only that Captain Breeze might know of our distress.

EVERY moment I thought that our foremast must go, and Evan Morgan was fearful of the guns lest they break loose and batter us all to destruction.

At daybreak we still swam, but there was no abatement of the wind though the sleet had ceased and a bellowing gale hurled us onward across tumbling depths of green and acres of foam.

About 10 o'clock A.M., having eaten nothing, we made out to get us a piece and a gill o' rum to thaw us.

The sky, now, was clearing rapidly to a wintry and brilliant blue, but over the wild ocean, rolling azure and white from horizon to horizon, not a sign of a sail was to be seen.

I cannot describe the fury of the wind. Mr. Galt told me that it was increasing; that our trysail had gone and our sprit-sail must go. He called all aft, who could be spared, to rig another spar aft and bend a horse and another trysail to steady and give us steerage.

This, somehow, we accomplished, with a spare spar and cable, and then reefed our sprit-sail close, which helped keep her damned nose out o' the waves, and saved us a buckled helm.

Well, when the sullen glare of the westering sun was quenched in the sea, the wind went down, also. We had not seen a sail.

All night we tossed and rolled and pitched, but we still swam. Toward dawn the sea grew less violent and the air became colder. In the hold we found a great store of thick felt coats with hoods, which Canadians wear in winter. These we dressed in—but first I asked Mr. Galt, who said he did not consider it a violation of articles of cargo because we could not salvage this ship if we died, and we surely would freeze to death if we did not break out sufficient clothing to save our lives.

About 4 o'clock P.M. our mast-head saw a a sail. In our condition, this made us uneasy, though we hoped it might be *The China Rose* or our French prize.

We had no design of chasing, God knows, but we set what sail we dared and I called our people and the Bretons to the guns and cleared away the tomkins.

We could see the distant vessel, now. She was a fine schooner, and she did not seem to notice us.

There was a light wind blowing from the north'ard, and a swelling sea which bore us on our course.

It was nearly an hour before the schooner paid us any attention, and then, suddenly she tacked, and bore down on us.

She showed no colors. Mr. Galt took her to be a New England privateer down from the St. Lawrence. The gunner's mate thought she had a Spanish look, which cheerless surmise chilled us all.

"Will you fight, sir?" asked Mr. Galt.

I said I would, and looked at our men who gave me solemn looks in return and no cheers.

I know not what hope buoyed me up that I should see this schooner show us the English colors, and it made me sick when she fired a gun and hoisted the Spanish ensign.

Lord, how swiftly she was coming down on us. I nodded to Mr. Galt, up went our flag, and bang went our larboard fore port gun to confirm it.

As the stranger ran alongside of us she let go a broadside with a flash and a roar which deafened me so that I scarce heard the crash of our timbers where she hulled us.

Nevertheless, we fired our two guns and bow swivel at her as she rushed on, letting go at us again with her stern-chasers as she tacked, and Mr. Galt and I fired our pistols at her.

I saw that we had hulled her aft, and saw her careen, and men go over the sides, which heartened us somewhat.

We tacked as well as we could to bring our two remaining starboard guns to bear on her, and let go with a cheer.

The next instant she fired her starboard broadside in our very faces. God, what a shock! And a red rushing darkness shrouded us, through which came the smashing and splintering of spar and gunwale and a swift flicker and glare of flame.

In the powder gloom I saw our foremast falling. I ran forward to the larboard battery and saw all our people lying dead there around the guns.

I made my way aft, and there lay Mr. Galt with both legs blown off and a sea of blood spreading wide around him where he lay.

Two of the Bretons squatted wounded near the jury mast, and only Evan Morgan still stood by the starboard guns—or, rather, gun—for one carronade had broke loose in the storm, and gone overboard, and another now lay dismounted among the splinters of its shattered mount.

The gunner's mate was cool enough. "Sir," said he, "there's two Frenchys wounded and one has run below—otherwise," says he, "all our people lie dead save only you and I. Will you strike, sir?"

My God, I did not wish to strike, yet knew not what else to do.

"Sir," says the gunner's mate, "will you strike and be damned to them?"

Before I could answer I heard the Spaniard hail us, and then, O God, came his broadside. And sky and sea and deck went out o' my sight in thunderous darkness.

I have, now, to acquaint you further with the miserable business which laid me by the heels and presently carried me into a place which God knows I had no desire to see, and which was that damned fortress called San Marco.

How I arrived there you should guess, and you are right if you have guessed that it was aboard the Spanish schooner *El Tigre*, privateer, and her captain, one Pedro Herrera.

I went aboard Herrara, not knowing that I was doing so, being carried thither, having had my noddle broken by a splinter. Me they took, noticing that I still was breathing, and they took Evan Morgan, the gunner's mate, who had not a scratch upon him. None other was left alive, on that bloody deck, not even the Frenchmen, for the monseer who ran below was killed when the last broadside hulled the snow, and the foremast fell down upon the two wounded Bretons.

THIS was told me later by Evan Morgan, and it was through him I learned the fate of the *Hirondelle*, and how wretched her plight though still swimming, and how the Spaniards stripped her of her remaining guns, small arms, chest, and cargo, and then set her afire.

But these things I did not see for I lay senseless in the sick-bay of the Spaniard. I will say this, that Captain Herrera was both humane and polite, and when I recovered my senses, took our paroles and entertained us at his own table.

He was a handsome, jovial young man, swift and gay in motion and emotion, and spoke both English and French.

He jested with me concerning my refusal to strike to him, and, further, he had observed me when I fired my pistol at his vessel, which he regarded as very funny, and dubbed me Don Quixote.

If really he were a privateer I do not know. I do not know that there was war between England and Spain, at that time. I think not. Yet English vessels took Spaniards and they took us. Always there seemed to be fighting along the coasts between the Spaniards in Florida and the English in Georgia and the Carolinas.

When I was a lad of ten the pirate Davis took St. Augustine in South Carolina. Ever since then Spanish ships out of St. Augustine were ever prowling along our coast to pick up what they might. The schooner, *El Tigre*, was one o' these and I do not know today whether she truly was a privateer with letters of reprisal, or a corsair and pirate. Only if this Herrera was indeed a pirate out to take all flags, I do not understand how he could be *persona grata* at St. Augustine unless, like Tew and his cronies, he was arm in arm with the Spanish governor.

Well, this concerns not my narrative only in that it acquaints you how ignominiously was

I deprived of my first command at sea, my vessel robbed and burned, and I and my gunner, Evan Morgan, hustled southward to Florida, and there incarcerated as prisoners of the Crown of Spain.

Lord, I had not looked for such an ending. I had not even thought of Spain when we sailed so blithely out o' New York harbor aboard *The China Rose*.

Of our voyage southward there is nothing remarkable to relate. My broken noddle mended, Morgan and I had the freedom of the ship and were kindly treated, the weather grew warm and fine off the Carolinas. There were few sails to be seen. Herrera chased a sloop and took her. She was *The Jamestown*, Captain Stewart, loaded with lumber, and Herrera let her crew depart in their boats, put a few sailors aboard her and she sailed into St. Augustine in our company.

There were days of calm with blue sky and azure sea, and we got out our oars and made the prize do the like.

On deck, when the quarter-moon glittered like a Moorish dagger, the Spaniards got out their guitars and sang. I know not whether I like their songs, yet often, still, they haunt me, even after all these years. And I seem, once more, to see the stars, and the lazy sails a-swing in lofty shapes of shadowed silver, and the long slow waves crested with fire, and I seem to smell the faint and aromatic breath of Florida stealing to us across leagues of sea.

Only once did we beat to quarters and then run for it. It was toward noon, and a good breeze, when, up over the horizon, comes a-rolling a monstrous cloud o' sail.

NO SPANIARD there but knew an English ship o' the line when he saw her. Lord, how majestically she lifted up over the world's rim—one vast and lofty mass o' sail—and bore down on us like a snowy mountain, sunlit.

We ran. Herrera's white teeth flashed as he laughed where he stood on the poop and laid his glass on her.

"She ees too beeg an' fat for us, my good frien', Don Quixote!" he called down to me. "*El Tigre* an' me, we have no appetite of a such beeg a meal."

Then he cheerily bade his people clap on every rag o' sail in the freshening wind, and we fled over those azure and silver seas like a frightened sea-mew.

The sun went down in a sky burning with scarlet and gold. Heaven and sea seemed burnished with the colors of old Spain. And far on the horizon the rose-stained sails of England faded to a tiny patch o' pearl, dwindled, vanished in the swiftly falling dark.

Evan Morgan and I were asleep in our berths when we heard a gun go off on deck.

Then, first from her larboard battery, then from the starboard, gun after gun banged out a salute.

When I got on deck I saw land abaft our starboard bow—blue water, white sand, palms, a great silver-gray fort, and a small walled town.

The fort gave us several guns; the ensign of Spain floated heavily above its bastions. I knew we lay under the great cannon of San Marco, and that we were arrived at St. Augustine at last.

And now, for many months, my story was to have a very different color—darker, gloomier, for it was to be a long, long time before I saw another as pleasant a face as Captain Herrera's or heard so gay a voice.

Evan Morgan and I were taken ashore, unguarded, in the captain's pinnace, but no sooner landed than Spanish soldiers laid hold of us somewhat roughly, and off we marched through a throng of jeering people, soldiers, planters, priests, blacks, Indians. Women laughed at us, little children spat at us, fierce cries from blacks assailed our ears. Here and there the sullen glare of some gaudily turbaned Talassee Indian met our gaze, or scowls from dark and bearded features, or the swift loosened and cackling grimace of some black slave.

We crossed a drawbridge. Looking up I beheld the arms of Spain above the portcullis.

We were taken into the casemates of the fortress—first to a guardroom where bearded soldiers glowered at us, thence into a stone chamber where an officer wearing a morian and body armor talked coldly to us in Spanish, then violently. Other officers entered the room and they all talked at us in Spanish, until a Franciscan came in who spoke with us in English, and wrote down with quill and ink what account we gave of ourselves.

Lord, it stank of the Inquisition to me, and I liked not this interrogatory nor the shavenpate who conducted it, nor the dark gentlemen who listened and rolled brilliant, hostile eyes at us and fingered their mustachios and murderous swords.

Well, when the Franciscan was done with us a guard of musketeers marched us off into the bowels of the fortress, and presently down an inclined way and plump into some ill-lighted quarters which both looked and smelled like a donjon.

And, damn their swords and whiskers! it *was* one.

And now, with reluctance and mortification, I am to acquaint you what they did to us in the donjon of San Marco fortress.

It was late in November when they carried us into the place. And I am ashamed to tell you that we lay there until the following March chained arms and legs. Never had I supposed that I should live to wear such a trinket as a sixteen-pound round-shot. But I was obliged to drag it at the end of a chain which was fastened by a staple to two fetters bolted to my legs.

For the rest, we had straw to bed us and rats for company. Our food was neither sufficient in quantity nor decent in quality. Our water smelled and tasted of sulphur, yet I believe it kept us in health through chill and hunger and heart-ache and homesickness in that shadowy place where no sunshine ever fell, and where the dusk of night seemed endless.

However, we could talk, Evan Morgan and I, and see each other through a grating between our cells.

Sometimes we were merry, and jested and told stories; sometimes, in somber spirit we sang hymns; sometimes, sick in heart and spirit, we invented insults and curses on all Spaniards and swore at our guard when they came to water and feed us.

Prison is a loathly state and alters the complexion of both mind and body so that the bitterness and gall of it harden a man and make callous what was tender in him.

Sometimes the Franciscan and others of his order came to see what they could discover in our secret minds concerning ourselves and the English colonies in general. We gave them an earful, I warrant you, what with bragging about out vast army in New York and the great armament which England was sending to sweep all others from the continent and secure it for the English race alone.

Which their clerk wrote down very gravely, word for word, as I spoke, though I know not whether he believed it, or guessed that I talked with my tongue in my cheek to amuse myself by entertaining him with fireside tales.

Lord, how tedious and how odious is a single day in prison! And I was destined to pass many a day there. Yet I am bound to say that we were not brutally treated—I mean that we neither were beaten nor threatened nor starved, nor were like to perish of the cold. No. We were given each a stroud, and a heap of straw of coarse wild grasses into which to burrow on chilly nights. Our food was meager and stank of garlic, but it was the quantity and quality served to the garrison, and although at intervals, officers and priests came and subjected us to examinations, never was any hint o' the wheel, or boot, or fire or talk of delivering us to the Indians.

In this latitude, while it is perpetual summer, nights sometimes are very cold, and our fetters made us feel the chill even when kenneled deep in bedded straw and grass and rolled in our strouds.

For the rest, there were the rats and sometimes great roaches which at first we took to be mice, and which the lizards chased and ate; and sometimes scorpions crawled on the wall. But what chafed us principally was the cursed dusk of the cells, the stillness, idleness, ennui, homesickness, and lack of news. Yet, I think that my chiefest suffering was from their damned garlic with which they cooked everything. Starvation forced me to swallow it, but I swear, so saturated was my body with this vile vegetable, that my skin stank like a he-goat's.

All day and all night there was nought to do save to watch the rats and other vermin or listen to the Spanish bugles and count the endless hours by them. When a ship came in the donjon shook with the thunder of cannon. This rare noise, and the heavy tramp of soldiery at drill on the parade, and the sentinels calling from post to post were almost the only sounds that ever penetrated to the shadowy cells where we were confined.

They say that even the Devil finally wearies of frying souls; and hurls saucepan and contents into the runnel, and gets off to church to hunt him a fresh fat hypocrite for boiling.

Well, in March, one morning, comes an officer and a smith, and without any explanation, our irons are filed and knocked off, and we are marched out into the blinding sunlight.

FOR hours I could see nothing, and thought I had gone blind, and even for days afterward I could scarce see, so fierce and white the sunshine seemed.

In the guardroom we were bathed, trimmed, given each sandals of woven grass and a suit of blue striped cotton and great hats of plaited palms to shield us from the sun.

I feared that they meant to make slaves out of us and drive us to the pitch forests or to some stinking indigo vat. But no. A softspoken and humane officer came to us and told us that we were to plant and hoe his garden and otherwise were free.

He added that it was useless for us to attempt to flee, for, if we took to the forests, beasts and reptiles would soon do our business for us if the Indians did not.

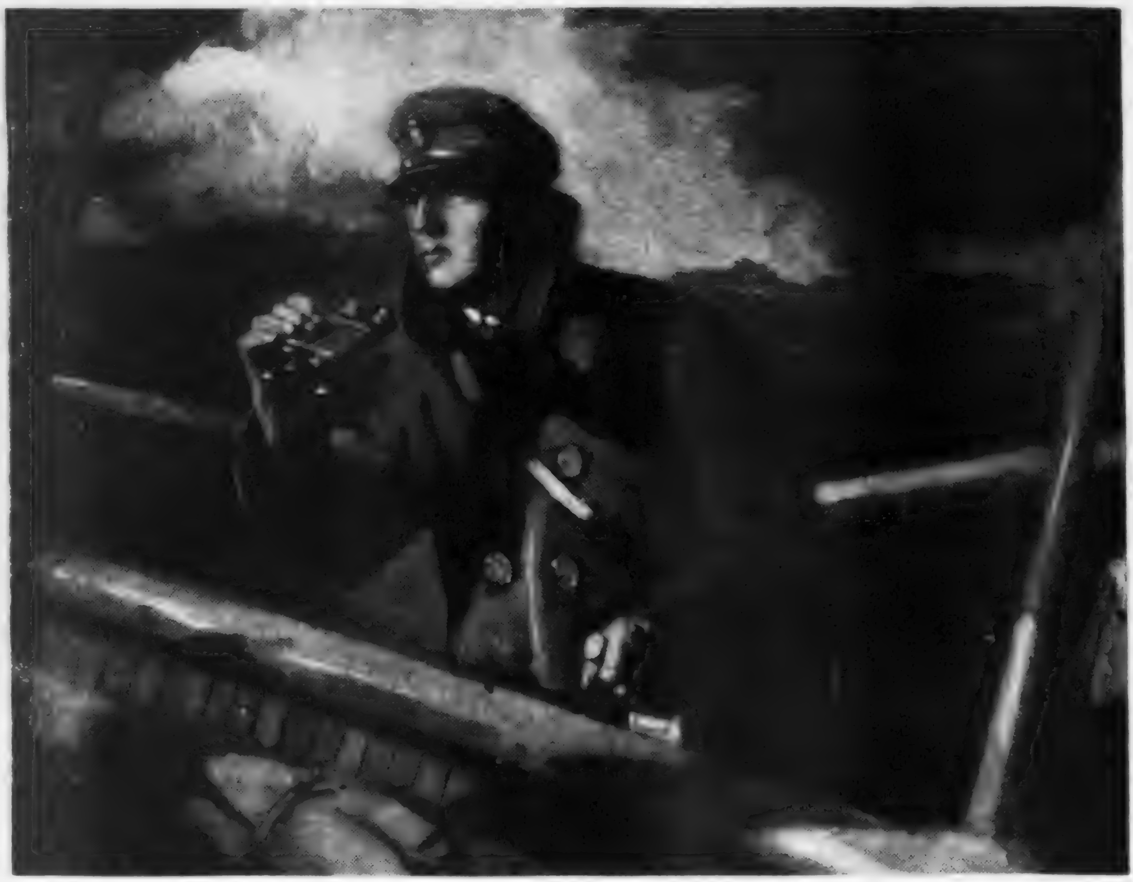
However, he demanded our paroles, and I promised to give mine and abide by it if he, in turn, would permit me to write a letter to friends in New York.

He smiled and said I might do that, and that my letter would go to Port Royal with the next flag.

So when I had sufficiently recovered my eyesight I reminded him of his promise, and he carried me to his own quarters and there set before me ink, paper and quill and bade me write what I chose, only to have a care that my letter contained no military information which might be of use to the enemy, and that, before sealing, my letter must be read and approved.

Thus it happened that nearly five months after I was taken a prisoner on board the *Hirondelle*, snow, I wrote my first letter to New

[*Continued on page 151*]



The lookout's voice sounded, "Light on the port bow, sir!" Mr. Taplow's hands were wet

Illustrated by
John R. Peirce

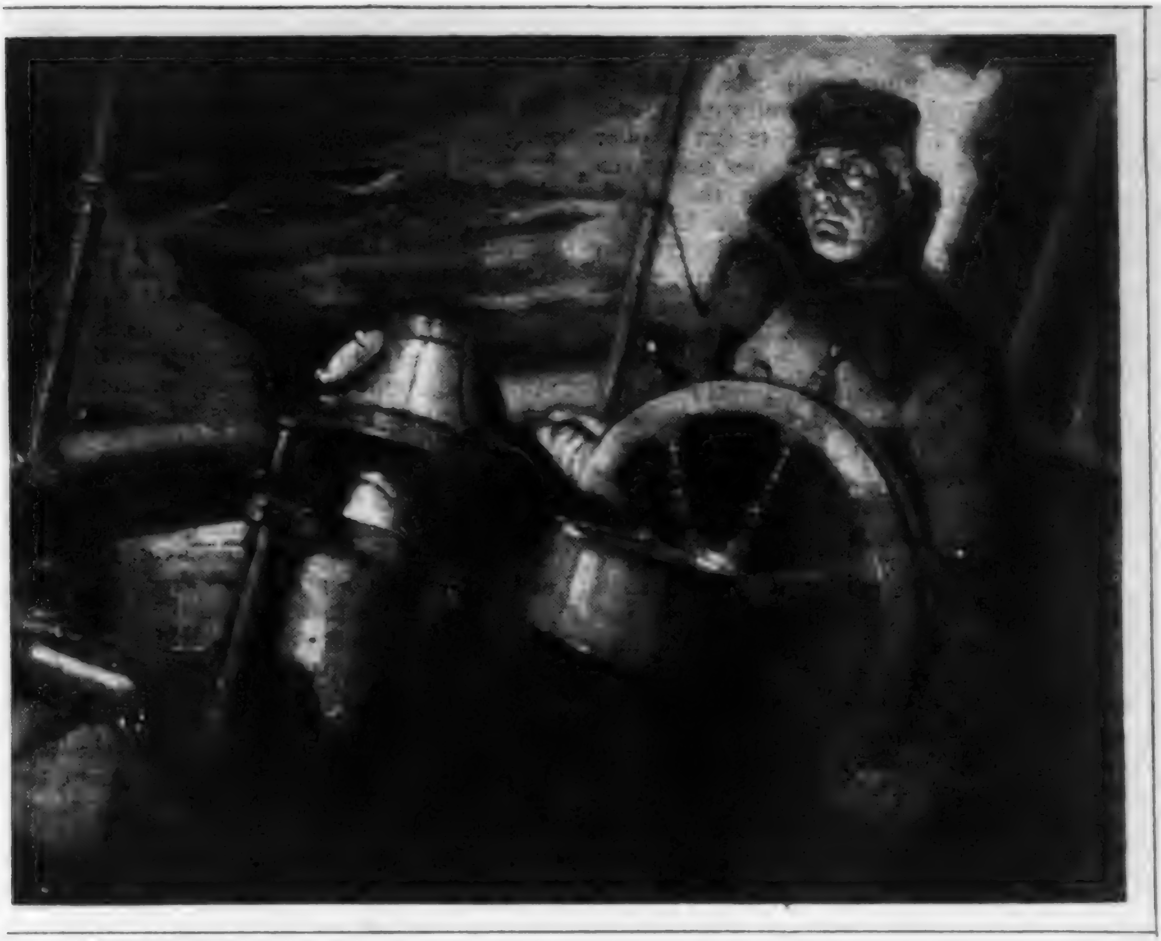
The Beginning

Of a night at sea when a fledgling

"You will be neither adequately paid nor decently fed in the Service, but, like the rest, you will come when called."

DIM on the starboard beam the coast lights wheeled and flickered. The velvet sky above was scattered with stars and a cold, clear moon made the walls of the high swells steely-bright and cold also. The wind was a steady pulsing pressure that set the rigging thrumming and on occasion whipped off a swell-crest and set it flying to leeward a sheet of fine spray. Eight bells had just gone, the wheel had been relieved, a man was in the crow's nest, the pilot had long since been dropped and the tramp ship *Alvador* was outward bound.

A light glowed in the binnacle, bringing out the muscles of the helmsman's face as though they were carved from marble. There was little to be seen of the helmsman in the dim wheelhouse save his face, a disembodied sort of thing floating evenly above the column of the compass stand. In the chart room, behind the glass-windowed wheelhouse, a tiny oil lamp set in gimbals shimmered back weakly from an open chart spread on the bench and from the steel points of a pair of brass compasses. Spots of color swam in the semi-gloom from the pigeon holes wherein rested the flags of the international code.



as he grasped the telegraph handle. He was shaking. What was he afraid of, anyway?

# of Command

By Albert Richard Wetjen

third mate came suddenly to manhood

The first mate was in his cabin, the second mate was playing Nap with the engineers off watch, the third mate was on the bridge and with him the captain, the captain who wore four golden bands on his sleeve; who carried thirty years of sea wisdom in his head; who faced, every day, problems and situations that would drive a city-dweller crazy; who was responsible for some forty lives, a ship registered at three thousand tons and a cargo worth a king's ransom; a man who must never make a mistake and if he did must accept dishonor, disgrace, ruin and the ending of his career without complaint; a man who earned the princely sum of some thirty pounds a month on which he was expected to raise a family and save something for when he retired; a man who was expected to be away from his wife and home some ten months every year and not complain if it chanced he was kept away for twice ten months.

The third mate was in strong contrast to his commander. The one was lined of face and gray. The other was straight, slender, smooth-skinned and young. There was no comparison save they were both sailors of the Service. Yet what one was the other had been, long ago and far away. Nothing ages so badly as responsibility.

The third mate was just twenty-two. He had been to sea seven years. Just ten minutes before eight bells had gone he had taken one last look at his shiny new certificate, issued by the Board of Trade and informing whomever it might concern that Arthur Stewart Taplow was capable of taking any steamer under ten thousand tons into any ocean of the world, and just as capabe of taking a square-rigged sailing vessel into the Baltic and Mediterranean Seas. New, brand new the certificate, result of seven years apprenticeship and the first signpost on the road to thirty pounds a month and a lined face.

The captain paced back and forth on the *Alvador's* bridge, his hands deep in the pockets of his greatcoat, his chin sunk low in the turned-up collar. His eyes watched the coast lights and watched Arthur Stewart Taplow. It was a nuisance having to carry a youngster with a new ticket. But, well, they all had to be broken in some time. And after all there had been a day when he, the captain, had taken his first watch. It had been like this from the first moment that men had put to sea. The first commander had watched his new officer and given him words of sage wisdom drawn from the depths of experience. And in his turn, when command came, the new officer watched his new officer. Every splice and trick of seamanship came straight down the ages, from mouth to mouth, and maybe the peculiar square knot of the reef could be traced directly to some ancient captain who sailed the seas of the young world.

Mr. Taplow was also muffled in a greatcoat. He stood nervously in the center of the bridge, full in the biting wind, and watched the sea ahead. An experienced officer would have dodged into the bridge wing where was shelter and only ventured forth to hurry across to the opposite wing. An experienced officer would have relied on the keen eyes of the lookout a lot and probably smoked endless cigarets, a thing which the captain of the *Alvador* permitted, believing it kept men awake.

But Mr. Taplow was far too uneasy to smoke. In his pockets his hands clenched and unclenched. His eyes stared straight ahead until they could see lights under the moon that were not there at all. Every little sound out of the ordinary set his heart jumping. He was worried. He hoped devoutedly that nothing would happen during his watch. The thought of the brand new certificate stiffened him. He was capable of taking any steamship under ten thousand tons into any ocean of the world, wasn't he? Of course he was.

The captain touched him on the arm at last.

"I'm going below," he said. "We're clear of the shipping now. Keep a good lookout and call me if you're in any doubt at all."

"Yes, sir. I'll be all right, sir."

The captain smiled under his grizzled mustache. Almost the same words he had used himself years before when his captain had first left him alone on the poop of a tea clipper running through the roaring forties. And hadn't he used the same jerky unnatural tone? He shrugged as he started down the companion and strangely enough he was thinking also of his certificate, an old much-creased parchment that meant thirty pounds a month and a greater thing . . . the four gold bands that remind a man he stands alone, alone with a lined face and gray hair, alone against the wrath of the sea and the cunning of treacherous coasts and the peculiarities of other men—Command!

ARTHUR STEWART TAPLOW was alone for the first time. He glowed with the thought. In his hand was delivered the lives of forty men and great wealth. In his hand was delivered the *Alvador* and the honor of the Service. His chest swelled. He was twenty-two. He was capable. There was a cerificate to prove it. He was alone with the helmsman behind him, forty men below and a staunch ship, the finest sort of ship in the world. He was more important at this moment than the old admiral of the great Armada. On his sleeve he wore the solitary, pitifully thin gold band of rank and from henceforth, while at sea, he would take over a ship for eight hours every day.

He stared ahead. Was that a vessel's light off the bow? It looked like one. Had the lookout seen it? If so why didn't he report? Good Lord, the *Alvador* was making ten knots. If she struck anything . . . he shuddered. No, it wasn't a light, just a glistening on a swell far away. There was a sort of low cloud bank in the south. Was it a gale working up? Hadn't he better make sure the hatches were secure? No, of course, the carpenter would see to that. . . . What was the course? West by south. Was the helmsman keeping her at that?

He strolled over to the wheelhouse, trying to make the action seem casual. The helmsman grinned covertly and spat into the sand-filled cuspidor at his feet. Mr. Taplow bent over the compass card and studied it a trifle longer than was necessary. It seemed more than it had ever seemed before. He felt his cheeks grow a trifle red. He supposed the damned helmsman was grinning at him Well, anyway, he was capable, wasn't he? . . . "*Suppose you see a green light anywhere between two points on the lee bow and ahead what would you do?*" He'd answered that question pretty neatly. "*Keep my ship clear, sir. The other ship would be close-hauled on the port tack.*" Some of the questions seemed a bit silly. Great stuff, though. A fellow had to study like the devil. Confound it, that was for sailing vessels. He'd have to bear in mind he was on a steamer now. . . . Yes, the man was on his course to a hair.

He stepped out of the wheelhouse and looked wisely at the weather sky. The helmsman ventured, "Pretty nippy t'night." A hot thrill surged through Mr. Taplow. The man hadn't said "sir." Damned blackguard. Knew his third mate was green, he supposed.

He answered stiffly, "It is rather."

"Th' old man allows smokin' on th' bridge, doesn't 'e?"

"I've been told so."

Mr. Taplow moved away, muttering under his breath. He supposed he ought to pull the man up for disrespect. Still, it would seem silly to insist on "sir." The man ought to know better. He was an old hand. If "sir" was insisted on he'd think he, Taplow, was trying to be officious. Damn him, anyway.

He walked to the dodger and stared ahead again. What would his mother think if she could see him in his new uniform? She never had understood why he wanted to go to sea. There was no future in it, not much of a career, worse paid than the Navy. . . . Good Lord, the horses would be grazing tonight under this moon down by the brook. And Emily'd be curled up in bed, perhaps laying awake and wondering where he was now. Wonder what she'd think if she saw his uniform? She was going to wait until he got his ship, wouldn't be long now he was started on the road. Perhaps she was leaning out of the window and staring over the downs. You could just glimpse the Channel from her window with the lighthouse on the right. . . . Was the man in the crow's nest asleep? Good Lord, it'd be awkward if he was. Wonder what should be said. . . . Was that a light ahead again? No, couldn't be.

THIS was trying on the nerves. He hadn't guessed it'd be such a strain. What was that? One bell? Was that all? It seemed he'd been standing watch for an hour at least. . . . Damned helmsman was lighting a pipe. He'd have to let go of the wheel for a minute to strike a match. There, he'd done it! It was likely he was off his course. He'd better drift over after a bit and see. Mustn't get off the course being so near the coast. It was just such a night as this the old *City of Leeds* had struck. . . . Good Lord, he could hear the women screaming yet. . . . "*You see two colored lights two points on the lee bow* . . . " Couldn't he forget the exams?

He walked up and down. The wind was confoundedly cold. Not so cold as it had been in the Baltic after the *Esmerald* foundered though. Two men frozen stiff and the captain shot himself. Did a command lead to that? . . . Now suppose the helmsman *was* off his course. The skipper had a tell-tale in his room. He'd know it and he'd blame the watch officer. That mustn't happen at all. . . . What was that?

The lookout's voice sounded, eerie and monotonous, "Light on the port bow, sir!"

Mr. Taplow swallowed hard. A little twinge of panic shook him. Then he remembered what he had always waited for himself when he had kept lookout. He called back, a little shakily, "On the port bow?"

"Port bow, sir. About three points away."

"All right."

His hands were shaking. What was he afraid of, anyway? Wasn't he capable? He walked to the box and took out the night glasses. On the port bow? That'd be some ship coming up Channel for home probably. He focussed the glasses with care. He mustn't make a mistake. There it was, a white light, masthead probably. He'd have to watch close. Might see navigation lights later on. Now, let's see. A ship coming from the port bow . . . the wind was on the quarter . . . Damn it, why did he keep thinking of sailing vessels? It was easier handling a steamer. . . .

If to starboard red appear,
'Tis your duty to keep clear;
Act as judgment says is proper—
Port or starboard, back or stop her!
But when on your port is seen
A steamer with a light of green,
There's not so much for you to do—
The green light must keep clear of you.

Lucky some one thought to put those rules in rhymes. Damned clever chap whoever he was. . . . Yes, it was a ship all right on the port bow. He could see both her navigation lights. Good Lord, that meant she was coming straight for him. What would he have to do? Better wait and see. Perhaps she'd change her course. . . . Such a night as this when the *City of Leeds* had struck. . . . He wished the captain was on the bridge to give orders. . . . Oh, well, he supposed he'd have to get used to this. . . . Time to look at the compass again.

He jammed the night glasses in his pocket and moved to the wheelhouse. The helmsman was smoking a pipe with a ragged-edged bowl and leaning rather indolently on the spokes. Trying to swing the lead, eh? Thinking he'd a new officer on board. . . . Why the ship was off nearly four degrees. He licked his lips and was aware his face was red again.

"You're off your course. . . . Bring her back and keep her there."

"It's this following sea," commented the helmsman turning the spokes without haste.

"Well, make the course good," answered Mr. Taplow. The man hadn't called him "sir" yet. He'd have to tell him off later when he got used to being third mate. . . . Was the other ship any nearer? No, didn't seem to be. How could it? It was only five minutes since he'd last looked at her.

Both in safety and in doubt
Always keep a good lookout.

Well, he'd do that all right. It would be terrible if anything happened in his watch. End of his career. He'd never be able to hold his end up again. Still, he was capable, wasn't he? Where were the glasses? In his pocket. Yes, the ship was drawing nearer. She'd changed her course. She'd be heading right for his bows. "*Meeting steamers . . .*" How'd the rules run? Oh, well, he couldn't do a thing till they drew nearer, yet . . . wasn't it time to have the log read? Two bells! Good Lord, three hours yet. His hair would be gray by the time he went below. No wonder the captain looked always so worried. It was terrible to know you were responsible for a whole ship. A wrong order might mean death for everyone. . . . He must be careful what orders he gave.

Perhaps he ought to call the captain. No, he mustn't do that. He ought to be able to handle any emergency like this, just another ship approaching. If he called the captain now the old man would think he was no good. And he held a second mate's ticket. He was not to know, he *never* knew, that on the lower bridge, against the for'ard rail, the captain stood watching the oncoming vessel, his ears alert for any command his new officer might give, his muscles ready to leap in action and carry him personally to the bridge if there was a sign of anything going wrong.

No sense in making the youngster nervous, the captain was thinking. He'd be that if he was to hang around him. Let him learn to carry on. He'll have to, anyway, before the voyage is over. God, to be young like that again with a brand new ticket and dreams of a Cunarder to end up a career. Tramp ships was about all the youngster'd get, same as other and better men. Thirty pounds a month. A man was a fool to follow the sea.

Mr. Taplow was moving about uneasily. He went to look at the compass again. Off the course once more, only a couple of degrees but bad enough. The damned helmsman was insolent. He didn't appreciate that Arthur Stewart Taplow was capable of taking any steamship under ten thousand tons . . . Oh, well, he'd have to speak sharply to him. There was plenty of time before the end of the voyage. . . . The other ship would have to get out of the way. Why didn't she do something? She must see she was going to cross the *Alvador's* bows. Or perhaps she intended to change her course. Maybe she was getting a bearing from one of the coast lights. Maybe . . .

"*. . . should a collision occur between your vessel and another while you are on lookout you will be called as one of the principal witnesses at the trial . . . if you are not familiar with the rules . . . it may result in your losing your license and livelihood. . . .*"

FUNNY how such passages kept recurring to him. He didn't remember ever having paid much attention to them before. They were mighty serious now though. What *did* that other ship intend to do? Was the officer on her bridge asleep? Ought he to signal with the siren? That would be rather silly. It was a clean, moonlight night. . . . Just such a night as when the *City of Leeds* had struck. . . . She was coming almost head on now. Funny. It seemed at first as though she was way on the port bow. Distances and directions were deceptive at sea. He'd better stand near the telegraph in case anything went wrong. Good Lord, he felt nervous. There wasn't much in this sea business. Not much pay and all this worry. Whatever had induced him to leave his father's home and start on this sort of career? . . . Emily had wanted him to stay. . . .

The other ship was close now. He thought he could hear the thump of her engines. Why didn't her officer do something? . . . He felt the beads of perspiration starting on his forehead. He felt himself aging terribly as he stood. His hands were wet as they grasped the telegraph handle. He held the *Alvador* between his fingers. . . . He felt he would scream. . . .

For steamers passing you should try
To keep this maxim in your eye:
Green to green or red to red—
Perfect safety—go ahead—

What was she going to do? . . . Hadn't some one told him once not to worry about what the other ship was going to do? Of course. That was it. Give the right order yourself and if anything happened the other vessel was to blame. . . . Terrible if he lost his ticket too soon. . . . He was shaking all over. . . . It hadn't seemed it would be like this when he had been studying for the exams. . . .

Meeting steamers do not dread
When you see three lights ahead!
Port your helm and show your red.

That was it. The rule was plain enough. The strange ship was showing all her lights. She was coming straight on. . . . He wouldn't need the engines but he'd better stand by them. . . . All those men for'ard in the fo'c's'le playing cards and smoking and yarning and laughing. Didn't they know the danger they were in? Good Lord, suppose he did give the wrong orders? . . . What right had they to be so carefree? His hair was going white. . . . He wished he hadn't become an officer. . . . No help for it. . . . He was alone. . . . Had to play the game now. . . . "*Green to green, red to red*. . . . " Oh, Damn! . . . Hold up! Wait a bit! . . . Not yet! . . . Steady. . . . Mustn't make a mistake. . . .

He called in a hoarse, strange voice which he didn't recognize as his own, "Hard a port!"

Supposing he'd left it too late? Supposing the *Alvador* wouldn't answer in time? He'd have to use the telegraphs. . . . Full astern, try and stop her. . . . "*Special circumstances may arise for which all the rules are useless. The officer will then exercise his own discretion*. . . . " Supposing the *Alvador* didn't answer her helm? . . . "*If your vessel is on a lee shore*. . . . " Damn the exams. . . .

LIKE a douche of cold water, straightening him, he heard the helmsman's voice, faint and far away, "Hard a port it is."

Of course everything was all right. The other ship appeared to be turning. Or was it just the *Alvador* answering her helm? No, the other ship was turning too. It was all right. Everything was all right. No danger at all. . . . Good Lord, how his hand had stuck to the telegraph. He must have left finger prints in the wooden handle. The *Alvador* was nearly clear. . . . The other ship was gliding past. . . . "*Green to green, red to red*. . . . " All safe. . . . What was that? Somebody waving in the moonlight from the other ship's bridge. A brother officer!

Mr. Taplow lifted his arm and waved back. A brother officer! Of course. No danger. Good Lord, he was shaking in every limb. Felt a lot better though. He'd handled it all right. He turned his head, straightened his shoulders and walked to the wheelhouse.

"Get back on the course," he said, and the curtness of his voice surprised him. The helmsman looked up a little startled, and straightened from his indolent attitude at the wheel. He was aware, how or why he could not have explained, that Mr. Taplow's eyes had changed. The color was the same, the size, the clearness of health and youth. But behind the gleam of them the hesitating spirit had been wiped clean and there shone steadily the new-born consciousness of power. Something of laughing boyhood had gone, never to return.

And the helmsman turned the spokes smartly and answered, with the ingrained discipline of the sea vibrant in his own voice. "Back on the course, sir!"

Mr. Taplow walked to the dodger, tranquil if a little weak. Coolness was his. He was capable. He could take any steamship under ten thousand tons into any ocean of the world. . . . Command!

On the lower bridge the captain relaxed his tense grip from the rail and sighed. He muttered grimly, "He'll do." And then, easier in his mind, he entered into his cabin and flung himself on the settee to snatch a few hours sleep. He could rely on his third officer.

What's Wrong With This Picture?

IT WAS Saturday afternoon and spring had come to Main Street. The sun had an intimate warmth that made the cool spots under the store awnings and the fickle river breeze welcome. Children romped gleefully between groups of shoppers who had paused to ask how the folks were. A woman was singing "A Smile Goes a Long Long Way," as if she meant it, in the flat above the jewelry store, and the boy dragging the freezer of ice-cream off the truck with its engine lisping lazily at the curb was whistling the tune. An auction of second-hand furniture was going on in front of the store across the street, the sing-song of the auctioneer rising to a satisfied crescendo with "Sold!" The sweetish sharp smell drifting out of the open drug-store door was more distinct than usual. Some one was banging a cleaver against the block in the butcher shop, and on the street the tar in the new patches was soft under foot.

The foregoing passage is a description of Main Street in his home town by a man who has been blind for twenty years. If you read it again you will find that it contains no reference to anything *seen*. This man's account of how he "replaced" his sight by sharpening other perceptions—hearing, smell and touch—is a fascinating personal experience story that will appear in next month's EVERYBODY'S.

The Lost Dog that Trekked 1000 Leagues

Bobbie, a three-year-old collie, found his way home to Oregon after being lost in Indiana. Gifts, decorations and honors reward him for his six months' lonely journey in search of home

by Winifred Pickering

NO ONE will ever know all the details of Bobbie's journey across half a continent. The story of an extraordinary obedience to the homing instinct is pieced out from odds and ends of information picked up along the trail that led through desert and wilderness and over the Rockies in winter. One thing is certain—it was a forlorn and weary little dog, with his nails worn to the quick, that effusively greeted his mistress on the street in Silverton, Oregon, six months after he had been given up for lost in Wolcott, Indiana.

HE WAS a bob-tailed collie dog with a winning manner and he was the pride of Mr. and Mrs. Brazier's hearts. All the way across the western United States they had traveled with him in their touring car during the summer of 1923. Bobbie, the dog, sat proud and alert in the car, watching every detail of the road. When they were going slowly enough, he would dash off over the hills on some exploring expedition, and come back panting and happy to let them know how much he enjoyed it. When they wanted to call him, they honked the horn and he came flashing up on the run.

It was a good thing Bobbie took so much interest in the route, for ahead of him, though they never dreamed of it, was one of the most terrible experiences either a dog or man could go through. Alone and unprotected he was to be for six months that most pathetic of living creatures, a lost dog. And thus alone he was to make his way on foot for twenty-six or twenty-seven hundred miles, back from Indiana to Oregon, across the Mississippi and the Missouri and the Platte, over the Rockies and the Cascades.

But no one suspected that when Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Brazier stopped the car one hot August day, in Wolcott, Indiana. Their speedometer registered 2551 miles from Silverton, Oregon, which is near Salem and not so far from the Coast. Early in August they had left Silverton, where Mr. Brazier was the proprietor of a hotel, intending to see a little of the United States and visit relatives in Indiana and Ohio. Their two daughters they had to leave behind, but Bobbie begged so hard to go that they took him along.

It was the old Oregon Trail they followed to Pendleton. Then they swung south into Idaho along the Snake River through Boise and Pocatello, across into Wyoming by way of Rock Springs and over the Great Divide to Rawlins and Cheyenne. Then they followed the Platte through Nebraska, across the Missouri into Iowa by way of Des Moines and Burlington, over the Mississippi and so through central Illinois to western Indiana.

At Wolcott, his wife stopped at a friend's house while Mr. Brazier drove directly to a garage to have the car overhauled. The garage man was deep in some explanation when a clamorous barking outside caused Mr. Brazier to step to the door. He was just in time to see Bobbie careening around a corner, with three or four snarling curs in pursuit. Bobbie was a collie and not many things could catch him.

"Bob can take care of himself, all right," thought Mr. Brazier, and gave the matter no further concern till he was ready to take the car away. Then he sounded his horn as usual, but *Bobbie did not come.*

Everyone who has ever loved a dog knows how Mr. Brazier felt. You don't want to get excited and act foolish, and then have the dog come loping back unconcerned, laughing at you. Yet all the time there is that disquieting feeling that this time the dog may really be lost.

Mr. Brazier waited an hour or more, growing more and more disquieted. Then he drove all

[*Continued on page 175*]

Miss Nova Brazier was the first one of her family to be greeted by the lost Bobbie after his almost unbelievably difficult journey in search of home. Bobbie's exploit quickly made him a hero. The Portland Realty Board, which was conducting a Home Beautiful Exposition in the metropolis of Oregon, presented him with a handsome bungalow and a lifetime title to the ground on which it stands. "Bobbie's Castle" is a de luxe dog residence provided with every convenience for canine light housekeeping. Along with the keys to the city, Bobbie received a beautiful silver-studded collar, was featured in the movies, had his story broadcast by radio, and in general enjoyed a glorious home-coming. He has now settled down to an unassuming domestic life as parent of fifteen Collie pups.

It is by the realistic detail of such life-size scenes as this rural porch and summer day at the seashore that Mr. Smith makes thousands pause to inspect his show windows. The arrangement of a display setting like the one above cost infinite pains and two thousand dollars, but its admirers block traffic on the sidewalks.

He Catches Your Eye

George H. Smith, who designs store-window displays for use all over the country, tells how time, money and pains are lavished on window trims that lure the shopper's dollar

by Boyden Sparkes

IN THE seven seconds that it takes you to pass a merchant's show window (it's all been figured out by experts) the display manager must make the best of his opportunity to attract your eye and hold your attention. Sometimes he spends as much as three hundred thousand dollars a year staging carefully planned effects based on his knowledge of human curiosity. He knows what colors are most attractive, the preferences of men and women, whether or not to use price tags, what lighting schemes are most effective. The next time you find your feet turning into a store while your hand reaches for your pocketbook, you will understand the compelling influence at work.

WHEN George A. Smith, the ten-dollar-a-week window trimmer of Hempel and Klotzbach, left their store on Front Street, in Elkader, Iowa, there were no display managers in this country; but when George A. Smith reached Broadway some years later there were no longer any window trimmers. All of them had become display managers. There had been no metamorphosis, though, which quite equalled in its completeness the change of Smith, the window trimmer, into Smith, the display consultant.

All the things that politicians have done to our purses in that time through the imposition of such cruel levies as the income tax and the war taxes, if squared, would still be as nothing to the money you and I have spent as a result of the ceaseless plotting and planning of this same George A. Smith and his confreres. If it were not for selling power there would not be much buying power and the millions of horsepower derived from coal and water and all the directing skill of myriads of fingers of craftsmen and craftswomen would be wasted—largely—only for George A. Smith and those who conspire as he does to make the rest of us buy, buy, buy.

"It's pretty much like fishing," says Smith, this Belasco of the window display men. "There are few finer thrills in this world than the strike of a trout," he said, "unless it is successfully baiting a display window for men and women. This will show you what I mean."

He displayed a photograph of what at first glance appeared to be the reception room of a hospital. Behind the desk sat a pleasant featured, alert young woman in the white costume of a graduate trained nurse. A man standing in front of her was apparently seeking information about a patient in the hospital and the ten or eleven year old girl with an armful of flowers who stood just in the rear of him was more than a hint that they were paying a call on a woman who was the wife of one and the mother of the other. In one corner stood a rubber tired wheel chair. The walls were gray and bare of pictures. The floor was of rubber tile. It was not a hospital reception room that had been photographed; it was a stage likeness of one that had been set up in a Broadway window by George A. Smith. The nurse, the man and the little girl were wax figures.

"See the rubber tile flooring?" he asked. "Well, it's a pretty good sort of fishing that catches thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of business. That one window display unexpectedly sold that much rubber tiling. We dramatized our product in that display. That is what display managers are striving to do every time they change a show window. Our problem here was to show that where quiet and sterile cleanliness are desired this rubber flooring is best. The nurse told part of our story; the father and the little girl told more; but the procession of people who passed that window, and stopped in passing to see our display, told themselves more than we showed. Their imaginations carried them behind the closed doors of the reception room; they saw in their minds some of the situations that occur in which this kind of flooring becomes a valuable ally of the sick in their fight for life."

There was a time when window displays were nothing more than symbols of various trades, the familiar red and white striped pole of the blood-letting barbers of medieval times; a huge boot for a cobbler's establishment; a mammoth key for a locksmith; vat-like bottles of colored fluids for the druggist; wooden Indians for the tobacconist. It was a true sign language since the majority of the customers to whose eyes they were addressed could not read.

It was a bold druggist who cut loose from the big glass bottles and began to display some of the actual merchandise he had for sale, but when one had taken this step the majority were quick to adopt his idea. Nevertheless all over the country there are drug stores whose old-fashioned proprietors are fundamentalists. A precious symbol of their craft is the red fluid that gleams so warmly on a winter's night with a gas flame burning steadily behind it. One does not have to be a chemist to know that the fluid in the green bottle is brought to that precise shade by the use of copper sulphate, or that the purplish liquor in the stoppered glass with swollen sides is an aniline solution completely and disappointingly unfit to drink.

Exit the Wooden Indian

The colored bottles of the druggist are a heritage from Italy in the days of the Borgias, when a chemist's shop was regarded as the most convenient approach to an enemy's death. As for the cigar store Indian, he deserved his place of honor before the tobacco shops. Sir Walter Raleigh, returning to England with the means of obtaining pleasure from a weed fire, gave the Indians full credit for its discovery. Whoever he was who first carved a crude likeness of a redskin he provided employment for many and many a beached sailorman in the years to come. The carving of wooden Indians from the stumps of broken masts of sailing ships, while it never reached the proportions of an art, was for a long time a lucrative business. But even the sellers of tobacco now find it more profitable to excite the appetites of their customers by displaying their actual wares than by the exposure of a sour visaged example of wooden sculpture. And the window display expert of today, is more likely to come from the Beaux Arts of Paris than from a shipyard.

For men like Smith and the owners of the big retail stores the target that the display managers (once the lowly and by no means self-assertive window trimmers) are shooting at is easily visible to them no matter how far below the horizon it lies for the most of us. That target was in the field of vision of the toastmaster of a dinner given by business men in America a few years ago to Sir Henry Arthur Jones, the British playwright.

"The day is coming, Sir Henry," this spokesman of American business said, "when talent like yours will be enlisted as a part of the world's greatest selling force. Your skill will be vital to business; it will be necessary to keep the wheels turning." What he meant was that the great dramatists had learned how to capture something that the window trimmers of the retail stores have been groping for.

Smith agrees with that idea, but with reservations.

"The playwright," he said, "has an audience that has been sold before it takes its seats. We fail unless we make our message strong enough to send folks away from our shows to pay for what they have seen, and we have to do that without the use of words. It is an art, all right, and it is linked not only to the drama but also to sculpture and painting.

"A show window without a central idea is usually as hopeless as a painting that lacks a focal point. This is an art in the making but it is an art nevertheless, even if all men who are on the payroll as display managers are not artists, although they should be. Take Joseph Urban for example."

Not many persons who have ever seen the Follies have to be told about Urban, the Viennese artist. He came to America from a Continental background. He was an artist, but an adaptable one, and before he had been long in the United States, he had practically revolutionized spectacular stage arrangements. One of his ideas was for a particular type of shadow box setting which gives the effect of a huge picture. His training had not, supposedly, prepared him for a career displaying goods for any of the 1,020,000 retailers of the country and yet he found this a rich field. An automobile, a moderate priced car, set in one of his shadow boxes and properly illuminated, became a jewel. Urban was not the only artist so enlisted. Tony Sarg, the illustrator and creator of some memorable marionettes, has a contract with one of the country's largest department stores to prepare a Christmas window display for them for the next ten years. The first job he did for them cost twenty-five thousand dollars. So much for the fact that window trimming offers a chance for the artist. That is what Smith had in mind when he mentioned Urban. But there was more to this thought.

"You must remember that creating a good window means executing a picture in merchandise, and as an art it calls for unity. There must be a proper grouping toward a focusing point of interest. This is one reason why the strongest selling type of window is one in which articles are displayed in connection with their suggested use. Golf balls in pyramids are not much better than a pile of cannonballs as a selling argument, but put a good man (a wax figure of one) into plus fours, adjust his papier mâché legs into the semblance of a stance, stick a driver into his wax hands and place him on a setting of turf with a country

When as much as fifteen hundred dollars is spent in assembling the realistic detail of a show-window display, the display manager's art rivals that of nature herself. The wax figures in the picture above are the center of interest in a scene that faithfully duplicates every detail of a hunting camp in the Maine woods. The Indian subject at the left is a background for a modern window as elaborately mounted and lighted as a miniature dramatic stage.

club back drop, and the solitary golf ball placed in front of him has been dramatized. More than that, it has been starred."

There are some window display men who lift a scornful lip at all windows in which price-marks are displayed. "Merchandise windows," they identify them, using the tone and manner of an old cattleman saying "sheep herder." On the other hand those display men who cling to the use of price tags ask, pertinently enough, "What is the use of window displays if not to sell goods?"

"Of course," concede the Fifth Avenue window display men, "there are places where price tags should be used, but there are no such places, in our opinion, on Fifth Avenue. The average Fifth Avenue woman shopper doesn't want it too generally known what she pays for her clothes. Moreover she does not care, or affects not to care, what her clothes cost. On the other hand, in stores where the clientele consider price important, price tags are an aid to sales, especially when a competitor near-by is displaying price tags."

"Well," you may ask one of the high hat display men, "if your windows are not merchandise windows, what are they?"

"We like to think of them," he will reprove you, "as a means of educating shoppers in fashions. One of our correspondents in Paris cables us that hats are being worn in a certain manner at some fashionable rendezvous over there; or maybe the message will relate to a sudden favoring of nude hosiery. Overnight we can reflect those changes in our windows. The studious shopper can keep abreast of fashion just as the careful and wise stock broker watches the market by reading the ticker tape."

Most window displays are set up at night but there is one big store in New York which trims its windows by day in the privacy of its basement. At night when the curtains are drawn across the face of the plate glass windows the floors of these glass walled display rooms are lowered into the basement. This is possible because each window contains a powerful hydraulic elevator. In the basement the passé display on its five-ton platform is rolled aside on tracks and then the newly prepared display is pushed onto the elevator and lifted into place. In a surprisingly brief space of time, quicker in fact than a scene is shifted in a theater, the change is made, and window shoppers gazing through the glass never suspect that the travertine marble is not the solid flooring it appears to be. Because of this mechanical advantage, that store changes its window displays twice a week and the lady of fashion who depends on its displays for her information is never kept on the rack of suspense.

Let Mr. Smith tell you how he designed one window that he considers one of the finest pieces of work he has ever turned out. It was obviously in the spirit of an artist that he approached this job—a hunting scene—and he is frankly rather proud of the result. Smith was a hunter before he was a display expert, and to his design he brought all his hunting lore. Finished, it was as if a bit of the Maine woods had been brought to Broadway.

Risking an Ear for Art

"I nearly tore my ear off one night while we were setting that window," said Smith. "It pictured a rough road through the forest. Coming over it was a successful hunter riding a motorcycle with a sidecar that contained his gear, guns, rubber hunting-boots, the head of an eight-point buck and other paraphernalia of the chase. The tires of that motorcycle rested on a road that was real. In making it I used mud, gravel, sand, dead leaves and sticks. It seemed plausible to have such a short section of the road in view because I designed it so that the motorcycle seemed to have just cleared a rise and then there was an abrupt turn that carried it behind some thick shrubbery. In the foreground were large rocks, and fallen limbs. On both sides of the road huge hemlocks formed a frame for old Mount Kahtadin painted on a back drop, and hung behind a transparency.

"Those big trees represented a lot of work. I got a large strip of bark to give us the pattern and then we made out of plaster of Paris the kind of tree trunks scene painters know as half rounds, it was a simple matter to stain the fissures of that bark to the correct tint. With the brads it was almost as simple to attach creeper vines and dead leaves; and build up the base with ferns and moss and the débris of the forest. There were real rabbit tracks in the snow that we had created with a couple of barrels of salt and what seemed to be melted snow was running down the ruts of the roadway. That came from a concealed pipe drilled full of holes and the water trickled forward toward the glass of the window into a drain of tin concealed in some spruce.

"The lighting was a problem, as it is in even an ordinary window display. We finally hit on the use of a blue light filtering from concealment at the top and a lavender glow coming from the bottom. The blend gave us just the tone we needed. Now, if the wax figure on the motorcycle had been of the usual store dummy type the whole setting would have shrieked of artificiality, but the figure was an excellent bit of wax sculpture. It took three weeks to assemble the display and two days to install it. It cost about one thousand five hundred dollars plus the expense of sewing my left ear back to my head.

"We had put everything in place and I was satisfied. I turned to go out, being careful not to step where my feet would leave tracks, but I forgot about a slender bough that hung in front of the mountain back drop. The sharp end of the dead limb caught me right in the ear and tore it free from my head. I must admit that I lost interest in the window until after the surgeon at the hospital had assured me my ear would continue to live with me."

That window stayed on Broadway for two months and drew crowds daily.

The man who lives in San Francisco or Dallas or Memphis or St. Paul is just as apt to fall under the spell of Smith's art as any New Yorker. The Smith influence on the show-windows of towns all over the United States is exerted because manufacturers with a nation-wide distribution consult him in order to get up window displays that retailers will be glad to use. Among his clients is one of the largest manufacturers of toilet goods, a belt manufacturer, a concern that makes miles and miles of linoleum every year, a paint company, and numerous others.

Assume that his client manufactures heating plants for country homes and wishes to get a design for a window display that will be attractive and so obviously a seller of merchandise that it will persuade retail dealers handling his product to devote some of their precious window space to his article. He has such a client, it may be said.

"We want something more than an attractive collection of lithography," announces this manufacturer as he enters the Smith studio. "We want to get our displays into dealers' windows, and since our dealers are for the most part hardware men our product is in competition for windows with the two thousand and one other articles that hardware men sell. We want that window display space. We want it in Keokuk, we want it in Chicago, in—"

"I understand," soothes Mr. Smith, and summons the chief of his staff of artists and several of his assistants, and then they take the

Santa Claus almost comes to life in this window display by a fellow out-of-doors man. Mr. Smith takes great pride in being a naturalist, and windows that make a hit on Broadway he designs in a rural shack. With a painted backdrop, a few trees, and a barrel of salt used for snow, he gets a country Christmas scene that is unmistakably real.

manufacturer into a part of the studio where there is a battery of show windows without glass, stages where window displays are created and rehearsed. There the problem is talked over and worked out until they have settled on the story that is to be told. When the model windows have been dressed to the satisfaction of the manufacturer, when a satisfactory lithograph likeness of his product has been created—if that method of display is adopted—the window is photographed. Then its properties are plotted in the same manner as they would be for a traveling show.

In cartons containing a cardboard cut-out, and instructions for duplicating the approved display, they are shipped to the manufacturers' dealers.

There is the matter of color. It takes the average person just about seven seconds to pass a show window. Those seven seconds bracket the opportunity of the window display man. If his work is worth while, if his magic is potent, it must function within that brief time. All of them know that red is the most challenging of colors, but many of the less expert ones do not realize that because it taxes the eye, red does not hold the attention long.

"The scrubby sumach bush at the roadside has a lesson for the display man," insists Smith. "So have the green hills, or a calm sea. Nature never makes any mistakes with colors, chiefly because she never lets inharmonious colors clash. Another thing, show windows that have a northern exposure should be treated differently as to the color standpoint from windows having a southern exposure. Use the warm colors in the southern windows."

I asked Mr. Smith which audience of prospective buyers was easiest to reach through the glass of a show window—men or women.

"Well," he temporized, "I get more personal satisfaction out of a window addressed to men sometimes, but I think the men are hardest. Certainly women are always curious, which is a big help.

"Some display men tell the whole story of the season's fashions with a single splurge in their windows. That is not the right way to reach women. Little changes of color, of background, of arrangement with a gradual enfoldment of the fashion story, are necessary to capture and recapture the interest of the woman window shopper. She is as casual in her buying impulse as a child with its toys. Unless she is looking for an advertised bargain she will flit from store to store luxuriating in the sensation of spending without ever parting with a dime. After she has made the rounds of all the stores and when she is tired out with tramping, a glimpse of color in refreshing contrast, a bit of fabric cunningly displayed, is apt to hypnotize her. That is when she sets her heart on the particular autumn costume she needs in order to be happy. It is precisely like hooking a fine trout. But it is a difficult subject on which to make concrete assertions. One significant thing is that display managers all over the country are beginning to seek out feminine assistants. What they are employing is something that for want of a better word we call the feminine touch. Actually it is a quality as remote from masculine consciousness as a hound's sense of smell or a racing pigeon's profoundly mysterious ability to fly straight to his loft when liberated from a basket."

A Trick Store Window

The ultra-modern window display specialist finds himself engaged in a competition too keen, however, to rely on a single feminine assistant, no matter how clever. The hunt for ideas is eternal, in the theater, on the covers of magazines, in other stores, wherever people gather.

"Gano Downs Company of Denver, Colorado," said Mr. Smith, "send their display manager abroad from time to time. He comes back bursting with ideas. That same store has its windows equipped with a curved glass that is so perfectly transparent that one standing outside is puzzled by the feeling that there is no glass, that the goods are being displayed in the open air. That kind of display glass would be more popular if it could be used without incessant cleaning. The slightest speck of dust destroys the illusion, and more than one porter's time is occupied in polishing that great expanse of curved plate glass. A lot of experiments in tilting the window-glass at various angles are being tried in pursuit of perfection.

"Over in Philadelphia, Strawbridge and Clothier send their display manager, Koerber, abroad every now and then to refresh himself, to glean an idea at Maison LaFitte or in one of the galleries of the Louvre. Invariably in that procession going overseas for ideas to be transformed into material for show-window dramas is Carl Goettman, display manager of Joseph Horne in Pittsburgh. There are many others, but there is another procession of which we are not so conscious. The merchants of foreign countries are beginning to realize what they can learn about display in America.

"There are a few Meccas for these foreign visitors. One of these is Marshall Field and Company, in Chicago, where the display windows are ruled by A. V. Fraser, a real genius in this field. When I was struggling to get at the principles of my work, I never missed a chance to study Field's windows in Chicago.

"There is never a day in Chicago without some several window display men from other cities coming as to a shrine to see what Fraser has been doing."

Motion as a lure is almost as effective with human beings as it is with antelope and other curious-minded game. Schemes for employing it in window displays are being evolved constantly, but the high-salaried display men are not especially keen on its use.

"Motion attracts attention," they will admit, "but what of that if it doesn't sell goods? An automobile accident, a flat tire or a brawling argument will draw a crowd, but it does not sell goods. Some merchants never learn that." All of which may account for the recurrence in window displays from time to time of rattlesnakes, of guessing contests, of live chickens and various other animals.

There are clocks that appear to run without works due to a tiny movement concealed in one of the hands; there are bottles that mysteriously fill and empty and refill themselves. The acid test applied to these contrivances by display men is, "Do they sell merchandise?" Answering this question negatively many of them incline to the view that such devices distract attention from the goods they are supposed to sell. For that matter the entire field of window display is seething with controversies. There are men who condemn the work of Fraser and Smith as "theatrical." They admit that both are ingenious, painstaking and lavish, but protest nevertheless that the windows they dress are not as they would dress them.

"Why that man Fraser," criticised one of these, "has among his employees architects, electricians, carpenters, paper-hangers and I don't know what all. He's theatrical. Perhaps (with an eloquent shrug of thin shoulders) that is what Western shoppers want, but it would never do here."

If such remarks ever reach Fraser's ears his only reaction, if any, is likely enough to be the hiring of six more carpenters.

It may be said here that the windows of George Smith on Broadway, those that he designs for the United States Rubber Company, for some of the automobile companies and various others seem to attract display men almost as much as Fraser's. The difference is that Fraser's gorgeous interiors, enlivened by perfectly-gowned waxed figures, seem addressed to women, while Smith's appeal more often hits the men. Again and again he has plucked a bit of woodland by a magic of his own, right out of its setting and put it in one of his windows. He began that way.

"It was in my little home town of Elkader, Iowa, where I worked for the clothing store of Hempel and Klotzbach for four dollars a week in return for certain services as bookkeeper, porter, salesman and window-trimmer," recalled Smith. "Elkader's principal artery of commerce was Front Street and the windows of Hempel and Klotzbach interposed nothing but glass between the passers-by and a full view of stock piled on shelves from floor pretty near to the ceiling.

"The first time the windows were turned over to me to decorate I undertook to persuade the boss to have a carpenter build permanent backs in them. Somehow I succeeded. I was an accomplished sign painter according to the standards of Elkader in those days, and it may be that this gave me a prestige greater than my four dollars a week cut on the pay roll might indicate. Anyway the permanent backs were built and I evolved an ambitious scheme for plaiting this background with white cheesecloth.

"The job was to show some autumn styles of clothing. I managed to make up some fixtures after my own ideas. Then to put across my theme that these were autumn fashions, I went into the woods after some pin-oak branches rich with the russets and golds of frost-touched leaves. I fastened these to my background and strewed leaves over the garments.

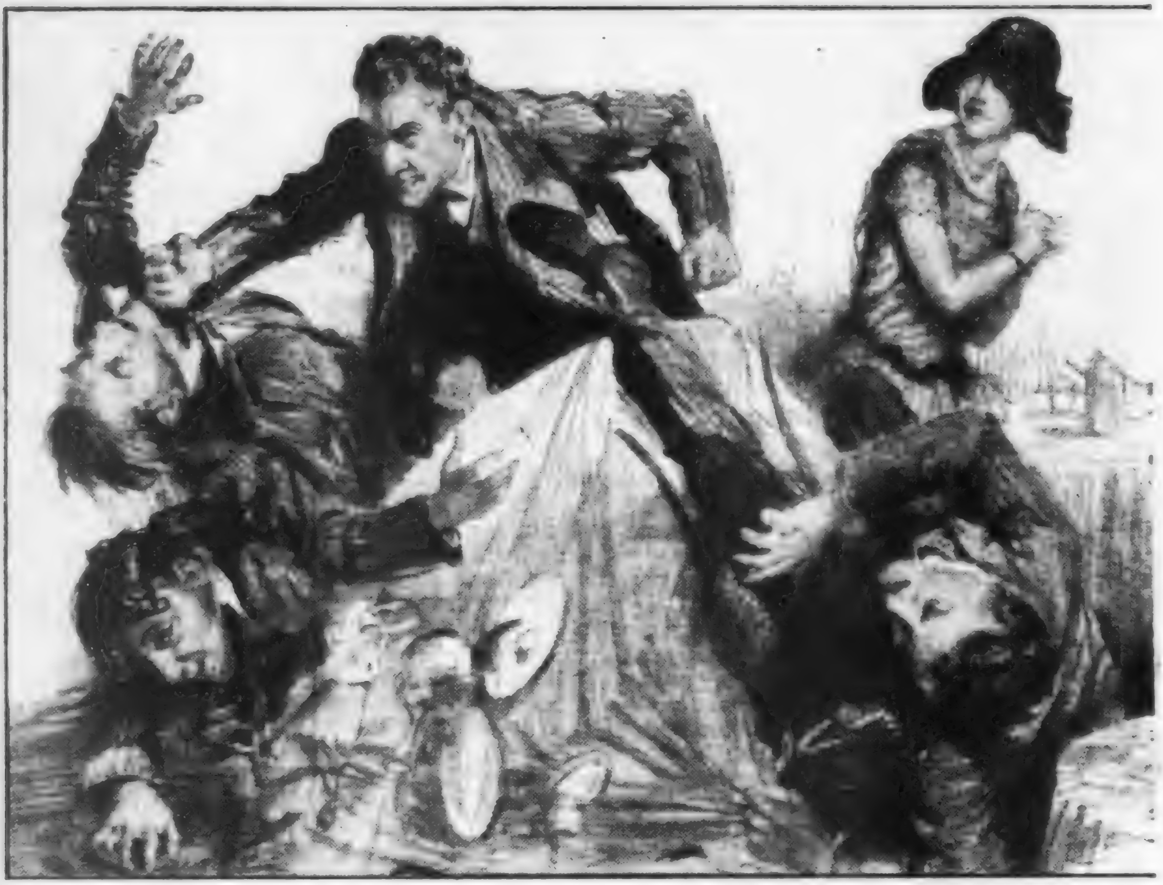
THE glowing red and green bottles in the drug-store window are a heritage from the medieval days of Lucrezia Borgia, when the drug-store was a convenient place to pick up your favorite poison for some unattractive dinner guest. The well-known red and white striped barber pole is a reminiscence of the days when the barber's principal occupation was blood-letting and the white stripes represented bandages. The three balls over a pawnbroker's shop were the imperial insignia of the Mongolian conqueror, Timur the Lame, who in 1390 was called the Scourge of Europe. Later they were adopted by the Medici family of Florence who, before they were dukes, princes of the church, and kings, were the medieval world's greatest wool merchants and money lenders. A huge wooden boot for a cobbler and a mammoth key for a locksmith were once familiar trade symbols for people who could not read. The classic wooden Indian, hacked out of a broken mast by some retired sailor, commemorated the fact that Indians first taught Sir Walter Raleigh to smoke. But even tobacco sellers now find it easier to attract customers with more sophisticated window displays.

"There was nothing extraordinary about that display unless you take into consideration my inexperience and the sound instinct that seemed to guide me. But it was a sensation along Front Street in Elkader. At the end of a week in which the boss discovered that he had tripled his business as compared with the similar period of the previous year, my salary was boosted from four to ten dollars a week. But the traveling salesmen who dropped in during that time spoiled Elkader for me. They told me I was being wasted. Chicago was the smallest place they mentioned as a suitable frame for my talents. I graduated before long to a store in Lead City, South Dakota, a mining town, where my salary was sixty-five dollars a month. By that time I had tasted blood.

"I persuaded my father to advance me enough additional money to make my slender bankroll cover the cost of six months' training at the old Bond Institute of Mercantile Training in New York. At the end of six months I had a certificate, a diploma, if you please, which testified that I was an advertising manager, a show-card writer and a display manager. That was the title of my next job in Tucson, Arizona, working for a store that had nineteen windows. I was there from 1905 to 1907 with the firm of A. Steinfeld and Company and then for five years I was with A. T. Lewis and Sons in Denver. After that I began to work East, finally hitting my stride with a studio as a window display free lance."

As a free lance he clings to the prejudice that he has a right to do his work wherever he likes. He likes doing it, as far away as possible, in a log shack several hours from Broadway near Alpine, New Jersey, in woods still thick enough to shelter deer and other timid wild creatures. If anything he is prouder of being a naturalist than he is of being a top hole window display specialist. And so far as that is concerned, a friendship between him and the late John Burroughs ought to be sufficient to establish him as a naturalist.

Vast sums are spent by the large retail stores of the country to achieve their window display effects. Some of them spend more than three hundred thousand dollars a year for this kind of selling force; some of them have more than one hundred thousand dollars tied up in "properties." Some of them, incidentally, pay their display manager the salary of a railroad president. It is a smart improvement over the four dollars a week that was paid George Smith as a window trimmer. It is a changing art in more than one sense, one that flaunts opportunity in every town and village of America.



The sudden startling fury of Howard's attack took the young college boys by surprise. His first blow,

By
William
Slavens
McNutt

A Coward *in*

A long suffering young husband

“I OUGHT to fire you out on your ear, Crandall,” said Seward furiously. “What have you got to say for yourself?”

T. J. Seward was a big man in his middle forties, with a bristly head of live, rough, gray hair, stormy, dark slate colored eyes, deep set under thick brows and heavy forceful features. He was the president of the Madison Electric Light and Fixtures Company and he looked the part.

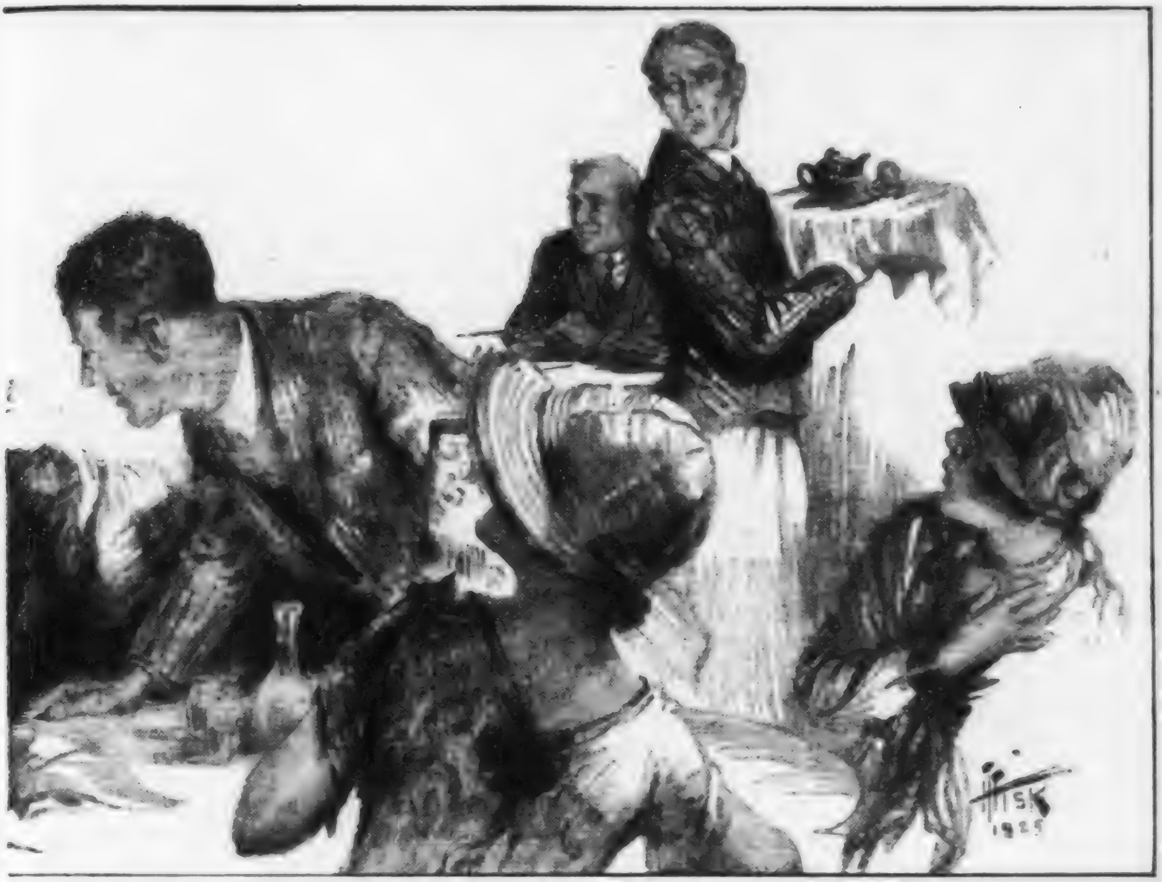
Howard Crandall was fifteen years his chief's junior, a slender, mild-mannered young fellow with pleasing features, habitually drawn into a harassed expression. He looked like a man who knew old John J. Worry well enough to ask him about Mrs. Trouble and all the little Frets whenever they met. And he looked, too, as though he met old John J. often. Facing his irate chief he swallowed with difficulty, wet his lips and started to speak.

“That's enough!” said Seward before Crandall had a chance to utter a word. “Phoney alibis won't get you anywhere with me. That shipment to the Coast didn't get away on time and that's all there is to it! Couldn't change that fact if you stood there and talked from now to doomsday! Why didn't it get away on time? Why? That's what I want to know! Why?”

Crandall swallowed a second time, remoistened his lips and again started to speak.

“Blah!” said Seward explosively before Crandall's vocal machinery could get started. “Words, just a lot of words! What do they mean? Nothing! Well? Have you got anything else to say for yourself?”

“Yes, sir,” said Crandall. “I—”



an overhand right, went home with a thud on one young fellow's chin and he toppled over backwards.

his Wife's Name

Illustrated by
H. T. Fisk

grits his teeth and strikes out regardless

"You have not!" Seward contradicted him stormily. "You know you haven't! You're just standing there wasting my time while you try to think of something. Come now, is that all? Is that all the explanation you have to offer?"

"No, sir," said Crandall. "I—"

"It is!" said Seward abruptly. "That's all the explanation you bring me. Nothing! No facts! No reasons! Just words! Millions and millions of words! Do you think I've got nothing better to do than sit here and listen to your drivel hour after hour? That's all! Get out! I'm busy. You get out and get busy, too. You can at least get busy, even if you don't do anything!"

Crandall closed the door from the outside carefully, easing it noiselessly shut in the manner of a man afraid of waking a fretful baby or an angry wife. He looked both ways along the corridor and seeing no one in sight made a spiteful face at the door he had just closed.

"Yah!" he whispered ferociously, albeit faintly. "You big stiff!"

In the big office on the other side of the closed door Seward sighed and shook his head.

"Yellow," he said regretfully. "No backbone. Too bad."

Many people made that mistake about Crandall. They thought he was yellow, weak, timid, lacking in aggressiveness, when as a matter of fact he was merely pessimistically imaginative and conscientiously married. He had a partially paid for home in a Long Island suburb and the prettiest little peaches and cream dream of a bright-haired, blue-eyed wife that any man ever hurried home to kiss. Crandall still hurried home for the exercise of this connubial privilege with a keenly pleasant, fluttery feeling around his heart, although his wedding day lay five full years behind him.

The fact that he did this was the real tip-off on his weakness. He had married young, just two years after leaving college, married on a short salary and a sawed-off bank account. A split second after the Parson at the Hymeneal Altar made him the happiest man in the world, Imagination began its slow insidious job of making him the most miserable person on earth. In that split second he began to worry about what would become of his wife if anything happened to him and in that fraction of time he was sunk.

From then on he never spoke a word or made a move without an instinctive, crippling preconsideration of the possible evil consequences of his speech or act on his wife. If, for example, as often happened, he felt like going to bat with Seward after an undeserved bawling out, imagination flashed on his mind a terrifying movie of discharge, inability to secure another job immediately, the loss of his suburban home, on which monthly payments must be met, and the resulting woe of his wife.

WHENEVER he thought of the horrible possibility of losing the place by falling behind on his payments he became the victim of sheer terror and that agonizing thought was one of which his mind was never quite clean. The payments fell due with the monotonous regularity of desert sunrise in a rainless land and there was never enough in the bank to meet more than one or two ahead if his salary failed. Two months of idleness, three at most, and the home would go, that bit of a wood and mortar nest that seemed the one safe and happy haven in a cruel and uncertain world.

His wife was as happy in it as a healthy child turned loose in a toy shop. She loved every square inch of wood and plaster in the place, adored every blade of grass in the tiny square lawn and nursed the few waist-high trees in the little yard with a fond fanaticism of tenderness. Howard believed that it would actually kill her—or at the least, unseat her reason—if any mischance compelled them to give it up.

It all came back to that fear of what might happen to his wife. He wasn't afraid for himself. He never had been and never would be. His timidity was vicarious. He was a coward in his wife's name.

So he held his tongue and his temper in his dealings with men and thus acquired a really undeserved reputation for being timid and vacillating.

When he arrived home on the evening of the day Seward bawled him out about the Coast shipment, Mrs. Crandall greeted him with an exclamation of alarm.

"Why, Howard, what's the matter?" she asked anxiously. "You look so angry."

The color suddenly left her cheeks and her eyes dilated with alarm.

"Howard!" she breathed fearfully. "You didn't hit anybody?"

Howard had not hit anybody. His angry mien was attributable solely to the fact that all the way home on the train he had been mentally telling the clearly imagined figure of Mr. Seward just what was what, and the emotion in which he had indulged still showed on his face.

"No, Fluff," he said in a meaning tone. "I didn't hit anybody. I didn't go that far."

Fluff Crandall's lovely blue eyes opened wider, her lips that were like two fresh rose leaves washed with new dew, parted and quivered alluringly.

"You *have* had a fight!" she said accusingly. "I can tell by that wild expression in your eyes."

She threw her arms around his neck, pressed her head against his breast and began to cry.

"You scare me so!" she sobbed. "You're so big and strong and you've such a terrible temper!"

Holding that warm, fragrant bit of worshiping woman in his arms, Crandall felt as though he had just slapped Jack Dempsey stupid and then run him off the block.

"There! There now!" he crooned, gently stroking her hair. "Don't worry! I didn't lose control of myself."

She took his face between the pink palms of her two soft little hands and kissed him.

"I'm so glad!" she exclaimed. "Now tell me about it."

Let him among you who is without either vanity or deceit cast the first raspberry at Crandall for what followed. He would have died for his wife. Why scorn him because he lied for her, too? For that's what he did. True, it didn't seem so much like a lie to him as he began. All the way out on the train he had been addressing imaginary remarks to an imaginary Mr. Seward, and now he just went a wee step further and imagined that it had all been real.

"I had it out with Seward," he said shortly.

"Oh, you darling!" his wife exclaimed. "I'm so glad. I think you've been too patient with him. Tell me about it."

"Oh, there isn't so much to tell," Crandall said in an off-hand way. "He started to call me down about a Coast shipment that didn't get away on time. Porter had bungled it and passed the buck to me, as usual."

"It's about time you stopped taking the blame for Porter's mistakes," Mrs. Crandall said hotly. "The idea of a man like Porter being the head of the department and a man like you working as his assistant! It's ridiculous! If Mr. Seward was as brilliant an executive as he's supposed to be I should think he'd see that!"

"Just what I told him!" said Crandall, warming to his story. "I said: 'See here, Mr. Seward, I've covered your personal pet, Porter, for the last time. In the last four years you've picked three different men to run the Distribution Department and they've all been lemons. I've worked as assistant to all of them and been the goat for all of them and I'm getting tired of it. If you'd pay as much attention to the work of your employees as you do to the wares of your bootleggers, you'd know that if it wasn't for me, your Distribution Department would have completely broken down long ago!' I told him! I said—"

A SUDDEN loud ringing of the door bell saved him from further immediate prevarication.

"Oh! It's the Fergusons," Fluff whispered, dismayed, drawing away from her husband and hurriedly tidying her hair. "They 'phoned too late for me to get you at the office. He sold two limousines this morning and he wants us to go to town and help them celebrate. Dinner, theater and supper, all the trimmings. Won't that be fun?"

"Why, I don't know—" Crandall began doubtfully.

"Oh, but we must," Fluff insisted eagerly. "You see we've got something to celebrate now, too, haven't we?"

"Celebrate?" Crandall repeated vaguely.

"Sure," said Fluff. "Your triumph over Mr. Seward."

"Oh, say now," said Crandall, beginning to sense complications in prospect. "You mustn't think that I—"

Fluff didn't wait to hear what she mustn't think. She was at the door greeting the Fergusons, who lived across the street.

"Come right in, we'll really be ready in a jiffy," she was saying. "Howard just this minute got here, and what do you think? The greatest news!"

"News," said Mr. Ferguson, briskly rubbing his hands. "Well, well! Good news I judge from the look of you, Fluff. You look like the cat that had just swallowed the canary. You look even better than that. You look like a canary that just got away from a cat that tried to swallow it. What is it? Howard been promoted?"

"Oh," said Fluff blankly. "I forgot to ask him that. Were you, Howard?"

Her eyes were so pathetically hopeful that Howard sounded for moral bottom, found none and swam on into the sea of lies.

"Well, we didn't get all the details settled this afternoon," he admitted, "but—"

"Great stuff, kid," said Ferguson enthusiastically, extending his hand. "Good for you. Glad to hear it. You should have had it long ago!"

"He just stood up and told that old Mr. Seward what was what," said Fluff proudly. "He made the old fussbudget come to time once he decided to fight for his rights!"

"Had a battle with the old curmudgeon, hey?" said Ferguson. "Well, well! Called his bluff and he lay down, huh? Remember my telling you two years ago that if you'd just mix a little starch with your backbone and tell the old skinflint his right name that he'd give you what was coming to you? Remember that? I was right, wasn't I? Had the dope, didn't I? You know, kid, that it's the early worm that the bird always gets and the answer is, don't be a worm, early or late. Be a bird! That's it! Be a big bird with a bad beak and a loud voice. Make a big noise and show him your claws. That's the way to make 'em like it! You're too meek, that's what's the trouble with you! Too easy going. You don't—"

"He's nothing of the sort!" Fluff said defiantly, earnestly, facing Mr. Ferguson. Two spots of anger red were plain in her cheeks. "You don't understand Howard. He's not meek at all! He just seems that way because he has to be so careful with his temper."

"His what?" said Mr. Ferguson incredulously.

"Oh, never mind all that," said Crandall, uneasily. "Come on, Fluff. Let's get dressed. We don't want to keep the folks waiting."

"I will so mind it," Mrs. Crandall persisted. "I won't have you misunderstood!" She faced Mr. Ferguson and continued her explanation. "Howard has a deadly temper. Horrible! Murderous! Once he lets it get the better of him there's no telling what he might do. He might kill somebody. He might kill anybody! He might kill you or even me! When he gets mad he sees red and after that everything's a blank. He's just like a wild animal, a tiger or something like that with the smell of blood in its nostrils."

"My God!" said Ferguson staring at Crandall.

"He inherits it," Mrs. Crandall explained. "His Uncle George was that way. His Uncle George went out to Arizona when he was a boy and killed people!"

"Murdered them?" Mr. Ferguson asked in a loud voice.

"No," said Howard hotly, coming to the defense of his uncle's memory. "Killing wasn't murder out in Arizona when Uncle George was a boy. They didn't look at it that way, anyhow. And the men he killed weren't exactly people. They were just sort of half-breeds, part Mexican and part Indian."

"How many of them did he kill?" Mr. Ferguson asked respectfully.

"Nobody knows," Mrs. Crandall said portentously.

"One," said Howard firmly. "Just one!"

"You said 'the men he killed,' " Mr. Ferguson reminded him. "Men is plural, isn't it? Yes. Now you say he only killed one!"

"Only one that I know of for sure," Howard said irritably. "Anyhow—"

"Anyhow his Uncle George had a terrible temper," Mrs. Crandall said conclusively. "I don't know how many men he killed. Maybe killing one was a lesson to him. Perhaps he learned to control his temper after that. I don't know all the details. All I'm sure of is that Howard is just exactly like his Uncle George. He has his nose and eyes. And he has his terrible temper, too."

"Aw, come on, Fluff," Howard begged, his cheeks crimson. "Let's get dressed."

LEFT alone below the Fergusons looked at each other questioningly.

"Who'd have thought it?" Mrs. Ferguson exclaimed in a low voice. "He doesn't look as though butter would melt in his mouth if you stood him on his head on a hot cook-stove."

"Applesauce, kid," said Mr. Ferguson wisely. "Hooey, that's all. Just a lot of walnuts. If he's got a terrible temper, I've got Russian crown jewels buried under the southeast flap of my northwest eyelid."

After the show Ferguson uncovered his social *pièce de résistance* for the evening.

"I'm going to show you folks some life," he declared as he herded them into a taxicab. "Yes sir! None of these cut and dried conventional uptown places for us. We're going to a dump downtown where you can get a real kick. Peg's place, little joint in the wop neighborhood below Washington Square. Used to be just a hangout for thieves and gunmen. Then parties from uptown looking for something different began dropping in and now you're liable to see any one in the place. A big banker at one table, a famous train robber at another. Opera singers and pickpockets, millionaires and porch climbers. Everybody! Great spot!"

Peg's place was lively when the Fergusons and Crandalls arrived there. It was a cellar dump with a three-piece orchestra, a handkerchief dance floor and a lot of plain tables and chairs set too close together for comfort. At the table adjacent to the one in which the Crandalls and Fergusons were assigned, sat five well dressed half cocked, young college boys.

"Gunmen," Ferguson whispered, indicating them with a cautious gesture. "Don't stare at them. Don't look like killers, do they? That's the way they are nowadays, well dressed and everything."

"Do you think it's safe here?" Mrs. Crandall asked fearfully.

"Safe enough if we behave ourselves," Ferguson reassured her. He grinned and winked. "If we get into any trouble," he said slyly, "Howard here, can lose his temper and kill everybody."

"I don't think that's funny," Mrs. Crandall said indignantly.

Howard squeezed her arm. "Sh-h-h. Don't get touchy, Fluff," he warned her uneasily.

"I don't care," she persisted poutingly. "Your temper is not a joking matter and I'd thank Mr. Ferguson not to talk about it that way."

"That's all right," said Ferguson apologetically. "No offense meant. Forget it, Mrs. Crandall."

He ordered ginger ale and produced a pocket flask. "Better have a little drink with us, just this once, Mrs. Crandall," he said jovially. "I know you don't usually take it, but this is a double celebration, you know. My good luck and Howard's promotion."

"Even just a little bit goes to my head," Mrs. Crandall objected. "Still—well—just a small one!"

"Sure," said Crandall jovially. "I'll just flavor yours."

He mixed the drink under the table and flavored it with about three fingers of whisky and the same of ginger ale. He mixed highballs then for the rest of the party and began identifying celebrities in the place.

"Hello, there's Robert Mantell, the actor," he said.

"Where?" Howard asked.

"That table over there in the corner," Ferguson said pointing. "Rather large fellow with the iron gray hair. See him?"

Howard turned in his chair and looked and gave a little start of astonishment. "Mantell!" he exclaimed. "Where do you get that stuff? That's the president of our company, Mr. Seward."

"The one you bluffed out this afternoon?" Ferguson asked.

"Um-m-m," said Howard, uneasily noncommittal.

"So that's Mr. Seward," said Ferguson, staring at him. "Funny! I could have sworn it was Mantell."

"Where is Mr. Seward?" Mrs. Crandall demanded in a firm tone. "Which is he? Who is he? Where is he? Show him to me. I want to see him."

Crandall looked at his wife startled. Then he looked at her glass. It was empty. He leaned toward Ferguson. "You loaded that drink you gave her," he whispered accusingly.

"With dynamite," Ferguson whispered back gleefully. "Do her good. Loosen her up. She hasn't been having a good time."

"Where is Mr. Seward?" Mrs. Crandall demanded in a slightly louder voice. "It's not fair of you to hide him when I've got something to say to him. Howard, where did you put him? What did you do with him? I want to see Mr. Seward!"

Howard pushed back his chair and rose. "He just went out," he said leaning over his wife. "Come on, Fluff. Let's dance."

"I don't want to dance," Fluff insisted with just the suggestion of a tearful quaver in her voice. "I want to see Mr. Seward."

"She don't want to dance," one of the college boys at the next table repeated gravely, mimicking Fluff's voice.

"She wants to see Mr. Seward," another one chanted.

FLUSHED with mingled anger and shame Crandall got his wife up from the chair and out on the dance floor, all the while begging her in fierce whispers to be silent. Once he caught Seward's eye on him, a coldly disapproving eye. He was perfectly certain Seward didn't approve of his being there. Just at the moment Crandall realized Seward had seen him his wife was saying: "I just want to look at him. Just show 'im to me and let me look at 'im."

"For the love of Pete keep still!" Crandall whispered fiercely. "Behave yourself! Do you want to disgrace me and get me fired? Shut up!"

His wife stared up at him gravely astonished. Her lips quivered, tears appeared in her eyes.

"You're losing your temper," she accused him. "You're getting mad at me."

She stopped dancing and stepped free of his embrace. "All right," she said, assuming a martyr's pose. "Go on, strike me!"

Crandall was painfully conscious of Seward's eyes upon him. Their disapproving gaze burned his back. Dizzy with mingled anger and humiliation he took his wife by the arm and led her to her seat.

"Howard's going to strike me," she announced gravely to the Fergusons as she sat down.

"Howard's going to strike her," one of the college boys at the next table mimicked solemnly.

"The nasty brute," said another in a high falsetto voice.

"Cheese," Mr. Ferguson whispered apprehensively. "Go easy. Those fellows are gunmen. We don't want to get into trouble with them."

"Why not?" Mrs. Crandall demanded disputatiously. "If they don't behave Howard can lose his temper—hic—and kill them all."

The faces of the college boys brightened.

"Ain't we got fun?" said one.

"Howard's going to lose his temper and kill us all if we don't behave," said another.

"We can't behave," said the first sorrowfully. "We never had a mother to guide us and we don't know how."

"He's right," said another, addressing Howard directly. "We're just rough, rude men without any manners and we couldn't behave if we wanted to. You might just as well lose your temper and start the slaughter, Kid. Now's as good a time as any."

"They're insulting you, Howard," Mrs. Crandall informed her husband solemnly.

"She's right, fella," said one of the college boys insistently. "We're insulting you. What are you going to do about it!"

Mrs. Crandall beamed upon her husband. Her face was radiant with benevolence.

"You may lose your temper, Howard," she said graciously. "Just this once. Just because it's a celebration."

"Atta gal," said one of the college boys approvingly, rising from his seat. "Let the lad have his fun."

The others also rose expectantly. They were waiting for Howard to do his stuff. Mrs. Crandall looked at him expectantly. She was waiting proudly for him to act. Ferguson looked at him with the suggestion of a sneer on his face. Ferguson was scared, but he had enough wit left to gloat over Howard's predicament. He was waiting for Crandall to cower. Over in the corner Seward was watching. Howard could feel his hard gaze as definitely as though it was a material object pressing against his body. Seward was waiting for what he could see. All the others in the room were watching, the conversation was stopped. Every one was looking at Howard. It was very definitely his move.

Suddenly, for the first time since his marriage, Howard Crandall felt footloose, detached, a human individual instead of a matrimonial accessory. Worry about his wife? Why should he? One little drink and she was smilingly willing to toss him to the lions. Worry about what Seward might think? Again why? If one justifiable brawl canceled the sum of four years' loyal, efficient work, the credit for them with such a chief wasn't worth having anyhow. Worry about being licked? Why once more? He had passively endured a spiritual pummeling for so long that the very promise of a merely physical sock on a material jaw was exhilarating. They were all watching him, were they? Well all right then! He'd show them something! He'd show Seward whether or not he was just a tame office cat that anybody could kick without fear of being scratched. He'd show Ferguson whether or not his temper was a thing to be sneered at. He'd teach his wife to casually give him permission to fight five men. And he'd teach those tipsy, rowdy youngsters a thing or two, also!

The long smothered ember of anger suddenly burst into a furious flame. With eyes wild, cheeks chalk pale, he suddenly leaped up, kicking his chair over backwards and sprang at the nearest of the youths at the next table, giving vent to a shrill animal scream of rage as he struck.

THE sudden startling fury of his attack took the young college boys by surprise. His first blow, an overhand right, went home with a thud on one young fellow's chin and he toppled backwards. A following left hook caught another in the pit of his stomach and doubled him up. The three others closed with Howard, wrestling and striking in a wild confusion of attack.

Howard was badly outnumbered, but in one way he had the best of it. He could hit, kick, bite or claw any bit of anatomy in reach of his fists, feet, knees, nails and teeth without making a mistake, whereas his antagonists must beware of injuring each other in the wild mêlée.

And some wild mêlée it was! The accumulated suppressed anger of five cautious years was back of every savage blow and kick that Crandall delivered. He was as mean as a mule with four hind feet. And in his wild intoxicating glory of rage, as hard to knock out as a man in a full suit of armor.

The table at which the young college men had been sitting went over and china and glassware crashed on the floor. Chairs were upset and broken and in the mess of splintered woodwork, shattered glass and smashed china, the whirligig battle went on.

To Crandall after the delivery of that first, good blow, the whole affair was a whirling, nightmarish frenzy of savage give and take. He was scarcely conscious of what he did or what was done to him. He felt as one does in a weird confused dream of rapid action. He knew vaguely that he was beaten, kicked and thrown about and that he was furiously beating and kicking in return, but he had no real sense of how badly he was being hurt, or how much damage he was inflicting.

He did not see Ferguson run panic stricken for the street, dragging Mrs. Ferguson with him. He did not see his wife gasp and turn cold sober as he struck the first blow and thereafter stand watching him, rooted, hypnotized with horror at the event she had helped to start.

He did not see Seward rise from his table, and, with a stern word to the proprietor take charge of the situation, nor see him thereafter marshal the waiters and come to his assistance. He did not know when Seward and the waiters piled into the scrap and staked the bellicose young collegians to a sudden workmanlike cleaning.

When Seward first grabbed and held him while the waiters and the proprietor gave the subdued youngsters the bum's rush, Crandall did not know that the man in whose grasp he was held was his chief, so he fought on, savagely, blindly, writhing, twisting, striking and kicking, panting unintelligible imprecations. Gradually he became aware of Seward's voice, insistent, commanding.

"Crandall, behave! It's me, Seward! Let up, will you? The fight's over. You win. We've thrown those fellows out. Listen to me, Crandall! Come to your senses! Behave yourself!"

Gradually Crandall ceased to struggle. His face was a ludicrous ruin. His nose was recognizable as such only on account of its location. The weird shape into which the college boys had worked it over in the short, furious fray, bore but little resemblance to the conventional pattern of nasal organs. His lips were puffed from punishment until they looked like two fat little sausages glued together across his countenance. Both eyes were rapidly swelling shut and the flesh immediately around them was deeply dyed with the college colors of the trouble.

For a moment he stood still, panting, staring astonished at Seward. Then he gave a grunt of rage and swung savagely at his chief's face. Seward ducked the blow, clinched with Howard and held him tight in his powerful arms.

"What's the matter with you, Crandall?" he said angrily. "Behave yourself!"

"Behave be damned!" Crandall mumbled, writhing helpless, but furious in Seward's grip. His words came in short, jerky, explosive fragments as he struggled. "Bawl me out, will you, you big bully! I didn't have anything to do with that Coast shipment. And if you paid as much attention to your business as you do to your golf, you'd know it! Your little pet Fido, Porter, balled that up, the same way he does everything else and then passed the buck to me. The same way with every fatwit you've picked to run the department! I do all the work and they make all the mistakes. I get all the blame for what they do and they get all the credit for what I do. Wouldn't give me a chance at it, would you? You addle brained four-flusher! You loose, loud pedal! You overblown gas bag!"

Crandall, still struggling as he talked, felt Seward's grip on him loosen. He made a supreme, convulsive effort and wrenching free, stepped back and stared amazed at his chief. Seward was laughing. Tears of mirth were running down his cheeks. He was growing weak and limp from the extent of his hilarity. He howled with laughter, coughed, choked, wheezed, struggled for breath and beat his sides in a very ecstasy of hilarity.

"Laugh!" Howard muttered, mystified. "Go on! Laugh!"

He turned to his hysterically weeping wife.

"Shut up!" he said roughly. "Come on! Let's get out of here!"

With his sobbing wife on his arm he made his exit without looking back. As he went up the steep little wooden stairs to the street, he could still hear the spent wheezings and snortings of Seward's inexplicable mirth. Crandall hailed a grinning taxi driver, mumbled the address of a doctor friend uptown and crawled stiffly in after his wife.

"Oh, Howard, you'll die," she wailed. "You've blood all over."

"What you see on me isn't all mine," he boasted. "I got in a few good cracks at those young rowdies!"

"You'll die!" she insisted tearfully.

"I will not!" Howard contradicted her crossly. "Doctor Thomas will patch me up all right. I only wish I could have got in one good solid smash at old Seward while I was at it!"

"Seward!" Mrs. Crandall exclaimed. "Was he there?"

"Was he there!" said Howard. "You kept begging me to point him out to you all the time!" He mimicked her tone. " 'I want to see Mr. Seward! I want to see Mr. Seward!' That was all you could say!"

"Was that what I wanted!" Fluff exclaimed. "I knew it was something, but I couldn't remember what. I felt rather funny in there for a while. Sort of dizzy. You know Howard, I think maybe that drink affected me!"

"No," said Howard heavily. "Honest?"

"Did I act foolish?" Fluff asked fearfully.

"Well—no," said Howard. "Not exactly foolish. But I don't think you'd better drink anything, Fluff. Not ever. It doesn't seem to agree with you."

"All right," she meekly promised him. "I won't ever again, Howard. I'll promise you that and you must promise me never to lose your temper again. Promise me!"

"I will not!" Howard said emphatically. "From now on I'm going to lose it oftener and not so much at a time! Sweet mess I'm in now! No job and no chance to get a recommendation."

"Oh, what'll we do!" Fluff cried.

"Don't worry," said Crandall cheerfully. "We'll get along somehow. Everything will be all right."

Strangely enough he sincerely felt that way. For the first time in five years, Howard Crandall was free from worry. He had had a bloody battle in a low dive, bawled out his boss and attempted to strike him and was facing an uncertain future with a calm mind and a hopeful heart. His courage was no longer in his wife's keeping. Accidentally, but definitely, he had ceased being a coward in his wife's name and he felt better.

Three days later, patched up and normal in color once more about the eyes, Crandall returned to the office and called on Seward.

"I want a recommendation, Mr. Seward," he said firmly.

"Recommendation?" said Seward.

"You heard me," said Crandall aggressively. "I'm going to ask you to throw aside personalities, forget what happened the other night and give me one. A good one. I rate it on what I've done here for the last four years."

Seward sighed and shook his head. "I don't see it that way," he said regretfully. "On what you've done here for the last four years I couldn't give you a recommendation that would do you any real good."

"You're holding against me what I said the other night when I was mad," Crandall accused him.

SEWARD lit a cigar and drew on it reflectively. "You didn't mean what you said to me the other night when you were mad, eh?" he said with an air of relenting.

Crandall flushed and his jaw set in uncompromising lines.

"I did!" he declared stubbornly. "I meant every word of it. Every damned word. It was all true."

Seward nodded. "I think it was," he agreed surprisingly. "Why didn't you ever tell me before?"

"Before?" Crandall said vaguely.

Seward faced him, frowning. "Exactly. Before! That was the word I used. Things weren't going right in the Distribution Department. You knew it. You knew why. You didn't tell me. Why not?"

"Why I—I thought—I didn't know that—" Crandall stammered, confused. Then suddenly, he straightened up and faced his chief, his jaw hard.

"To hell with all that!" he said harshly. "I knew what was wrong and I wanted to tell you, but I didn't because I was afraid."

"Afraid?" said Seward.

"Afraid you'd fire me," Crandall elaborated his confession flatly.

Seward smiled frostily and nodded. "And you want me to give you a recommendation because you spent four years in my employ afraid to tell me the truth about a situation that was costing me money every day of the time you were with me?"

Crandall rose and held out his hand.

"You're right," he said frankly. "I don't blame you, but I'm going to prove that you're wrong in your estimate of me. I'm going to hook on somehow with some other concern in this same line and some day I'll take business away from you till you squeal for help."

"You will not!" said Seward emphatically. "You'll stay right here and take on as head of your department. Why man, I've been waiting four years for you to come out of the rabbit skin you were hiding under and bark like a bulldog so I could use you in a spot where you'd be worth while. What's been keeping you?"

Build It With Shears

Making dream houses come true is Miss M. Leola Crawford's specialty. Folding a sheet of stationery first gave her the idea of making miniature paper models of the homes she builds in plaster and tile

by Donna E. Collister

DID you ever plan a house and dream over it until it became so real in your own mind that you could see yourself moving about the rooms and up the stairway, could see yourself resting at ease in the cosy boudoir, napping over your favorite magazine or sitting as hostess serving delightful dinners in the charming dining-room or lingering over dainty breakfasts in the bright breakfast nook?

"WHEN you have a mental picture of your own ideal home," says Miss Crawford, "stay with it and cut and paste until you have it in reality before your eyes." Most houses begin with the architect's plans. Miss Crawford's begin with a paper model that can be altered as often as necessary until the proportions are entirely satisfying. Then building plans are made directly from this little paper model.

And did you live almost every waking moment in this house of your planning and dream of it every night until you felt that you had made it a perfect thing—that either inside or out no detail could be added or taken away without destroying the artistic whole? And then did you have seven architects in succession (mediocre ones, of course, but the nearest ones available) pooh pooh your idea, exclaiming almost without variation, "Impossible, dear lady. You wouldn't like it after you got it. It simply isn't done. Houses aren't built that way, you know. Now, if you really want something worthwhile, study these elevations. You will see that they offer a wide range of choice and with some slight adaptations, perhaps—"

"But I don't want a house like Mrs. Humphrey-Smith's nor yet like Mrs. Wingate's," M. Leola Crawford rebelled vigorously, feeling that for her the sacred number seven had no charm and was decidedly unfruitful. "I want to know when I get home without having to look at the street number. I want a real Crawfordy house, a—"

"But," interrupted the seventh architect, "even if this plan were workable, it would have to be developed in a large way and you say you want a small house."

"Then you mean," inquired Miss Crawford, "that a small house must be of a pattern with its neighbors, that it can have no personality, no distinction?"

"Distinction," purred the unfortunate architect, recognizing one of his own favorite words. "Yes, indeed. Now I understand you perfectly. You want a charming little English cottage."

Rapidly he ran through a sheaf of sketches, selecting one with familiar hands.

"Here," he bowed with assurance. "This is very distinctive indeed."

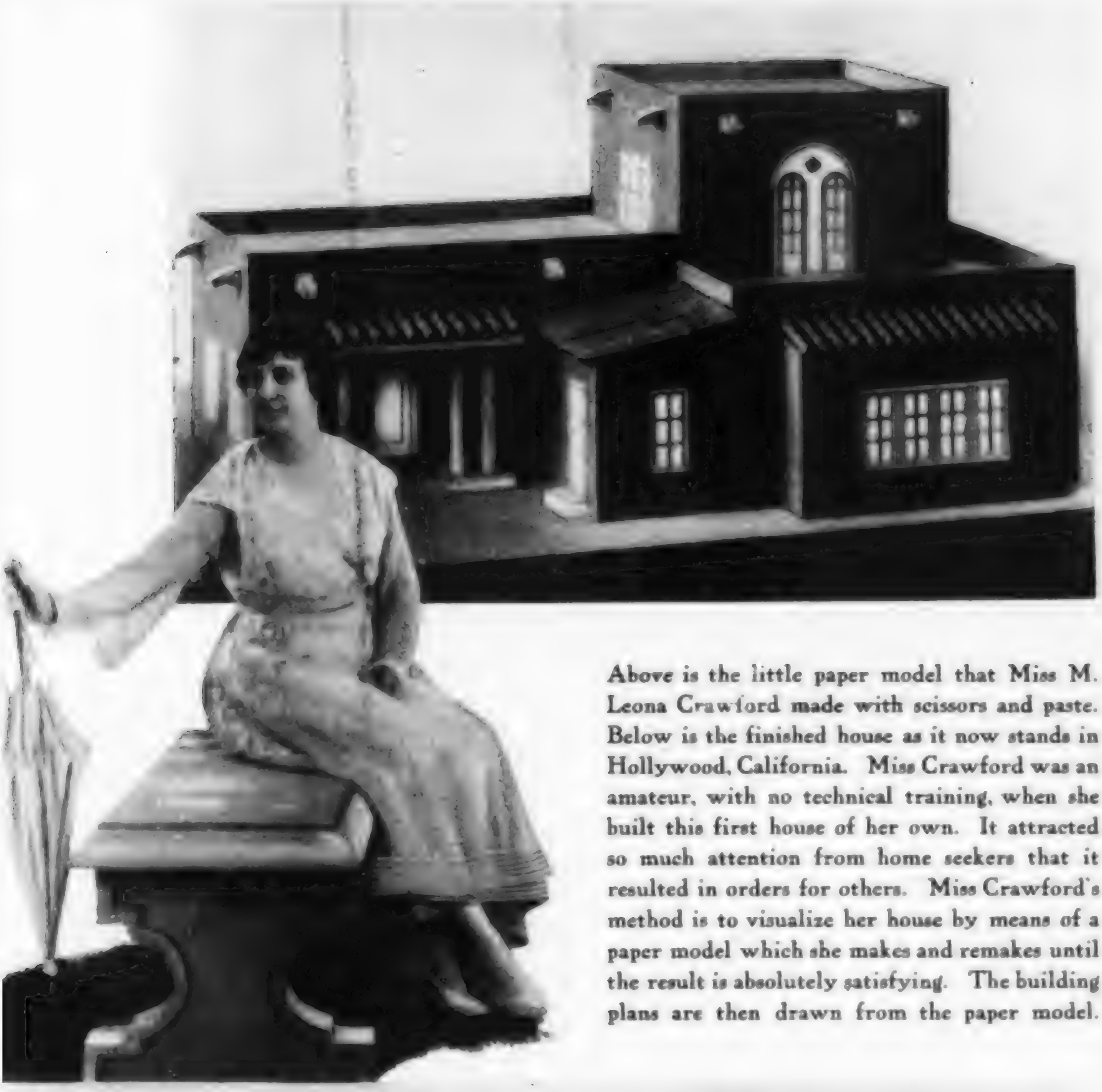
"Indeed, yes," returned Miss Crawford, smiling a bit grimly. "As yet there are only three like it in our block. They are like the three bears—a big one, a middle size one and a little one and I live in one of them."

She rose with characteristic quickness and crossed the floor.

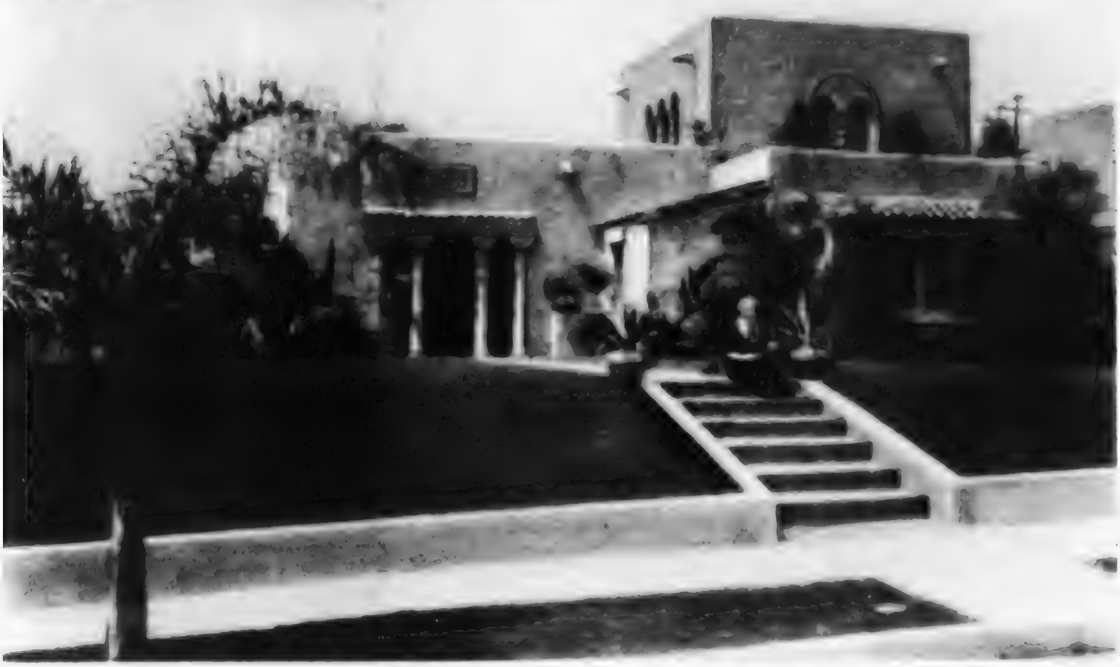
"I suppose I will have to build it myself," she said, passing from the seventh architect's office and though she spoke in jest, the words stuck in her mind and followed her home to the house she didn't like because it was of a pattern with its neighbors. And, whatever she did during the next few days, this idea kept bobbing up, until finally she began making inquiries about contractors and made appointments with and called upon several. But the particular contractors she happened to find were as disappointing as the architects. They all wanted to keep to their formulas. That brought things down to a working basis. She would hire labor and be her own architect and her own contractor.

This idea has come to many home seekers, discouraged by the fact that there are never enough perfect architects or contractors in the world—an unfortunate condition that is not confined to any one profession or business.

[*Continued on page 158*]



Above is the little paper model that Miss M. Leona Crawford made with scissors and paste. Below is the finished house as it now stands in Hollywood, California. Miss Crawford was an amateur, with no technical training, when she built this first house of her own. It attracted so much attention from home seekers that it resulted in orders for others. Miss Crawford's method is to visualize her house by means of a paper model which she makes and remakes until the result is absolutely satisfying. The building plans are then drawn from the paper model.



GAIETY S
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)tto Harbach arrived
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rompted the idea that
ventually brought him
ame and fortune

As many as seven musical comedies by Ott
Harbach have been running on Broadway a
one time. He has written at least one hi
every year since 1910
and his total output fo
1925 was greater tha
for any previous yea

Broadway's Poet Laureate

An ex-professor of English from Walla Walla has made more than ten million dollars for musical comedy producers. Seven of his thirty successes are now running at the same time. None of them is as remarkable as his own story

by Lawton Mackall

A THREADBARE man in his early thirties—an erstwhile college professor from the far West—was standing on a Broadway corner in front of a theater when a rather flashy acquaintance breezed up to him, slapped him on the back and greeted him with: "Well, Harbach, how's the old boy? How goes every little thing with you these days?"

NO SHOW of Otto Harbach's has "opened but to die"—as is the fate of more than half the new Broadway productions. He is consistently successful because he is a theorist who knows how to be intensely practical. He can enlighten you on the abstract principles of dramatic construction and coach a comedian on how to fall off a sofa. He can gauge the way a new show is going with an audience and bolster up the weak spots overnight. No wonder he has an eighteen-hour working day and that producers are to be found camping on his doorstep!

"Oh, I'm still hoping to sell a play."

"Well, I'll tell you what," said the patronizing person, "some time when you've got a good suit on, I'll take you in and introduce you to the Shuberts." Then, perhaps feeling that such greatheartedness merited a reward, he added: "And say, could you let me have half a dollar till Thursday?"

He got the fifty cents and Harbach got the brutal realization of his own tell-tale appearance of unsuccess.

Yet not long afterward this same ex-professor was garnering large royalties from "Madame Sherry," the first of his big hits, and the leading managers of Broadway were competing for his services. Today he has a record of more than thirty big successes to his credit, and is considered the best sure-fire writer for the musical comedy stage. Eight of his shows have been presented in England, ten in Australia and South Africa.

As a choir boy, farm hand, violinist, sheep herder, lyceum lecturer, rolling-chair pusher, book-peddler and college professor, Otto Harbach had seen life in many of its most interesting phases before he came to New York. In the big city he completed this somewhat varied education in life at large by working as a newspaper reporter, advertising copy writer, art director, popular song writer and librettist, before he finally blossomed out as a playwright. Is it any wonder that he is one of the few musical comedy writers who can put a real appeal to the human heart down underneath all the froth and glitter of a big Broadway show?

The fellow who takes his best girl to the top gallery once a week, gets a kick out of a Harbach show. So does his best girl. Other glittering Broadway successes may leave them cold.

It takes vitality to do this. Harbach dashes from one rehearsal to another, putting the sparkle of life into a scene here, an act there, and then speeding off to an all-night session with a new act for some other play. Eighteen, twenty hours a day he works sometimes for days at a time. Through it all he goes, humming his way closer and closer to the hearts of his public from "Cuddle Up a Little Closer Lovey Mine" to his latest song-hit, "Two Little Bluebirds."

This past autumn Harbach was getting pleasant missives beginning with those lovely words "Pay to the order of" from many sources. Author's percentage on three shows in New York—"Sunny," "Rose-Marie," and "No, No, Nanette" (combined box-office receipts of these attractions over $100,000.00 weekly). Ditto from "Kid Boots" in Chicago. Ditto from various companies playing various Harbach pieces on the road.

All of which were being deposited by his secretary as a "routine matter," while Harbach worked busily on four new shows scheduled for production this season.

None of the stories Harbach has written for the stage are more remarkable than his own life. Indeed, his career has so outdone the most improbable strive-and-succeed happy-ending comedy, that if it were dramatized audiences would be apt to say: "Oh, bosh! Such things don't happen!"

An Eleven-Year-Old Gallery God

He is the son of a Danish jeweler and watchmaker who had settled in Salt Lake City and married a girl from his native land. The small shop yielded but a slender income on which to support a family of seven boys and two girls, but the parents did what they could. One thing they were able to give their children was a taste for music; both parents being natural musicians as so many of the gaiety-loving Danes are apt to be. The mother sang at her work about the house and the father used to play his violin at home in the evenings.

In any well-written play the dramatist puts "pointers" here and there—little meaningful touches that hint at what is coming. Wise is the man who can see them in his own life and be guided by them. Harbach's life has been marked by these "pointers" at almost every turn and he admits he has been influenced by them time and time again.

For example, one of his earliest recollections is of his excitement over the departure of an elder brother who was going away to visit a cousin in the country. The idea of *going* some place so thrilled the emotional child that he got hold of an old pair of field glasses belonging to his father and climbed up to the roof of the house and lay there all afternoon looking and looking through the binoculars in the direction his brother had taken. Otto suddenly realized that there was a world beyond Home.

When he was about eleven years old he discovered that there was still another world—the Theater. Occasionally, his mother would give him twenty-five cents as a reward for doing chores around the house, and with this silver Key to Wonderland he would hurry ecstatically to the Salt Lake City Theater, arriving there at least an hour before the performance was due to begin. Perched up in the front row of the top gallery, either alone or with some boy companion who had also managed to get hold of a quarter, he would wait, squirming with anticipation, for the Big Moment. This Big Moment was the appearance of the stoop-shouldered old man who squeezed in through the side of the curtain to light up the antiquated gas footlights. From the time that happened Otto fairly held his breath. For, in a minute or two, would come the Thrill of Thrills—Professor Weihe, the orchestra leader, followed by his men, bobbing up from under the stage and taking their places in the pit. To the boy in the gallery, Professor Weihe, tapping the music rack with his bow of command, was the most impressive personage on earth.

Great must have been Otto's joy at being told one day that he was to study with the professor. Harbach Senior, always short of funds, gave the teacher in exchange for these lessons a ring from his jewelry shop. How the son requited his father we shall see later. Meanwhile Otto made such progress as a fiddler that he was soon able to earn money by playing in a dance orchestra, along with selling papers and mowing lawns in the daytime.

Self-supporting at the age of fourteen, he paid for his own tuition at the Collegiate Institute, a Presbyterian school which was more nearly up to modern educational standards than the public schools of that day. One of his fellow pupils there was Maude Adams. Future actress and future dramatist sat but a few desks apart, reciting the same lessons.

The principal of this school, Robert Caskey, was a discerning man, who perceived that Otto was a boy with exceptional qualities. A few days before graduation time he made a special point of taking the boy up to his room and talking to him in a friendly way about his future. What college was he going to? Otto said that he had no money and was therefore planning to stay at home and get some sort of job in the city. But the principal went on talking about the desirability of completing one's education and, rather craftily, showed the boy a picture of his graduating class at Knox College, remarking: "Here are the sort of fellows you'd be thrown with."

Otto gazed thoughtfully at the picture. It was a small group of men—for Knox was a small college—but he was especially struck by the face of a young man in the center. "I'll bet he was a smart student," he said.

"You're right," said the principal, pleased at the boy's perspicacity. "That's John Huston Finley. He worked his way through and won all the prizes for English and public speaking every year he was there. Maybe you might win some of those prizes, too, Otto, if you went to Knox."

The boy gulped. "I'm going," he announced. John H. Finley was not then an international figure, Knight of the Legion of Honor, the Crown of Italy, the Rising Sun of Japan and the Holy Sepulchre, but his influence was enough to turn the boy to college even then.

Having only thirty dollars to his name, part of which he had earned singing in the choir of the Presbyterian church, and part by wielding a pick in the streets during a summer vacation, Otto set about finding some means of getting to Galesburg, Illinois, where Knox is located, without using up all his money. The sheriff of Utah, who was also a sheep-raiser, heard of the boy's ambition and offered to let him earn his transportation by chaperoning a consignment of wooly quadrupeds. Two men would be needed and Otto (aged seventeen) and a young friend of his took the job. They got the sheep aboard—three double-decker carloads of them—at Idaho Falls, working till ten o'clock at night to coax the last reluctant bleater into the cars.

The trip took ten long, weary days, including a stop on the way, where the sheep had to be taken out, fed, watered and laboriously urged back into the cars again. This was bad enough, but at Omaha the conductor brought the evil tidings that for the rest of the journey the railroad allowed only one sheep escort. One of the pair would have to buy a ticket or get out. Since Otto was the plutocrat of the two, bang went a big hole in his thirty dollars.

Throwing away the clothes he had ruined en route, the young seeker after learning arrived at Galesburg with one suit and one hat. He followed on foot in the wake of the lordly vehicles leaving the station, and at last found his way to the college Y. M. C. A. where he was cordially welcomed, a letter from Robert Caskey having preceded him.

His immediate problem was to find board and lodging. Various farmers and householders had advertised for student help. The first one Otto tackled was an old farmer, reputed to be the possessor of the largest pair of feet in the State of Illinois, who offered him free keep for the mere detail of getting up at four in the morning to milk six cows, delivering the milk in town, and then repeating the performance at sundown.

"Somehow I wasn't tempted," says Harbach. "Instead I took a three-dollar-a-week room at an eating club and managed to get along for a while doing odd jobs, such as cutting firewood. A cord may not sound like much wood to you, but *I* found it quite a *lot* when I had to saw it and chop it for a dollar.

"Later I was handy man for a housewife who believed that idleness was sin. I had charge of her cows, horses, and pigs, and did the heavy work around the house such as cleaning windows. And every Monday I had to get up at four o'clock in the morning and run her washing machine for her.

"It seemed like heaven when at the beginning of my sophomore year I was taken into the home of old Professor Churchill—a grand old man if there ever was one. The chores there were comparatively easy. I stayed with this fine old mathematics scholar during the remainder of my college course and he gave me a respect for learning such as I might never have had.

"In my summer vacations I peddled from house to house. Peddling certainly offers one a great chance to learn human nature. Many an old lady whom I tried to interest in vanilla extract would tell me her whole life's history and give me an oral sketch of every member of her family. As a matter of fact I was a ready listener, because people have always been my favorite books."

In the vacation preceding his senior year he acted as chair boy and guide at the Chicago World's Fair. He had to be a sort of walking information bureau, answering every question including the immortal "When and where do they feed the Lagoon?"

One afternoon a distinguished looking woman was in his chair. As he was wheeling her about she asked him some question about one of the buildings and he pointed out to her that the columns were Corinthian, as distinguished from Ionic ones on a building near-by. She was surprised and asked him how he happened to know that. Harbach explained that he was attending Knox College and had become deeply interested in a course in architecture. The lady was so impressed that she had

The Yama-Yama girl (Bessie McCoy) was one of the big hits of the first Harbach musical comedy, "The Three Twins." At that time his contract called for payment of one hundred dollars outright for a song and a royalty of a cent a copy on the sheet music. Nowadays his share of a song hit may amount to a hundred dollars a word.

a long talk with him and introduced him to her husband, F. A. Austin, a wealthy manufacturer of excavating machinery. These kind people entertained him at their home. When Mrs. Austin took the chairpusher for a ride in her elegantly appointed Victoria, Otto felt as though he had been mistaken for royalty and would be found out at any moment and thrown out. But instead of "finding him out" as he feared, Mr. Austin offered him a position in his organization, to start right away.

Harbach, deeply grateful, hesitated nevertheless. He was loath to forego his college diploma. Returning to Knox, and resuming his studies for the time being, he thought the matter over and corresponded with the Austins about it. But not long afterward something happened which definitely turned him away from the plow business. This was his winning of the interstate oratorical contest which made him the college hero.

The College Spellbinder

He had gone to Knox ambitious of winning the same honors which Finley had won and he had started off by capturing the Freshman English prize and Freshman declamation prize. Before the end of his first year, by a queer twist of fate, John Huston Finley himself came to the college as the new president. Harbach was delegated to deliver the address of welcome to the young college president who was later to be the head of New York's educational system, head of various missions during the war, and now editor of the New York *Times*.

The youthful emulator, inspired by the presence of his idol, won both the Sophomore and Junior prizes. In his Senior year he won the class oratorical prize and an oratorical contest participated in by all the colleges in the state. This entitled him to represent Illinois in the annual interstate contest which was, as it were, the final round of a public speaking tournament in which eighty colleges took part. The judges for this affair were a governor, an ex-senator, and William Jennings Bryan. Harbach's oration, "The Hero of Compromise," won for Knox. Commenting on the occasion, a writer in the *Review of Reviews* for that year predicted a brilliant career for him in public life. Reporters for the daily press, seeking to interview the young Demosthenes, found him driving Professor Churchill's cows home from pasture.

Harbach's oration must have had something quite exceptional in it because its fame traveled far and wide. Out in Walla Walla, Washington, the president of Whitman College was so impressed that he wrote and offered Harbach an assistant professorship in English there.

Harbach taught there six years. With his blond hair and boyish face he hardly looked the professor. But what he lacked in academic manner he made up for in enthusiasm. His lectures on literary subjects such as "The Enjoyment of Poetry" were so popular that he was called upon to deliver them before lyceum audiences in Tacoma, Seattle, and other cities of the West.

The money earned by these outside lectures was a welcome addition to his salary. He helped three of his brothers through college and had the even greater satisfaction of paying off the mortgage on his parents' home. In writing to his mother of the happiness it meant to him to do so, he said: "This is in return for all those twenty-five-cent pieces you gave me to go to the theater."

When the seventh year as a professor came round—the Sabbatical year with leave of absence—Harbach decided to study for a Ph. D. degree at Columbia. Knox had meanwhile conferred an M. A. upon him, but he wanted to win the highest rating that a big university can give.

So to New York he came and entered Columbia as a graduate student. He got a jolt though when he discovered the cost of living in the metropolis. Mere food, for example! While he still had his salary, instead of receiving fees from outside lectures, he was paying tuition and buying text books. Too proud to admit his financial difficulties, he kept on sending money home and went light on meals—which was not very comfortable for a big, strapping man accustomed to hearty eating. Often he would try to "get through till dinner" on a morning dish of corn flakes and milk at a lunch counter.

As the months went by he lost weight and began to feel draggy. He developed a cough that he couldn't shake. He wondered if he were verging on tuberculosis. His eyes, too, were bothering him. As a boy he had overstrained them reading hand-copied dance music as he fiddled till late at night. Now the book he was studying would suddenly become a blur.

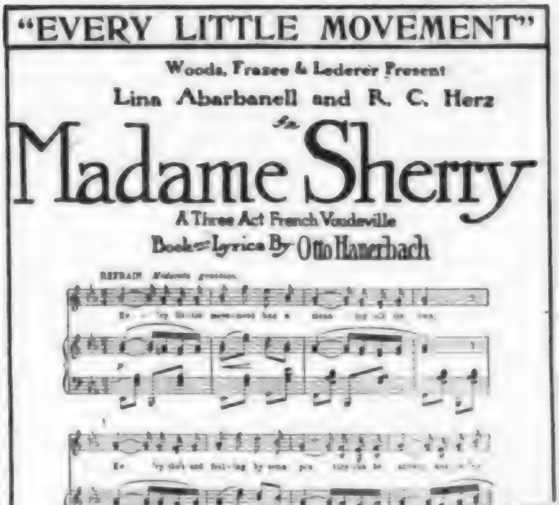
At last, feeling physically unable to continue his academic career, he gave up his course at Columbia and wrote a letter to Whitman College resigning from his professorship.

What was he to do?

"For a while," he says, "I tried selling life insurance. But that isn't easy when you're a stranger in a strange land. After that proved to be no go, I got a job as a reporter on a newspaper. It might have worked out all right for me if the newspaper hadn't abruptly gone out of existence."

Harbach can joke about all this now, but back in 1902 it didn't seem quite so funny. One evening in that low-ebb year he was standing on a street corner wondering what to try next, when his eye was caught by a large billboard advertising some Broadway show as being "The biggest musical comedy hit ever produced."

"There's an idea! I thought to myself," says


"EVERY LITTLE MOVEMENT"
Woods, Frazee & Lederer Present
Lina Abarbanell and R. C. Herz
in
Madame Sherry
A Three Act French Vaudeville
Book and Lyrics By Otto Hauerbach
REFRAIN

Otto Harbach's favorite among his own compositions is "Every Little Movement." In 1909 all America was singing this song from "Madame Sherry," by which at 36 the author was firmly established on Broadway.

Harbach. "Why couldn't I write a musical show and make a lot of money?

"It was another of those 'pointers' that shape a man's life. Just seeing that billboard—I've clean forgotten the name of the show it touted, but I remember the corner I was standing on when I saw it, and how I felt at the time—just seeing the words 'Biggest musical comedy hit ever produced' gave me the notion to write for the theater."

Needing some one to supply the music for his intended masterpiece, Harbach went to the only composer he knew—a Hungarian woman pianist with one of those names that if you see it you can't pronounce it and if you hear it you can't spell it. But the operetta they discussed and discussed never got very far on paper.

Harbach's career as an author might have ended with that inglorious fizzle had he not met at the home of this lady, a clever young man named Karl Hoschna. "Mr. Hoschna understands the commercialized American music better than I do," she said, introducing them.

Hoschna laughed. "Yes, I'm a hack in Tin-Pan Alley. I do song arrangements for Witmark and thump out the new numbers of vaudeville artists who want to try them out. But some day I hope to be a composer."

"Then you're the very man I'm looking for," said Harbach. "Why don't we get together."

And they did. In their spare time during eight years they worked at a piece which they called "The Sky Pilot"—rewriting, altering, switching the plot every which way, and substituting one tune for another. Yet despite all their revampings and improvements "The Sky Pilot" never saw the footlights.

This show concocting was all done at night. In the daytime Harbach wrote copy in an advertising agency for the lordly stipend of fifteen dollars a week. His prospects perked up, however, when a campaign which he had written for Regal Shoes attracted the notice of George Batten, the well-known advertising man. Batten sent for him and said:

"Come work for me and I'll pay you twice what you're getting now—no matter what that is."

"I was simple enough to own up to the fifteen," said Harbach. "So Mr. Batten didn't exactly have to strain the resources of his organization to take me on."

But the new employee soon learned to dent the payroll more heavily. He became head of both copy and art departments, remaining with the Batten concern six years. He might have continued in the advertising business indefinitely if . . .

The much-tinkered-with "Sky Pilot" was turned down by every manager to whom it was submitted, but—note the 'silver lining'—the Witmark people thought it showed talent. They engaged Harbach and Hoschna to do the lyrics and melodies for a forthcoming piece called "The Three Twins"—an adaptation of a play that had been popular abroad.

Terms? Oh, yes; that little detail had to be settled. Harbach was to receive for these verses one hundred dollars outright, and a royalty of one cent a copy on the sheet music. One hundred dollars outright! Nowadays his share of a song hit sometimes amounts to a hundred dollars a word.

"The Three Twins" was a success. Remember Bessie McCoy in the "Yama-Yama" number? The Yama-Yama costumes that people wear at fancy dress balls today got their name from that song. But an even greater hit, as far as sheet music sales were concerned, was "Cuddle Up a Little Closer." Harbach's cent-a-copy royalties brought him real money.

Harbach chucked his advertising job, and shutting himself up in his room, mapped out two plays that had been in the back of his head for some time—a comedy called "The Handsome Doctor," and "The Silent Witness."

But after the first thrill of being a "Broadway author" had worn off and the sales of his hits in "The Three Twins" had dwindled to almost nothing, he found that unless things got better pretty soon he'd be up against it again.

Back to Fried Egg Sandwiches

"Since the regular theatrical producers seemed disposed to worry along without me," says Harbach, "I shifted my attack to the vaudeville field. The very first manager I tackled—a man who was putting out acts of all kinds—told me there was a big demand for new stuff. What he particularly needed just then, he said, was a short skit with music.

"I dashed out of that office, got hold of Hoschna, and we worked at the thing night and day till we got it done. When we delivered our miniature operetta, expecting congratulations, the manager was out. Finally I was informed that the skit was no good, but that 'perhaps one or two of the songs might be worth saving for some other act.'

"I walked out of there feeling like a flat tire. As a forlorn hope, I went to the nearest telephone and called up my play agent, Walter C. Jordan. 'Well!' he said, 'I've been trying to get hold of you. Just sold "The Silent Witness" an hour ago. An advance royalty check for $450.00 made out to you, is lying right here on my desk. Shall I mail it or will you call?'

"I called!"

With his first play accepted, Harbach fancied that affluence was imminent. But it was six long years before "The Silent Witness" was put on—and then by a different manager.

While the manuscript of this drama lay molding on the shelf, the manager who had first accepted it joined forces with two other theatrical magnates to produce a musical show based on an old Continental farce called "Lend Me Your Wife." An adapter was needed. They were trying to decide who it should be, when Harbach called for the unpty-umpth time, to inquire about "The Silent Witness." His arrival at just that time was one of those coincidences which weigh heavily with the overlords of the theater, accustomed as they are to acting on hunches and intuitions. To his utter surprise he was welcomed in to the chief's private office and handed a cigar and a commission to write both book and lyrics.

That show was "Madame Sherry," which soon had all America singing:

Ev'ry little movement has a meaning all its own
Ev'ry thought and feeling by some posture can be shown,
And ev'ry love thought that comes a-stealing
O'er your being must be revealing
All its sweetness, in some appealing
Little gesture all, all its own.

—words which Harbach had written to fit Hoschna's aesthetic dancing melody. Together they were a very clever take-off of the wave of so-called "interpretive dancing" which had hit New York that year and run to all sorts of absurdities.

The show itself was a tremendous hit. It ran in New York an entire season—which was exceptional back in 1909—and five companies played it on the road for three season's thereafter, with profits aggregating more than a million dollars. Harbach's share as author was far from puny.

Thus at the age of thirty-six he found himself established both on Broadway and at the bank. But his success can not be set down as merely a lucky break. It was a case of finally emerging after plugging away at the game for eight years.

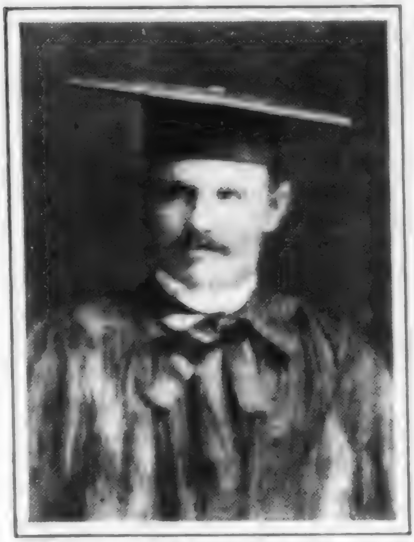
And remember the general experience he had had: violinist, choir singer, house-to-house salesman in rural districts, orator, college professor, lyceum lecturer, research student, newspaper reporter, advertising writer, art director. A man with a naturally keen mind and that much background was bound to break through.

The remarkable thing is that Harbach ever since has had at least one hit every season.

This list of his more important plays and musical comedies since Madame Sherry in 1909 tells the story:

1910—Girl of My Dreams
    The Fascinating Widow
    Dr. De Luxe. (Our old friend "The Handsome Doctor" turned into a musical comedy.)
1911—The Wall Street Girl
1912—The Firefly
1913—High Jinks
1914—The Crinoline Girl
    Suzi
1915—Katinka
    The Silent Witness
1916—You're in Love
1917—Going Up

1918—Tumble Inn
Up in Mable's Room
1919—The Little Whopper
No More Blondes
1920—Jimmie
Tickle Me
Mary
1921—The O'Brien Girl
The Blue Kitten
1922—Molly Darling
The Elusive Lady
1923—Wildflower
Kid Boots
1924—No, No, Nanette
Rose Marie
Betty Lee
1925—Sunny



Every normal boy is a hero worshipper. Otto Harbach was no exception. This graduation photograph of John Huston Finley, who had worked his way through Knox College and won all the prizes for English and public speaking, somehow fired the boy's ambition. He resolved to emulate young Finley's college career— and did so with conspicuous success.

The average show writer needs a failure now and then to keep him on the job. Four or five hits in a row—several seasons of piled-up prosperity and importance—are generally enough to turn a man's head or make him lose it entirely.

Harbach has kept up in the front of the procession for the reason that he has been too busy and too interested ever to drop out. Each time he is on the point of going away for a Grand Old Rest some manager sneaks up and sand-bags him with a contract to write another show—to the great indignation of Mrs. Harbach.

The truth is that Harbach is the slave of his success. Walking up Fifth Avenue the other evening he said to me: "I feel almost like a stranger on this street. I've never been in any of these shops. I've just never had the time."

The fact that Harbach's shows have put *more than ten million dollars* into the pockets of managers who have produced them is worth considering in picking an author to do the book and lyrics for a new piece. In his whole career as a dramatist he has never had an out-and-out failure. No show which he planned, constructed and O. K.'d, has ever "opened but to die"—as is the fate of more than half the offerings Broadway puts forth. In addition, he has been able by expert "doctoring" to save many a show which had a "good idea" but was badly built.

He is so consistently successful because he is a theorist who knows how to be intensely practical. He can enlighten you on the abstract principles of dramatic construction and coach a comedian on how to fall off a sofa. He can gauge the way each "bit" in a new show is going with the audience and then sit up all night rewriting new scenes to replace ones which didn't get over so well. He can rehearse the revised version the following afternoon, then watch the piece that second evening, and sit up late and make more changes—and so on for weeks. The vitality of the man is astounding.

Moreover his mental productiveness has steadily increased. His total output for 1925 will exceed that of any previous year since he started writing.

How he gets his ideas he himself doesn't know. It is as if he handed applications for them to his subconscious mind, which either fills the application within a reasonable length of time or else puts it on file indefinitely. "I complain about the slow service," he says, "but it doesn't do any good." Occasionally the old subconscious comes through with an idea which wasn't ordered at all; and *that* is apt to be one of the Real Ones.

Audiences now attending performances of Marilyn Miller's new show would be surprised to know that for a time it looked as though there wouldn't be any *Sunny*. For last spring Harbach, under contract to write it, could get no idea for a story. Months went by. C. B. Dillingham, the producer, kept 'phoning and writing him letters, while still the necessary idea remained uncaptured.

At last the day came when Harbach was due to go to Dillingham's office to read his synopsis aloud to the manager and the star—and there wasn't any synopsis to read! Well, he'd face them anyhow, confess that he was still hunting for a plot, and beg for more time.

It was with a feeling of considerable mortification that Harbach rode down to keep the appointment. As his car rolled along he sat alone and dejected, wondering what excuses he could make, when suddenly—he had the story! Just a glimmer, but he had it.

Arriving at the office with the thing as yet nebulous in his mind, he began to tell it to Miss Miller and Dillingham. In reality he was telling it to *himself*. It grew and grew as he went on. He heard himself mentioning appealing little details which had "occurred to him." Both of his hearers were enthusiastic. And for that matter, so was the story-teller!

Thinking, planning, evolving, building; such is Harbach's life. Except for trips down to

[*Continued on page 171*]

Starshine

Paula was a creature of the woodland mosses and moving streams.

The identity of a mys-
doned mountain inn
matic search for a fugi-

A Complete Novelette

THE woodland road ran heavily northward from Maryland through the Pennsylvania foothills of the Tuscaroras. Just here, it was squeezed between two precipitous slopes of the pine that, anywhere else, would have claimed the title of mountains; it was this tiny creek, which should have been a trout-stream, but which all Vedder's afternoon's labors had proved to be nothing of the sort. The sun was sloping behind that green eminence to the left; there hadn't been a house for miles—the sound of a laboring flivver gave the first hint of civilization since 2 P. M.

"Hello, Captain. What's *your* graft in this bailiwick?"

Observed at close range, the pausing driver showed himself lank, dun-haired, with sleepy eyes and loose mouth, the complexion of students and drug-takers. He might have been any age—or none. And Vedder had never seen him before.

"I'm afraid I don't know you," said the fisherman quietly.

"Aw, Captain, what's the use?—Buck Rawley, of the New York *Bulletin*. I'll bet our people got the same tip you have, and you can bank I'm taking good care nobody crabs it. Hop in, and we'll play this circuit together. If we turn up this cake-eater—"

He had indeed that generally deceptive air of cynical laziness characteristic of some newspaper reporters, combining it with a certain sharp penetration. This time the penetration had erred. The sportsman's firm mouth owned a pleasant smile, although it showed strong teeth:

"You're mistaking me for my brother. I'm Paul Vedder, from Chicago. The last time I heard from Captain Richard Vedder, of the Military Intelligence, and the D. C. I. he was in Washington and hadn't any idea of coming anywhere near here."

Mr. Rawley peered over his steering-wheel. "Oh, I get you now. But about the only difference is the eyes—his are blue—and I guess he's older."

"Five years."

"Still, you're working on this case."

"What case?"

The reporter, however, was not going to commit himself until quite certain that he faced a collaborator. "You know—" he had a way of speaking without any gesture, save a cynical shrug—"it'll knock the country pop-eyed."

"I left the service as soon as they'd let me go after the war," said Paul, truthfully. He did not add that, to join it, he had run away from school, and put a couple of years upon his broad shoulders. "I'm here for fish and don't know anything about any military mysteries. I was only a shavetail with the doughboys when the armistice was signed, anyhow."

He was slim, and six feet tall, his hair was brown, his frank eyes were clear hazel, his speech was slow and convincing. Buck reluctantly believed—plainly wanted to give some information—plainly conquered that impulse—plainly resented the professional stigma attached to a wrong recognition.

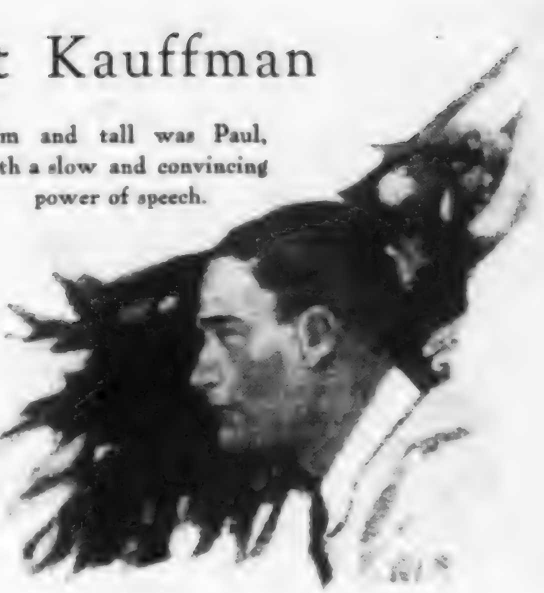
"Oh," he said, "well—" the flivver started—"so long."

Paul, stroking his clean-shaven upper lip in search of its long-vanished soldierly mustache, looked after the car until it was swallowed by the pine-shadows. "I wonder what the case is that will knock the country pop-eyed."

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

terious girl in an aban-
complicates the dra-
tive from justice

Illustrated by Ray C. Strang


Slim and tall was Paul, with a slow and convincing power of speech.

He was still a friend to adventure. In 1919 the war, he said, had cured him of daring, but he abandoned the law and studied mining-engineering. Six months since he said the elopement of a little girl who danced well, with a man possessed of more money than Paul, had likewise cured him of romance, and time had not deflected that cure, but these woods, where he brought knapsack and rod, were already whispering teratology, he was already seeking miracles. How else believe in trout after this day of disappointment? As he worked down the tiny stream, the strains of the *Golondrina* ran insistently through his head; he hummed them, the improvised words:

"The starshine pours across some aureate Andes,
A purple night broods on an argent sea:
I know not where, tonight, that fairyland is;
But some day
I'll find the way—
With Thee—"

Improper stuff for a toughened soldier. Too sanguine for a deserted swain. Also poor fishing-strategy, albeit his voice was a good enough baritone. Yet Vedder didn't care; *he* liked it. He worked on downstream until, of a sudden, the very afterglow disappeared from above that dark hill on his left, and night was upon him in the woods.

HE CARRIED a blanket and a sort of iron-ration. He had already twice, this trip, slept in the open and would do so now. He broke his rod and walked, as best the deep shadow permitted, for perhaps a mile along the invisible road. Then he struck uphill among the trees, seeking high ground for his bivouac. Under the lee of a bare rock, he made a fire, heated some canned food, smoked one pipe and finally lay down.

It was a black night. He heard the soul-wrenching cry of a screech-owl, as he dozed, he dreamed that somewhere in the heights a distant violin played the *Golondrina*. But he was very tired; when he thought that cannon rumbled and realized that the sound was thunder, he merely wrapped his blanket the tighter.

The full fury of the storm woke him. Heaven was laying down a barrage of its heaviest artillery, and behind that leaped the unbroken columns of the rain.

Vedder scrambled to the other side of his rock. No use; the torrent descended in all directions, and there was no protecting ledge. He must find a better shelter. Gathering his impedimenta, he staggered uphill. The lightning might show him a fortuitous cave.

Those flashes now flashed upon bending pine and hemlock with a glare so intense as to be blinding, and now left him in so stygian a night that he plunged into stinging underbrush or fell over exposed roots. The foliage was no protection against the lashing water; the thunder deafened him. Once a bolt of white fire showed him a copperhead wriggling from under his raised boot. He jumped aside and essayed another direction—which direction he did not know. Unreasoningly, and only because the set purpose obsessed him, he continued to climb.

Storm plays strange tricks upon a man lost in the woods. Vedder was plodding upward almost sightlessly amid those equally deceptive alternations of intense light and utter dark, his hands were occupied with his rod and a broken knapsack buckle; against the rain and the ascent, his body was bent double. Then, between thunder-claps, he rammed his head against an invisible barrier and tottered backward. He was nearly stunned and, a half-second later, entirely lost his balance. As he rose another aërial explosion tore the forest—a bolt of blue electricity sliced all the surrounding foliage. He saw clearly that with which he had collided, the trunk of a great oak—he seemed to see, beside it, a human face staring toward him, both dazzled by the flash and struck motionless by the horror of his presence, a wide face, dead white, with open mouth, colorless eyes and a crooked nose.

"Hello," called Paul.

But blackness returned as suddenly as it had gone. There came no answer to his shout. If the creature was indeed a man—if it was only any living thing—the sound of its retreat must have been engulfed by the howls of the storm, the next flash showed no sign of it anywhere.

Vedder floundered on—always upward, but now bearing to the right and again to the left. How long he went on he did not know, yet the elfin malice of the tempest went with him; in the terrible clarity of one more lightning-stroke he found himself in a clearing upon some high shoulder of the hill. A bridle path led into the bush fifty yards away. Poised at its entrance and looking toward him appeared a second vision—the vision of a girl in short skirt and leggings. Toward him she extended an open hand; but not to beckon—to repulse. Her pallid face was a mask of dismay.

"Don't be afraid," yelled he, and bolted toward her.

Darkness again. He found the path, but not the girl. The storm raged on. He fought his way along the steep trail, nothing.

He thought, "I'm certainly seeing things tonight."

Was this some seven years' delayed symptom of shell-shock? Or, banished from the groves of Greece, did nymphs and satyrs of old Hellas walk by night the woods of the new world? Paul lost the track. He lost his head. A loosened stone betrayed him; he fell; a wrenched ankle.

In for it now. Well, he was wet to the skin. He could not be worse by waiting here until dawn. Then he raised his eyes; through the storm, directly overhead a light shone, as if some calm star, stronger than any tempest, had come to rest upon that mountain-top. A house up there on the crest. Vedder began to drag himself toward it.

It proved a hard ascent: steep, long, painful. The trees gave way to bare rock; he discovered no road, and for part of the way, the latter part, he had to crawl on hands and knees. But at last he found himself before apparently endless wooden walls perched on the summit. A warped shutter released the light that had attracted him, and showed him a door beside it. Even in a lull between thunder-claps, he thought he heard voices. Paul knocked at the door.

Immediately the light went out.

"Hi!" called Vedder. "Let me in."

There was no answer.

He knocked again, harder. "I've lost my way."

Still no response.

THAT angered him. He beat with both fists upon the panel. Then he put all his force behind one fist and nearly splintered the old woodwork.

"If you don't open up," he yelled, "I'll get a stone and break my way in."

A peal of thunder punctuated his threat. Coincident therewith came a flash that might have been a shot from the roof. But the door opened a crack.

"You can't come in here."

A girl's voice—contralto. Vedder shoved his right boot-toe into that open doorway. "I'm going to."

"Who are you?" The tone was frightened.

"Nobody that will hurt you."

The door was pressed outward, but his boot stopped it. "If you don't tell me—" she began.

"I've been fishing in the valley and was caught by this storm."

"Then go straight downhill. You can't miss the road to the village."

Vedder's reply was to fling himself against that door. It flew back, bearing its warder with it. There was the faintest glow of light a yard away. He limped toward it—found a lamp—turned up the wick. He was in a large, whitewashed, almost unfurnished room. Panting—leaning against the wall where his forcible entrance had tossed her—stood the girl he had seen in the clearing.

Young—twenty-four perhaps, yet her rapid breathing so raised and lowered her breasts beneath her dark green sports-coat that he could see she was no gaunt Diana; her wet costume faithfully defined the entire figure of an athlete, but of a woman athlete. Paler she seemed in the yellow lamplight than even in the lightning, although her clear olive skin must show at more propitious times the pink of health. Her mouth, at all events, was crimson, and under their long lashes the eyes that down there were so dark now revealed themselves a blue gray. The rain had made damp ringlets in her black hair. She was neither *petite* nor heroic; the proper height for a woman—and she possessed all the atmosphere of a startled hamadryad.

"I'm sorry," said contrite Vedder. He was acutely conscious that, whereas the wet revealed her charm more clearly, mud and water made him a not reassuring spectacle. He extended his left foot. "I couldn't go to the town; I've twisted my ankle."

All fear left her face instantly. Then she did an odd thing; shut and locked not the outer door, but another, which had opened into the dark interior of the house.

"Oh!" Her voice had a little catch in it. "Why didn't you say so?" Through her slow smile, her teeth gleamed like spray in starlight. On the table stood a pitcher and a basin with fresh towels beside them. "Here's one chair. Sit down and let me—"

HIS protest was weak. Her quick fingers unlaced his boot, her firm hands bathed the injured member,

"Is it a sprain?"

"I don't think so," said Vedder. He wished it were; that would keep him here longer.

She unlocked the inner door, closed it behind her and locked it after her. Presently she reentered with bandages and a glass of mulled wine, "I have my own vineyard."

"This is your house?" asked Paul.

She was completing the bandaging. Over his bared leg her blue-black hair nodded.

"I mean: do you live here all by yourself?"

"Do you think you can stand the boot?"

"Oh, yes—if you don't lace it too tightly. I say: do you live here alone?"

"Yes." He couldn't see her eyes. She added, "Why do you ask that?"

"I—it's none of my business, but I thought I heard—"

"No. I'm all alone here. I like to be."

"Aren't you afraid?"

She looked up, now, with her slow smile. "Certainly not." She made a girlishly awkward gesture, extending her opened hand, its pink palm uppermost. "At least, tonight was the first time. You see, I never had a strange man try to break in before."

Paul's tanned face blushed boyishly. "And you live here all the time?"

"Yes, all the time."

"But why in the name of—"

She stood up, and at once he thought again how, after all, she belonged to the woods. "I'll show you one reason. That was why I put on your boot again. Can you climb some steps?"

She had not locked that inner door on her return. Now, after locking and bolting the outer, she led him farther inside the house. All was dark. There was a staircase. To guide him, she gave him her cool hand, and they climbed.

They climbed three long flights. Despite the pain it gave his ankle, Vedder would have liked the house to be a skyscraper, her hand was his inspiration.

"Let go. There's the trap-door here to the roof. Now."

Air fresh with the woodland scents beat upon his eagerly upturned face. He stepped out on a wide platform.

The storm had ended, and he looked down upon a star-drenched world of hill and river. On all sides, the highlands rolled away wrapped in monastic habits of pine and hemlock, oak, hickory and cedar. South, east and west, they climbed to the horizon, but northward they were cut by the sword of the Susquehanna, a scimitar of silver more than a mile in breadth, catching and giving back the glamor of the planets, shimmering as if the Archangel Michael had dropped his blade in Heaven and it fell upon a grateful earth. Except for the murmur of those waters, there was no sound in all that vast expanse, and even the far-off lights of a village, on this side of the river, and the twinkling street-lamps of the yet more distant town across from it, looked like stars descended in the wake of that celestial weapon.

For a moment neither man nor girl spoke. They seemed to be standing at the summit of the world, and the world below them seemed to hold no human thing. At last:

"You don't need any other reason for living up here," said Paul, slowly. Instinctively his voice was low. But then his brain spoke. "Only what made you think that I'd think so?"

"I don't know." She hesitated. "People that like the woods can tell when other people like them. And perhaps—"

He found her hand and took it. She laughed softly. Her laughter ended in a sigh. He glanced at her, then away:

"Was that your violin I heard?"

"I play sometimes."

"Without an audience?"

"There are always the stars."

"Or the storm," he suggested.

She did not answer that. "It's mine," she said suddenly.

"What?"

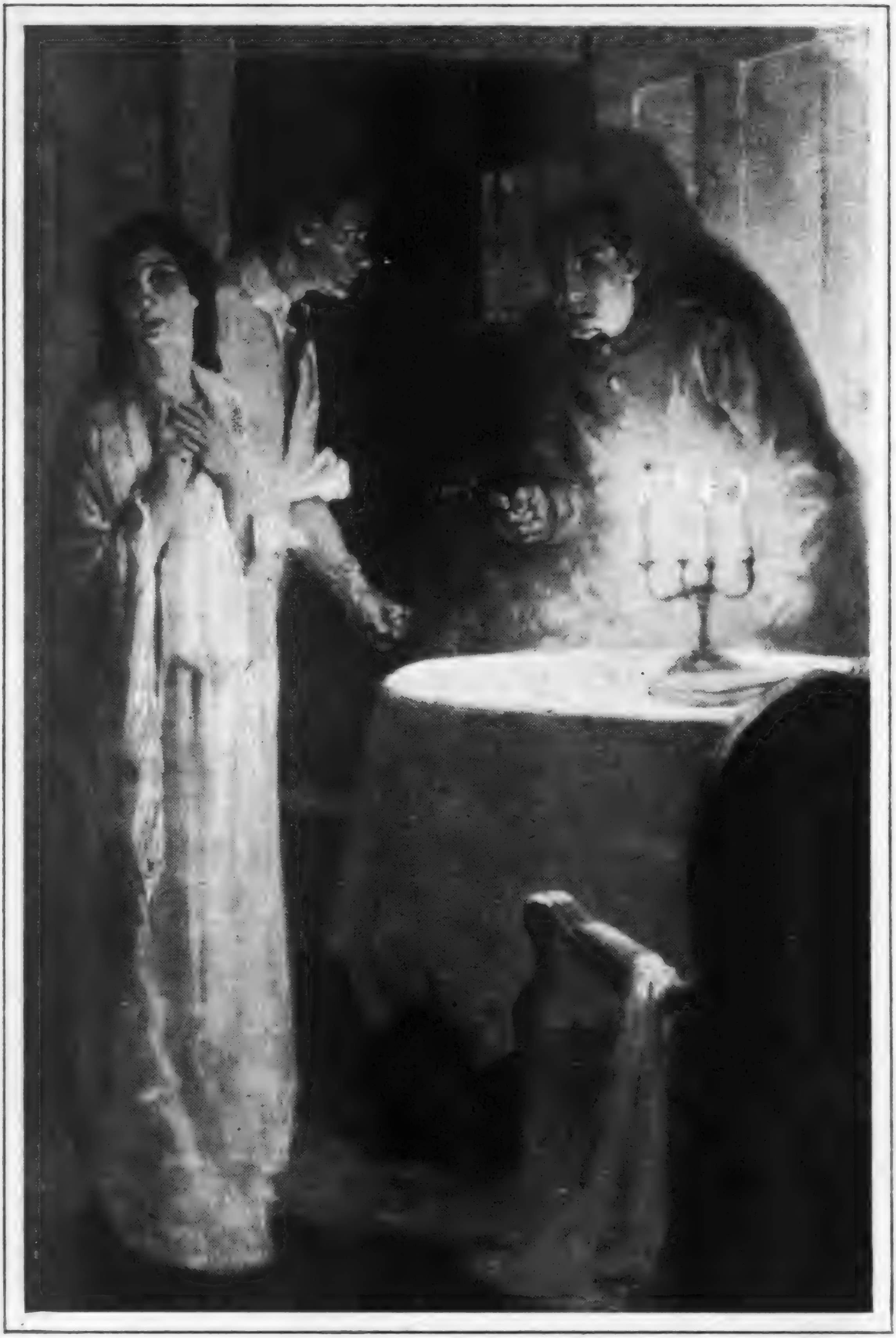
"That hand."

He dropped it. "I beg your pardon."

"Never mind. I only thought you might have mistaken it for one of yours—and I do need it, now and then. I'll need it now to make you up a bed on the floor of the room you broke into."

She made him a thoroughly comfortable bed down there, but it was long before he slept. He heard boards creaking as if, upstairs, people trod the bare old boards. He listened for voices. She had again locked upon him that door leading to the dark interior of this strange house.

Morning brought a shaft of yellow sunlight into the room, and he pushed open the warped shutter that had guided him here. He saw now that blind chance had led him by the hardest way, although there was one rock-climb to this hill top on all other sides, a dense growth of pine and ash and a tangle of underwood crowded against this old tinder-box where he found refuge—and romance. Dawn in the



The door was opened and the man Vedder had left stunned on the roof reeled in upon them. The intruder held, half raised, his automatic. "Get out—or I'll shoot," the thick voice threatened Paul.

woods was very quiet, and a filmy veil of silver mist hung among the trees.

He soaked his brown head and strong shoulders in the replenished basin—rubbed his deep chest and muscular arms. He forgot that Chicago person who had eloped with a war-millionaire. He whistled a bar of the *Golondrina*. As he pulled on the now dry clothes discarded for sleep, he decided that the world was still wonderful.

"How is your ankle?"

The girl stood at the quietly unlocked and inner door, a smoking breakfast on the tray in her firm hands. She wore a white apron, and her sleeves were rolled high.

"My ankle?" Paul was thinking that the faint pink, returned to that clear olive of her cheeks, enhanced the contrast between blue-black hair and blue-gray eyes. He'd forgotten about his ankle. Hurriedly, he tried his weight on it, then made a face of pain. "Only so-so." (The confounded thing was nearly well.)

"Then we'll rebandage—after you've had your breakfast."

"And yours?"

Her laughter was a forest-brook's. "I had mine ages ago."

And yet there had flashed across her face a certain hesitancy. "I think," he said hating to leave, yet realizing the social necessity, "if you can put me up for another twenty-four hours, the conventions won't suffer too badly."

She flushed. "It isn't the conventions. At least—"

"I could limp to the nearest town—"

"And then—"

She interrupted herself by leaving; left him to eat alone.

He would have sworn that she had noiselessly secured that door against him. What was she afraid of? Him? He smiled his pleasant smile. Perhaps she showed wisdom there—since he looked so much the realist that he was not. And what was she herself? This he answered in one definite word, "Lovely." When she came back and had again bathed and bandaged those muscles for whose wrenching he was profoundly grateful, she folded her sun-browned arms across her nymphic breasts:

"I'm going to be away for a while this morning."

"Can't I come along?"

"Your ankle—"

He frowned. "I forgot."

"And I want to ask you something first." She was leaning against the inner door, her crimson lips drooped under a brooding doubt. "You'd no reason for coming here except the one you mentioned last night?" Her glance was grave.

"Of course I hadn't." His gaiety showed his flashing teeth, and one hand sought that absent mustache. "Only now—"

"Now? What's happened?" she asked him.

"Everything. I've met you."

NOT alone her lips were crimson. "You mustn't talk like town in the woods. Do you give me your word that you've no motive for being here—that your sprained ankle and the storm brought you?"

"I'm a mere spirit of the tempest, blown astray."

"I want your serious word."

His hazel eyes met her gray ones. "I give it."

"And while I'm away, you won't—"

"Play Sister Anne or Bluebeard's wife? Nose around where I'm forbidden? You may take that door-key with you."

Her color deepened. "There's the key." She gave it to him. "I know you won't use it; your word's enough."

Resolutely he returned that key. "How do you know?"

"I can tell. I want you to do something that will seem queer, perhaps. If anybody comes, I want you to ring the big bell that's hanging out by the well. It will call me. And I want you not to let anybody in till I come."

Queer? Rather. But he promised—already he would have promised her almost anything—and she left him, picking up a bundle from a corner and going out under the trees.

For two paces only, Paul followed. There was no order against inspecting the exterior of this rambling frame house, and he made its circuit. An abandoned inn, he concluded, some over-buoyant soul had built it in an unrealized hope of the distant townsfolk and villagers coming here for the sake of the view. Prohibition laws had probably given the *coup de grâce*. It was dead now at all events—dead and dry, with its eyes shuttered.

"And one of these days," he thought, "a tramp along the river will forget to douse his morning fire, and the woods will catch—and this place will go up like a rocket."

But thinking about the girl was more interesting. Vedder sat on a bench outside the front door in the sun.

This girl—

Why was she so unnaturally alone here?

Was she alone? Paul remembered that other face—that dead-white face of a startled man—which he had seen—or imagined—in the lightning-flash beside the oak.

A hamadryad, indeed. Why, he was almost in love with her, of whom he knew next to nothing—whom there were a score of reasons to suspect of some unpleasant mystery.

Interesting—but annoying. On such a day it would be better to think not of the riddle, but merely of the girl.

Paul liked to suppose that he was modern, neither exalting himself, as a male, above women, nor yet placing them on a pedestal; he liked to believe that he considered them his equals on his own sufficiently elevated plane. His conception of himself was no more exact than most men's conceptions of themselves. He didn't pose before women or bully them, but he sometimes mistrusted them and sometimes accepted them at their own prejudiced valuation. Always he rather fancied that he was a man of the world, whereas he had the heart of a boy.

He stroked his shorn upper lip. A girl of enticing silences, she could speak to him with a look of her eyes, with the curve of her ivory throat and firm breasts most of all, he had observed, with a mere suspension of breathing. She was carved like a statue; colored like a goddess. She moved him as no other woman ever had.

"The next thing I know, I *will* be in love with her," thought Paul.

Flying insects buzzed, a squirrel barked, there came the cackle of wild turkeys, and a rabbit rattled through the underbrush. Plump—plump—plump—that was a woodpecker. Paul saw a red-winged blackbird fly by—and then he saw Mr. Buck Rawley emerge from the woods.

The reporter slouched up. His eyes were sleepier than even they were last evening—his mouth more lax—and these Paul guessed, were to be danger-signals.

"*Hello*—" said Buck.

"Good morning," said Vedder.

They shook hands. Rawley would have sat down upon the bench, but Paul promptly rose.

"Stopping here?"

"Yes."

"I heard the old joint was empty," lied Rawley.

"Not at least while I'm in it."

A silence.

"I believe I'll give this place the once over," said Rawley.

Vedder looked him straight in the eyes. "I believe I wouldn't."

A faint hint of color came into the reporter's face. "When did you buy this real estate, Mr. Vedder. Where do you get that stuff? What do you think I am?"

"I know," said Paul, "that you're trespassing, and I think you're doing it to find out something that's no affair of yours." He barred the way.

RAWLEY tried another tack. He spoke without gesture, but his face declared that this unworthy doubt of him wounded to the quick. "Aw, look here, Mr. Vedder. I'm wise now that you're on the inside with the proper authorities, but what's the big idea freezing me out? I couldn't spill anything till you people acted, anyway. It's like this—"

"It's like *this*," Vedder interrupted. "I'm not in anybody's confidence, but I can keep you away from here, and I'm going to do it."

Again he carried conviction, but the assurance that his physical power was his only warrant whipped Buck back to sullenness. "Who are you? What's *your* graft?"

"Only that I see—"

"You see a lot, don't you?"

"Then tell me what you are doing here," Vedder slowly demanded.

"What are *you?*"

"That's none of your business, Rawley."

"And mine's none of yours."

Buck made one stride forward. Paul caught him by both shoulders and turned him full about.

"Get down that hill," said Vedder, "or I'll be rough."

For half a minute, out of smoldering eyes, Rawley, over his shoulder, looked at him. Paul's hazel eyes remained determined. Then the reporter slouched away with his cynical shrug. "All right—but if you're not lying, you're cooking up a nice mess for yourself." He lurched into the underbrush.

Vedder sat down and listened until sure that this retreat was no ruse.

What was up? He might have found out if he had sacrificed pride to diplomacy. That representative of a sensational New York newspaper, here in these southern Pennsylvania woods—the talk on the valley road—this lonely house—those sounds as of creaking boards—locked doors—the girl—

Perplexing.

The woods were still, the house was very still. Paul, with a limp considerably less than that assumed in the girl's presence, wandered under the trees.

His first month of soldiering had taught him the sentry's duty to his post, but his three years in the Army were six years distant. He had no idea of deserting, yet his head was full of another matter, and before he realized what he was doing he had descended the hillside.

He came through a clump of lindens to a grassy mound. It looked out upon a wooded river-cove. The forest rose steeply behind him and crept along this inlet's bounds. Across the water, the Lancaster County uplands climbed to the bare precipice of Chiques, and between that bank and this, flowed, with beauty and danger around eddy-making rocks and between islands thickly foliaged, the majestic Susquehanna, its treacherous currents' swift murmur filled, without breaking, the leisured quiet.

And here, beside this river's edge, unsuspecting his presence, knelt the girl.

She was at one of those rare moments when unmarried women are most fascinating, the moments when they are not thinking about men. She was so poised that he saw her in profile, the darkness of a tight single-piece bathing-suit outlined every flowing curve of her athletic body and gracious limbs and made arms and legs marble white. She was looking at her image in the mirror of the water, and Vedder said to himself that what she saw there was indeed a Greek nymph, a creature of woodland mosses and moving streams, who breathed the rapture of a vanished earth.

She rose, climbed a rock that jutted out into the cove. She flung her young arms above her shapely head. There came a slash of white and blue—and the glad cry of the river as it received her.

Then, scarcely a second later, came something else, a startled cry.

Paul tore off his jacket. No time even to cut the laces of his boots. He leaped to the rock, ten yards away, the girl had been caught by the current and, though fighting bravely, was already being beaten.

He dived, too. He was a strong swimmer, and using the racer's stroke, somehow reached her despite his clothing's handicap. She was in no panic, but she was nearly exhausted. She turned on her back and flung out her arms so that he could place himself beneath her and embrace her thus, it was the instinctive movement of one who, having rescued others, knew the best posture for the rescued to assume. She flated her chest and pushed her legs well toward the surface. So he brought her in.

She lay supine beside him in the warming sunshine on that knoll whence he had watched her. The burst of thanks was over, the rise and fall of her breasts was again regular. A Baltimore oriole blazed across the clearing, in the quiet sky overhead a turkey-buzzard circled lazily, nothing but the river's mutter broke the profound peace. Between Paul and the girl, however, a pause had fallen, and it became, on his side, strained, he was glad when she spoke:

"How did you get down here?"

"How? I walked, of course. I came because—"

"But your ankle?"

"Well, *I* called it a walk. You'd have called it hobbling."

"I suppose I oughtn't to tell you that you shouldn't have left the house."

That apparently ungrateful speech crowded his news of Rawley to the rear of Paul's mind.

"If I hadn't left the house," said he warmly, "you might never have come back to it. You live close to this river, don't you know its bad places?"

"I'd never been in just here before. I'm strong—"

"It was stronger—"

"You—" there was that catch in her contralto voice—"were stronger still." She lay motionless for quite a minute, her eyes wholly blue as they looked directly into the cloudless blue sky. She seemed visibly to blossom. "Stronger," she whispered, "and braver. Strength and bravery are the two things—" A sob shook her. She hid her face against his arm.

HE THOUGHT it the reaction of a badly frightened child. "Don't—it'll be all over now."

"Oh," she said, and she raised a face wet with tears and radiant with a smile. "I wasn't scared for myself— For myself it might have been better—" There came that little catch in her voice—"I didn't care."

"Nonsense— Besides, you helped. You helped wonderfully."

"I didn't care, though. But then I don't believe anyone does at the last chance. You just put up your best fight because that's the thing to do. I said I admired bravery, but this isn't bravery. It isn't even fear or any—any agitation. A person's not agitated then, you're clear-headed, calm-nerved. It's more like inspiration." She knitted her brow, thinking it out—silent a moment, with parted lips. "It's as if God having given you life, this was His protest through you—and quite apart from you—against your protest, against your losing it without making your best effort to save it."

Scarcely a child. Scarcely also, a mood to invite the lower emotions. Vedder flushed under his tan.

"Do you realize," he asked slowly, and with apparent irrelevance, "that I don't know your name?"

She meditated that, looking skyward a moment. Thence she looked at him, searching, and finding, quiet. "Does it matter?"

A few minutes since, with her so close and everything else so far away, his sight had been dulled to love's more delicate colors, something had urged him to seize joy where it occurred. But now, with her wide eyes plumbing his, that was over—at least for the white hour, he saw her armored in innocence and wearing impeccability like a sword.

"There was a man came to the house a while ago," said Vedder.

She sprang up. "What did he want?"

"I don't know."

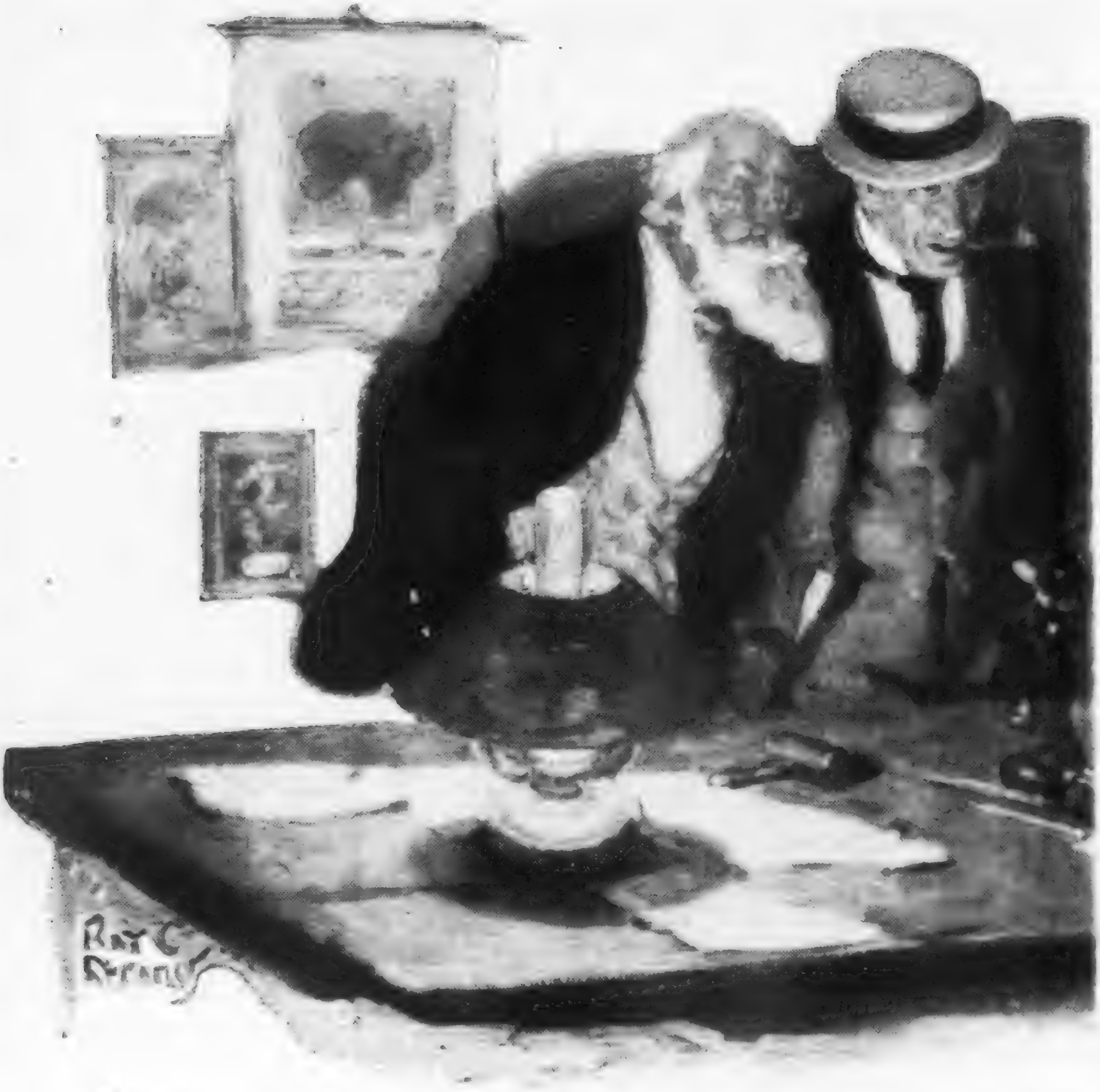
"Did he get in?"

"No."

"What did you do?" Under her tight bathing-suit, her breasts tossed.

"You didn't—didn't make him angry—make him suspicious?" How wide her eyes were! What color had returned to her cheeks ebbed. She made her helpless gesture with its outstretched palm. "Oh, why didn't you tell me before? We must hurry."

Her fear was pitiable—the fear of this girl that had no dread of death. Instantly Paul regretted having at all given her the news. He felt quite sure that he had quieted Rawley for some little time to come, moreover, he was



Swoap raised a heavy fist. "Come on, now—or I'll give you this, so help me God." But

not satisfied with her secrecy. The reporter's warning rose in Vedder's mind, he resolved to steer, temporarily, a middle course, he quieted her. It wasn't easy, but he did, his still wet hands on her still wet arms. Surely, somebody must every now and then stray to that high hill top, lonely though it was. Yes? Then why worry? He added nothing to what he had so far said of the wanderer. At last he succeeded—and succeeded completely, here, to his longing delight, was the nymph again.

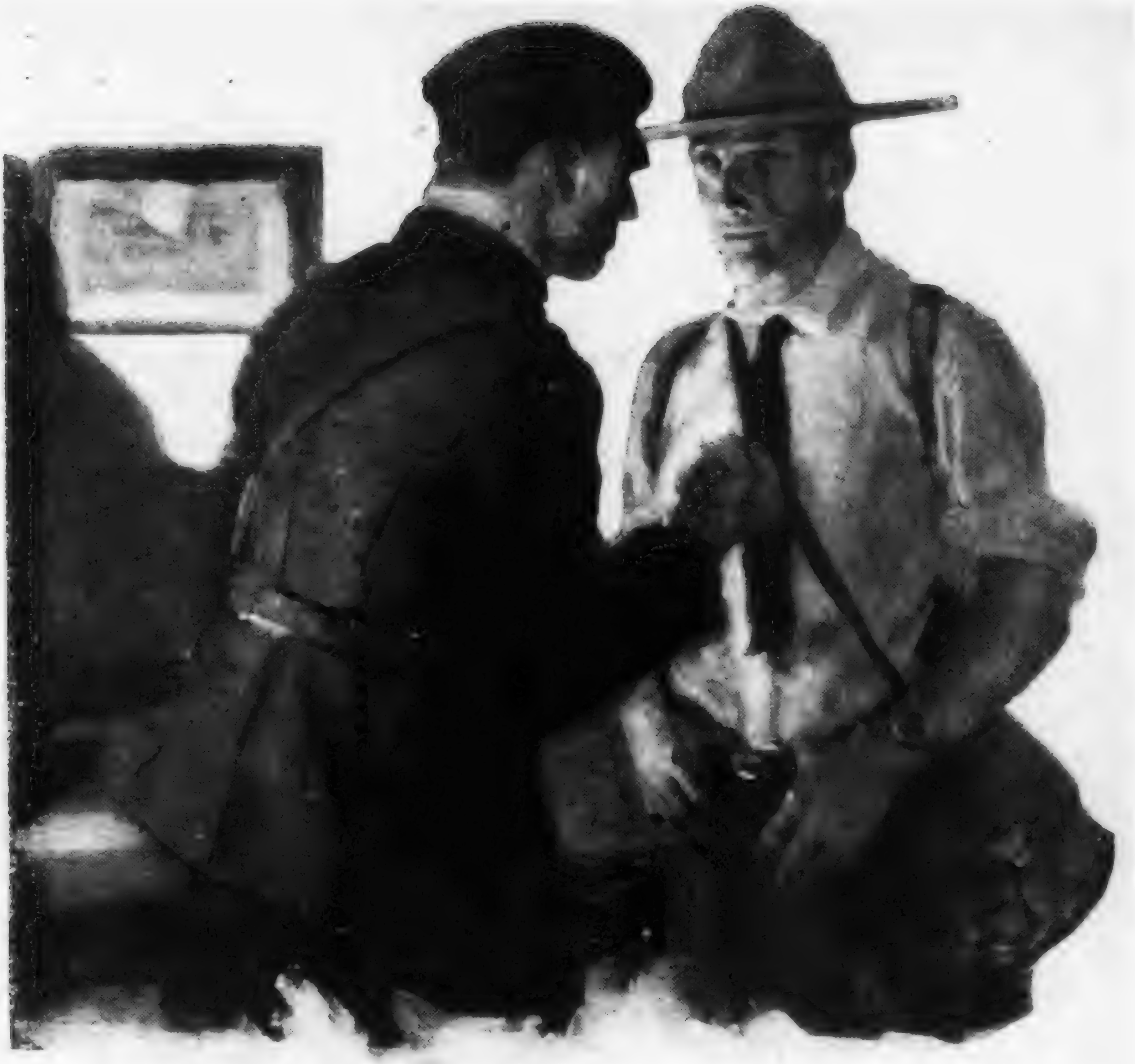
"Still," he concluded, with his slow smile, "there's no excuse for my staying away from my post any longer. Are you strong enough to come up, too?"

Her hamadryad laughter rang through the woods as she ran ahead of him. Vedder had to limp.

He spent that afternoon in his quickly dried clothes on the bench before the house—she was then concealed somewhere within—speculating much on the mystery of things about him, but poring more over the puzzle of what had happened to himself. The answer to the latter conundrum many pipes gave him quite clearly, in his consciousness, however, he then resolutely refused to formulate it. The former enigma continued an enigma.

His thoughts ran riot. These woods might be the groves of Greece, and the girl belonged to them. Vedder, ex-soldier, present mining-engineer, imagined vanities—saw her a nymph, coming to him sandal-less over the moss—limbs that were rays of light, a pliant body of living ivory. When, an hour after sunset, she summoned him to his lonely supper in that ground-floor room, she wore the short skirt and sports jacket of yesterday, but he envisaged her as she had been on the knoll by the river. When she came to bear away the remains of the meal, he persuaded her to take him to the roof.

From there, the heavens were brilliant.



Paul's word held good. "Try that," he said, "and you'll find that I've got fists, too."

Sirius shone like polished copper, and Jupiter was a nocturnal sun, all the pathless meadows of the sky bloomed with star-daisies. He looked at the beautiful and desirous river which had nearly murdered her, it lay an argent scarf now, shining between its dark hills, and across its own illumination sparkled sequins—its reflection of the lights above. He was jealous of the Susquehanna for having nearly stolen her.

They leaned, Paul and the girl, against the platform's fragile rail. Wind there was none, the silence beat like a planet's pulse. The spell of the summer night hung heavy. Who was she? And what? He knew that the more hardened the reporter the more he is apt to run away upon false scents—that nobody is so easily deceived as the cynic—and that the man who doubts everybody will believe everything. And yet there was a mystery—most likely as not entirely creditable. But the spell of the summer night hung heavy.

"You said that in danger you could see God. Don't you," Vedder wondered, "see Him in things like this—beautiful things?"

"Who doesn't?" she countered. "What's hard is to see him behind ugly things, back of the meannesses of towns—in poverty, pain—and—and disappointment and distress. That's *worth* seeing."

What should a hamadryad know of distress? The doubts returned. He asked her, "You're alone here—are you alone in the world?"

"My mother died when I was a baby."

"And your father?"

"He was a Quaker, a professor at a little college—he died just after the war."

"You've no brothers?"

"Nor sisters. I haven't any blood relatives living except some second-cousins in California—and I've never even seen them."

She ended with that girlish extension of the palm. It's very awkwardness accentuated his impression of her youth and solitude.

"When your father died—you came here then?"

The girl looked down at the river, below the trees. "Not—then."

He began to hate his inquisition, but, after all, he meant her well—now. He paused. Then, "Won't you tell me *why* you came here?" he pressed.

Her eyes were raised to him—eyes once more mature. "I don't understand," she said, "how it comes that I think you're so different from other men. Perhaps—" she smiled, rather forlornly, "it's because I see so few. Or perhaps," she was serious enough now—"because you first frightened me and then, somehow, encouraged me, to—to go on." Her fingers intertwined. "And then of course, today, you saved my life."

Who wants gratitude as the cornerstone of affection? Nobody that is young—

"That won't do for a reason," said Paul. "Anybody would have jumped in after you."

"Then," she laughed softly, "there's *no* reason to trust you especially."

"Every reason." Paul saw her upturned face clearly, and that sight compelled his almost violent answer.

Her voice had in it the little catch so frequently there in moments of emotion.

"And I do trust you," said she.

Should he, however, trust her? When he could wrest his glances from her, he wondered. Out there in the night, he could watch his doubts—the sinister puzzle of this house—floating like evil spirits made visible in the air by the Prince of powers of it. "If you honestly trust me, tell me why you came here."

"There's—at least now there's a question of—of honor involved." She shook her head and drew his gaze back to her. "You mustn't ask me any more."

Well, why should he? The contralto voice rang true as a silver bell. His mind's eye saw Rawley, shocking and cynical, who asked of every man and woman "What's *your* graft?" Saw and scorned. The lightning-revealed man by the oak. He might have been a farmer strayed up from the riverside—might have been some illusion of the storm. Anyhow, were there no such things as honorable privacies left among humankind? Here, without doubt, was mystery, yet why should he, Paul Vedder, assume that because certain events were mysterious, they must perforce be illicit? Now her unjeweled left hand fluttered like a roseleaf to the platform's rail, and before he well knew what he was doing, his right hand slipped over that leaf. At least twice before he had touched her thus—never before had the touch so moved him, at the contact every doubt fled away.

Every doubt fled, and in their place a tenderness and a mad resolve. It came out of the stars, he thought—if he thought at all—and shot from her fingers into his heart—into his head, a current Elysian. He had told himself that, if he were not careful, he would fall in love; he was entirely careless—and in love.

"Then I won't ask you why you came. But what if I—" Yes, he heard himself saying that—with faltering lips; but saying it! "If I asked you to leave—with me?"—And he had known her not twenty-four hours—did he know her now? This woman of riddles, whom a base solver of riddles for a base world's jeering delight sought, and must sooner or later find. It was sheer insanity, but the night was magic; the touch of her was beatific, and Paul, despite everything, was young. "If I asked you—" Her head drooped, her lovely head. The stars were very bright. Bending his head, he could see that, in this starshine, her blue eyes were like twin sapphires. "With me?"

There followed one of those breathless silences of her parted lips that so stirred him. Then:

"You mustn't," she whispered.

"I must," he vowed.

"You mustn't ever again—"

She broke off. Distinctly, from the floor below, a step had sounded.

"What's that?" Vedder's tone was harsh—the harshness not of fright, but of alarm.

"What," she asked, "do you mean?"

However he saw the quick rise and fall of her breasts. "There's somebody downstairs."

"I—I didn't hear anything."

"Yes." Jealousy flamed in him. "Yes, you did."

"I didn't. But I'll go and see. Wait."

SHE half turned toward the trap-door which alone gave access to the roof. But neither Paul's ears nor the girl's words had deceived him, his laughter stopped her even before his detaining hand fell roughly upon her shoulder and held it.

"*I* let *you* go? Hardly." If there was a trespasser in this house, it was the man's place to oust him; if, on the contrary that person belowstairs had a right to be here, then Vedder had been lied to. Hours ago, he assumed the latter hypothesis, not many minutes since, he told himself that the girl's reserves were her proper prerogative. But all this was before he admitted loving her—with the acknowledgment if not a sense of ownership, at least the resolve to possess her—and possession clamored against concealments; they implied a rival. Paul could put her where there was no further hiding, he would. "Looking for burglars must be *my* job."

"Please." She said only the single word.

Again that step sounded. Distrust enough, now. It must be near the foot of the stairs leading to the trap-door.

"You do hear that?" he asked angrily.

Under lowered brows, she could see the tightening of his mouth. She tried to tear herself free. "There's danger," she whispered.

"Then it's all the more up to me."

She struggled. He held her. Suddenly she tossed back her head and looked him full in the face again. She flung out her hand, palm upward:

"You're stronger than I am. You can keep me here. But you can't stop me from going down there with you."

To that danger. Paul remembered now the flash he had thought was lightning, which came from this roof when, in the storm, he stood hammering at the door below. Was it a shot? Then there might be another, tonight. Somebody's patience had been successfully evoked after that attack—or somebody's caution successfully appealed to—but at last the patience had snapped. The man of the lightning—the face revealed beside the oak—was no illusion of the storm, then; and, whatever peril it bore, this girl would face it with Paul.

So Vedder interpreted. He was ashamed of his triumph. He released her. "But I'm the one to go—I mean alone," he said.

Her eyes, those sapphires, widened. "There's danger only if you do go! There's none if I go without you."

Truth shone in her gaze, and immediately there again raised its head in Paul's heart the serpent that hides in the heart of every man. His interpretation of her offer changed to the last letter—and changed to bitterness. He had wanted physical combat in her defense—in those last words of hers, she denied him the right to battle for her. His face brooded. He had been a fool. Then it *was* a lover that was down there. Because his love for her had come so suddenly, his jealousy came with all the greater violence. He was through, he told himself. He told himself that he hated her.

"Very well," he said shortly. "Go." He turned his back on her.

The step sounded from the stairs, yet she did not at once leave him.

"I told you," she pleaded, "that there was a matter of honor involved."

"*Honor?*" He laughed again, loudly. And the encrouching forest mocked him with its echo. Let her go to her lover.

He heard her catch her breath. Then he heard her walk to the trap and descend.

"Paula." The hoarse voice rose in a sullen mutter. "I won't stand for any more . . . had about enough of this damned . . ."

The very name was the feminine form of Vedder's own. But he wouldn't listen. Her contralto whisper floated upward in some anxious plea, he walked back to the rail and leaned on it. There only the arrow of an occasional phrase could reach and wound him.

"—crazy—he'd tell . . ."

"Not if I put him where he couldn't . . ."

"I'll promise. . . . If *you'll* only promise I will."

"Then kiss me."

Paul, the new and casually received admirer, was to owe his safety to her vows repledged at that other altar; thereafter— He wouldn't pursue the thought. Disgust shook him—disgust and pride alone held him from rushing down those stairs and confronting these skulkers. Instead, he would wait until they had cleared away—until he need not look again at the woman. Then he would leave the house for good—walk to that other village whose lights sparkled down river—get a train—get an automobile—get anything, but get away.

Resting his elbows on the rail, he put his hands over his ears. He looked out into the starry night.

THE frail railing trembled. There was an ugly drop from here to an outcropping of rocks below, if a man fell, his chances of surviving would be meager. Vedder thought about another sort of fall that he had narrowly escaped, he had really, for a minute, wanted to marry the girl. Sheer insanity. Of course, there was something rotten going on. A man didn't hide himself from all visitors—shoot at them under cover of a thunder-storm—unless he had criminal reasons for so doing. Paul wished he had treated Rawley differently—found out something. . . . And when a man and a woman are housed thus together? Only one answer.

Vedder damned himself for a fool. He had romanticized that girl like a simpleton, or a poet. This very afternoon, hadn't he dreamed of her—seen her, as a nymph coming to him unshod, over the moss, under the trees, limbs that were rays of light a pliant body of living ivory?

Through his impeding hands, music beat its way to his ears, a violin that, far off, in the depths of the house, sobbed out the *Golondrina:*

"The starshine pours across some aureate Andes,
A purple night broods on an argent sea—"

The melody tore at his throat.

That cowardly conference was over, then. His "safety" had been bought. At what price? He turned bruskly.

And he found himself confronting death. Arms out to administer to him the fatal push that would have sent Paul crashing through that fragile rail to death upon those rocks below, a creature crouched not two yards away, checked solely by Vedder's unexpected turning.

"What—"

No, not a moment for inquiry—none ever for expletive, this was the quick business of murder. Paul had a glimpse of broad shoulders and broad white face, ragingly evil, of big hands opened for that interrupted push. Then the surpriser, surprised, swept from halted stealth to desperate action, and the push came; the heavy body lunged forward with all its force and weight.

Vedder could take a half-step aside—took it. One of those hands missed him, yet the other caught him on the chest, slightly to the right—did not drive him backward, but spun him round, so that the short-arm hook which he drove toward the square head went wide of its mark.

Paul circled—put his nocturnal enemy between himself and the rail. Now he saw that the whiteness of the face was the whiteness of a dead fish's belly and that in its hate was mingled fear. Was this the man that— No answer yet. Only so much Vedder saw—and no more. For, next, an odd thing happened, the arms were drawn back, the puffy hands covered that masklike face.

Why? In the very flash of attack, the query burned into Vedder's brain. Terror there was, but not terror of this fight prompted that concealment. Nor was its instinctive purpose to hide any likeness to the girl; here was no hunted brother; here was the other man, the secret of the deserted inn was the real lover—must be. But something diseased? A leper? As Paul closed upon the hulking body, its instant struggle became far too strong for that of an invalid; the booted feet kicked hard, the hands came down, and clenched fists beat, with healthy force responding to Vedder's own.

One blow landed between Paul's eyes. He staggered—gave his opponent a partial chance to draw a weapon, and the enemy made the movement indicative of such intent.

This lover, there, through the trap-door, hadn't Vedder heard him promise the girl to spare their visitor in payment for renewed physical favors? And, once the girl was gone to her violin—it's distant music sounded even now—hadn't the blackguard broken his promise and attempted assassination? Wasn't he attempting it now? Steel gleamed. Paul hurled his hundred and sixty pounds against that mass of flesh, clinched—pinioned the hand that had drawn an automatic—drove one knee violently into his opponent's abdomen. The pistol, undischarged, flew away somewhere among the shadows of the roof. The enemy went down—Vedder with him. The dry rot of the platform's planks crumbled dustily under the concussion, but one of them had remained firm enough to do its work. The man with the white face lay stunned and still.

Panting, Paul rose. His impulse was to carry that inanimate body and drop it whither his own death had been planned to occur. This was, of course, not to be fulfilled, but he did study with careful scrutiny that which lay in the clear starshine before him.

A man he now saw of perhaps thirty-seven years, and of perhaps five feet-eleven in height—a heavy figure. The eyes were closed, but the scant hair was almost as pale as the face—so pale as to be nearly white. The thick lips owned scarcely any color, and the nose had once been broken and never properly set. No room for doubt; this was indeed he whom Paul had seen in that lightning-flash beside the hillside oak.

"There's no accounting for tastes," said Vedder. Under the starshine, he smiled his slow smile—and only the stars knew how styptic it had become.

Yet here was something shadowly familiar. He had seen such a face, or the likeness of it, somewhere before.

He could not for the life of him think where—

Came again that distant music. It drove every other thought from Paul's brain. He started through the trap-door, pausing merely to bolt it behind him. He would tell that woman what he thought of her—tell her what a lying murderer she kept here and then leave this place forever.

EASY to follow the sound of the violin. He plunged after it down two flights and along a lengthy hallway. Dark, but there came light from around a door at its farther end. He did not knock, he pushed that door open.

"I know not where tonight that fairyland—"

The melody broke in the middle of a bar.

Vedder paused to gaze on the threshold of a room far different from that which he had occupied belowstairs—far different from everything indicated by so much of the rest of the house as he had so far seen. This was simply but comfortably furnished as a combination of bedroom and living-room. It was still and cool, yet the air must be admitted by some shafts to the roof, for chintz curtains did not quite hide the windows, closely shuttered. There were rugs on the floor, a low bookcase and a high music rack faced each other from opposite sides in gray distemper, against the third wall a dressing-table had been placed, and beside it was a bed, white and clean, the snowy covers pulled a few feet aside, waiting occupancy.

Close by that the girl Paula stood, her violin still beneath the provocative curve of her chin, her bare right arm bent with hovering bow above the instrument. She wore some sort of filmy negligée garment that clung to the lines of her lithe figure, and the soft light of half-a-dozen candles in sconces on wall and table gleamed upon her blue-black hair, her gray-blue eyes, upon ivory throat and olive cheeks faintly tinted with a startled pink.

"You're not—"

Paul closed the door and came two quick

strides toward her. "Not dead, no," he said in his slow voice.

"I mean—" she put violin and bow in a near-by chair—"I mean your ankle; you're not lame."

Her contralto voice held an accusation. He met it with bravado:

"I haven't been a bit lame for hours—not since noon, anyway. You might as well know that now."

"You pretended," she began, her flush deepening, a scorn of him stealing into her tone. "You pretended to—" She saw that his usually pleasant smile was cruel, that his hazel glance smouldered. "You mustn't come in here," she broke off.

"You're a little late with that," said Vedder. His firm lips tried to tighten on his anger—his anger won. "I don't suppose it's so unusual." Suddenly he proudly decided not to tell her of that attack on the roof—to let her find it out when she was ready to hunt for her real lover—to treat it as a triviality beneath contempt. Rage shook him—and, at continued sight of her, jealousy, which he would not name. "Not exactly unprecedented in your experience."

Now her cheeks burned. She stamped a lightly slippered foot. "Go out of this room."

"Not yet," said Vedder, and thrust his hands into his pockets, with the studiously resumed air of a lazy guest. "I've got something to say to you first."

"Then I will."

She made a nymph's dart around him toward the door. But he was ready for that, his hands came out and seized her wrists.

He had meant to tell her merely that he knew she had a lover; the contact revolutionized his plan. Something shot through him from the living white flame of her—lightning from her eyes of a startled wood-goddess—a quick intoxication. He released one hold, flung an arm around her supple back. Whatever kisses he had given in his life, or she received, this must be a new thing to them both. He had fought her lover and whipped him, here raged the primitive exultation of the barbarian conqueror who tied his dead enemy to his chariot and bore the enemy's woman inside the chariot, a slave. She struck him—his tawny cheek, under her flying fingers, became a stinging scarlet.

That roused the man to the expulsion of the tiger. The real Paul Vedder—the Paul Vedder who had never before come so near to losing rein along this red way—it woke to shame of himself, to unreasoning pity for her. He let her go, he staggered back against the closed door.

She said—what? That she hated him? Her round eyes said that indeed, but her broken voice said, "You must—go—if he found you here—He might come—any minute—"

"He won't," said Paul in an assuring tone.

"How do you know? You know there's somebody else—here—somebody—But how do you know—*that?*" One of her slim hands pressed between her breasts.

He made no direct answer. "I don't know who that fellow is. But I'm a better man than he is—and somehow I'm going to take you from him." There surged the bitterness of that love which courts its own destruction and yet cannot help surviving before the very proofs of its sole possible object's unworthiness. "Yes, even if I know he's your lover."

She fell back a step. Her other hand rose to her breasts, and both hands were clasped there. A fresh horror rode her face, changing it back to the face of an innocent child.

"My—my—"

"Your lover," said Vedder, but this time, try as he would, the charge faltered.

Of her own will, she came toward him, and he saw now that he had torn that filmy gown. Her step was uncertain, but not her girlish eyes, nor yet her contralto voice. Although she made her familiar gesture of helplessness, she spoke clearly.

"Give me your hand—please. There—Now the other." There came that catch in her voice; into her eyes came the light of the hamadryad. "Now look at me—Am I lying?"

He shook his brown head.

"Then I tell you I—never—had a lover!"

A WEEK since, in Chicago, he would have laughed out of court any such words said in any such circumstances. A minute ago, he would have mocked these words from her. But here and now? Well, he had assumed, however briefly and inconclusively, a rôle for which there can never be adequate excuse, he knew himself to have been culpable—and that is a dangerous piece of knowledge for the heart of a young man. So rapidly and irrelevantly ebb and flow the tides of that strongest of all the emotions storming the shores of the soul. Looking at her—feeling her nearness—drinking in, as she exculpatingly made him do, at least the half-assurance of her unsoiled youth—the highest degree to which he could force his doubts was one whence all that he might do was to doubt himself for not altogether doubting her. And even this was not to be maintained.

"You say that?" Those stars they had watched together were no more lovely than she and, it all at once seemed, she could not be less true than they. "He isn't—"

If she had about her the breathless splendor of the planets, she possessed also something of their quality of awe. "Did you really dare think so?"

"But then what—"

"No." She shook her head. "I won't tell."

"That's final?"

Final past words. She merely nodded. Yet, although her lips were silent, the flames she bore within her illuminated her beauty and sent out its heat to his head. That fire rather than his own voice spoke:

"Will you—forgive me?"

She did not answer soon enough.

"And come away—with me?"

His words rushed out with unaccustomed rapidity. What did he mean? . . . Marriage? He didn't know—He didn't care!

For a moment her eyes were full of dreams! For a moment her broad brows cleared and the halo of hope seemed to shine above her head. Still she did not speak. He greatly ventured—to so much as touch her hand:

"Anyhow—you care?"

Does there live a woman that, knowing a man desires her with his whole heart, can help but joy in that knowledge, if only to guard its remembrance against the sure years when none will care? Paula's voice was low, but, with hanging head, whispered "Yes."

A pulsing stillness flooded the room. He bent and kissed her.

Not as that last time, yet again not quite as he had ever kissed any other woman. And the need of this one overwhelmed him. Love can be as powerful as its imitation is violent; in that beating quiet, when he dared not look at her and she would not look at him, the neaptide rose once more—it rose transformed in its essential nature, but increased in its mastering strength.

"Please—" she pleaded, and put out an upturned hand.

He caught that pink palm to his lips. He could hear the rustle of her gown as her breathing quickened. Neither could hear anything else for the blood that hammered in their ears; they were deaf to the crunching of rotten wood far above.

"I love you."

"No."

"I love you—"

"You mustn't—"

"I love you—"

She pulled at that captured hand; he would not let it go. She desisted. She swayed toward him.

"Paula—"

They were facing each other thus when the door was torn open, and having broken the trap from the roof, the man of the lightning, the man that Vedder had left stunned up there—reeled in upon them.

The eyes were open now—pale eyes in that broad pale face with its broken nose, its almost colorless lips, its revivified malice. Where else had Vedder seen it before ever he came here to York County? Where had—

The girl freed herself. Agile fingers composed her disordered hair—drew tight her robe. "Put that down," she gasped, her eyes wide.

The intruder held, half raised, his recovered automatic.

Paul's hazel gaze was steadied. His brain also. He weighed the wrath against him and decided that this weapon might very well be more than a threat.

"Get out—or I'll shoot," the thick voice of its owner threatened.

"Not yet, you won't." Vedder tried to place the girl behind him.

She wouldn't have it. Her eyes rose from the automatic to the dead-white face above it. "You promised—"

"Promised? What did *you* promise *me* when—"

Rage choked further utterance. The girl's cheeks were crimson; "Well, *well?*"

"Oh," the fellow cleared his throat—elevated, an inch more, his pistol, "keep it up. Innocence was always the thing you did best."

PAUL'S fists clenched. There was death in the air of this room, every chance was against him, but there come crises in which not to flout all chances is to suffer more than they can inflict. "If you don't put away that gun, I'll take it from you and knock your head in with it."

The pale eyes revealed debate. Then, suddenly, the pale lips laughed. "I'd not be afraid of you, if I did put it away. I don't have to be afraid of you any more. For now—" the thick voice rose—"now *you've* got to be afraid of *me*, Captain Vedder."

Paul's brother's title. Himself, Paul opened lips upon explanation. But before he could speak, the girl amazingly turned on him.

"So that's who you are. How did you dare come here? How did you—"

"I'm not Captain—"

"Oh, shut up," the hulking man lumbered toward him. "Oughtn't I to know, here in the light? The point's this; I've got the goods on you. If you don't clear out and report I'm not here—drop your work against me—why, if it's the last thing I do, I'll have you into court for—" he pointed a puffy finger—"for your relations with her."

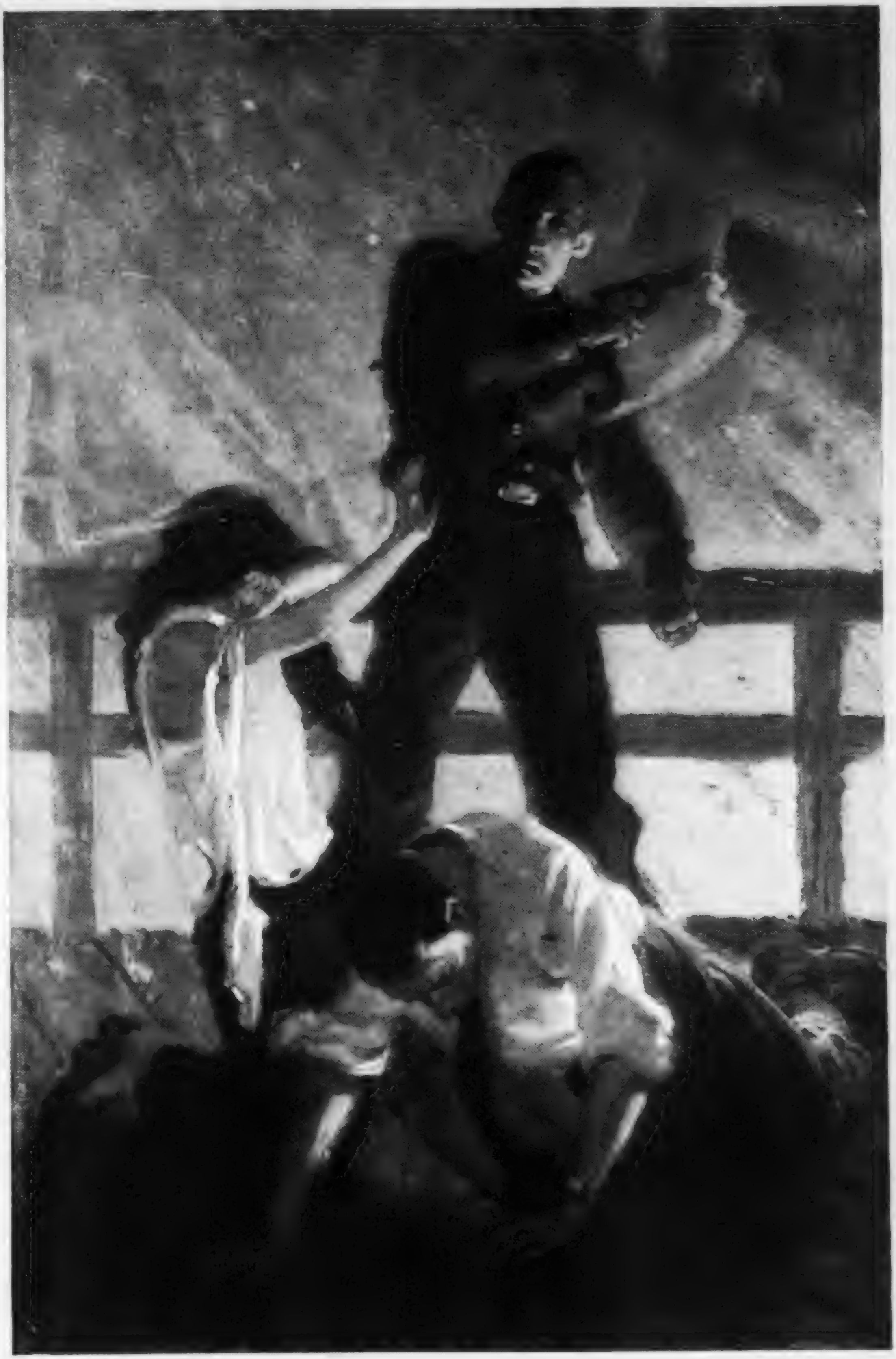
Paula cried out. There, finally, he cowed her.

And Vedder? He did not think of that mood in which he had entered this room, nor yet, of the potentialities of the mood in which discovery overtook him. Resentment against the charge's brutal frankness drowned, in his soul's whirlpool, even further thought of the mistake concerning his identity.

"You—you—"

Yet, even as his right hand swung back to launch a blow in her vindication, the girl seized his wrist:

"No—no! He'll do it—he *will*. You've tricked me—won't you consider me at all?"



Underwood fired. The automatic spat viciously, but just as it did so, a shower of sparks was blown across the roof. Ever so slightly, the weapon had wavered. Untouched, Paul fell.

Not so much her words as something now realizably behind him, and that leering other's, chilled her undesired champion; not her warning, or even greatly her appeal but a new-born doubt stayed his defense of her. He looked from her strained face to the white face of his enemy:

"Who is she?"

"She's my wife."

That was what, in the last second, he had expected—and dreaded—to hear. His raised arm fell to his side—pulled itself away from her. His body stiffened. Without lowering his eyes to where she crouched, he asked:

"Is this the truth?"

Her voice broke. "*You* lied to *me*."

"Tell me whether this is the truth—at last."

"Speak up, Paula," sneered his enemy.

She rose. "Yes," she said defiantly, "we've been married for six years."

This was the girl of day-dreams and the summer's night's starshine. No better than the dancing girl who ran away with a persistently perspiring profiteer. Worse; for the doll might conceivably keep to a marriage, once entered upon, whereas:

He recalled how, when the door opened, Paula's fingers had smoothed her hair—drawn around her tightly that torn gown. Then, he attributed those actions to horror arising from a sudden appreciation of how nearly her surrender had been sealed. It was nothing except dread of the possible surrender's detection. And she was deft about it. Innocence was the game she played best, eh? How often had she played that game—with others—and won it, before tonight's ultimate defeat at a long-suspicious husband's hands—she, who had first tricked him, Vedder, by a clever pretense and then made herself seem a being worthy of the best he had to give?

"You'll not hurt her?" Paul indicated her by a toss of his head—would not look at her—addressed his enemy.

"Not if you go—"

"He won't hurt me," said the girl.

"And if you let me alone," persisted the husband.

"All right," said Vedder, still speaking to him only. "You've made a grand slam—and you're welcome to it."

He left the room. . . . He left the house. . . .

One brief day of hot sunlight had made the earth forget the rain and dried the woods to tinder. Twigs snapped to dust underfoot, the leaves of the trees rattled and the arid brush crackled as he pushed his angry way through it. Under the stars a hot west wind suddenly risen, swept over the great hill. It remained at his back from the pine-clad heights, followed his stumblings down to the maples and birches, warmed his already rage-fired cheeks along the river-road, mile after mile. It had an arid smell—it was as bitter as his thoughts—but it might have seared him to the bone and he would then have scarcely noted it. Not until he reached [the first farmhouse, shuttered and asleep, did he look over-shoulder, the steep that he had lately descended bulked high out of shadows into shadow, dark, somber, relentless, a forbidden land.

WELL, he was through. Through with it. Through with dreams. Through with women.

He wanted nothing except to get away.

He consulted the phosphorescent numerals of his wrist-watch; only eleven o'clock. This night's events had evinced at least the virtue of celerity. Yet—for here he was at the village—the few street-lamps were already extinguished. He had hoped for a train—any train. Whither bound didn't matter—but there was probably no late train scheduled to pause at such a station, and as likely as not the local garage would be unalterably closed. Well, he would keep on walking.

He was just about to turn out of the street into which the road had merged when he all but collided with a pedestrian headed in the opposite direction. That pedestrian was dimly discernible as Mr. Buck Rawley.

"*Hel-lo!* This is luck. I was after you."

The reporter turned, slipped an arm through Paul's and began to walk beside him. Buck knew when to forget grudges for the sake of business, Vedder was in no mood to care.

"Well, you've got me."

They were passing a brief flight of railed wooden steps. "Then come on in here a minute."

"No thanks."

Rawley's hold tightened. "Listen. There's a squad of state bulls, on the job, but they didn't bring a search warrant, and this dumb-bell of a Squire Wurtzbach won't give 'em one without better reasons than they can produce, so they want a little corroborative, 'information and belief' from you."

"They'll not get it," said Paul, and pulled aside.

Rawley whistled. Through the doorway at the top of the steps a trio issued. They wore the uniforms of the Pennsylvania State Police.

"This is that man Vedder. I tumbled right into him.

"Come on, now."

Paul smiled. He understood the uselessness of attempting resistance to such authorities in such force. He was even incurious as to their purpose. What did any thing matter? "I'll come with you, but I've nothing to say."

They drew him into a bare office with some benches in it and insurance calendars on the walls. Over a desk bearing two or three calf-bound volumes dropped a stoop shouldered man of great age; steel-rimmed spectacles assisted his fading eyes, his white beard and mustache were tobacco-stained, and his mouth worked leisurely over a cud. He blinked at the newcomer.

"Paul Vedder—been stopping at Round Top." The deep-voiced speaker was the chief of the captors: a sergeant—robust, blood, physically capable. "Come on, now."

Paul could not go much further without crowding Squire Wurtzbach's desk. He therefore stopped before the window, where sat a fat, sandy-haired man who bore all the tokens of a village-constable.

"Well, Mr. Vedder," whined the squire, "what can you tell me about it?"

"Come on, now," the sergeant prompted.

Paul spoke slowly, hand to lip,"I don't understand what it is you want to know."

"These gentlemen are askin' me for a search warrant fer old Pap Zanker's hotel up on Roun' Top, an' ain't got enough information to go on, I think; an' Alec Sides here, he—"

"'Tain't my business," protested the constable in a stolid rumble. "My job don't run beyond the borough limits. I tol' the Squire all I know's she rents the place an' don't ever come down 'cept fer food now an' then. An' she plays the violin up there," concluded Mr. Sides, magnanimously with the contribution of what he evidently considered a most suspicious detail.

"Been there 'bout two year'," resumed the squire. "An' I never heard harm of her; but as I say, these here gentlemen are wantin'—Well, Sergeant Swoap, it's your case; s'pose you state it."

"We're after a man thirty-seven years old," said the sergeant as one used to learning and reciting official descriptions, "five-foot-eleven, weight 185, thin fair hair, pale eyes. Has a nose that was broken and badly set. Have you seen him? Come on, now; Mr. Rawley knows you've been stopping up there."

"What," asked Vedder, "do you want him for?"

"Oh, Hell," said Buck, "*You* know. Come clear, Vedder."

"Never mind *what* we want him for." Swoap approached belligerently. "Have you seen him there, or haven't you?"

Paul's hazel eyes glanced away from the inquisitor to the window. Far out there towered Round Top above all its fellows, a dark mass against the spangled sky, that he almost fancied, circled it with a light less like the stars' than a sunset's afterglow. He hated the place and those who lived there. But he had given his word.

"Come on, now."

What was the charge? What was the memory that his sight of Paula's husband had vainly tried to evoke? But he had given his word.

"Come on." Sergeant Swoap was confronting him, face red, eyes angry, chin protruding.

Paul granted him only a calm stare—and silence.

"If you don't—" Swoap raised a heavy fist.

Old Man Wurtzbach rose, and bent over his desk. His gnarled hands he clasped behind him, but his tobacco-streaked beard wagged like a reproving forefinger. "Now, then, Sergeant, I kint allow none o' them third-degree tactics in here. This is a squire's office, an' a squire's office is a court o' law. I won't have no—"

"Oh, shut your face!" bellowed Swoap out of one corner of his mouth.

"Alec Sides." But the constable was halfway through the door. "If you want to do that kind o' thing," the thus deserted Wurtzbach weakly concluded, "you'll have to take the man somewheres else."

He might as well have chided the currents of the Susquehanna. Swoap thrust his fist under Vedder's nose. "Come on, now—or I'll give you this, so help me God."

But Paul's word held good. It held him silent, and he smiled his slow smile.

The sergeant's left hand shoved back Vedder's head, the right fist drew away to strike.

"Try that," said Paul, "and you'll find out I've got fists, too—and tomorrow I'll have a lawyer."

Rawley owned a sense of fair-play. He touched the official bully's sleeve. "Can the rough stuff, Swoap, you dumb-dora— Whyn't come across, Vedder?"

"Get out of here, or you'll get something else," the sergeant snapped at the reporter.

"Now, then," he continued to Paul, "I'm not afraid of what you can do tonight *or* tomorrow. I'll give you—"

OUTSIDE, an automobile had stopped. Constable Sides lumbered back into the room, and behind him entered alertly a personage whose face and figure were replicas of Paul's, but whose bright blue eyes were quite his own—a man who wore civilian clothes as only an army officer wears them.

The receipt of an original cross-word puzzle from the Queen of Abyssinia would not have surprised Paul any more than this arrival of Captain Richard Vedder, U. S. A. However, there was nothing to be gained by showing amazement. The younger brother's fingers sought his vanished mustache.

"Just up from Washington, Dick? You're a little late on this Round Top case, but I suppose your coming means the Military Intelligence is going to take it out of the hands of the State Police. Perhaps *you* wouldn't mind telling me what it's all about?"

"Clarke Underwood," said Captain Vedder.

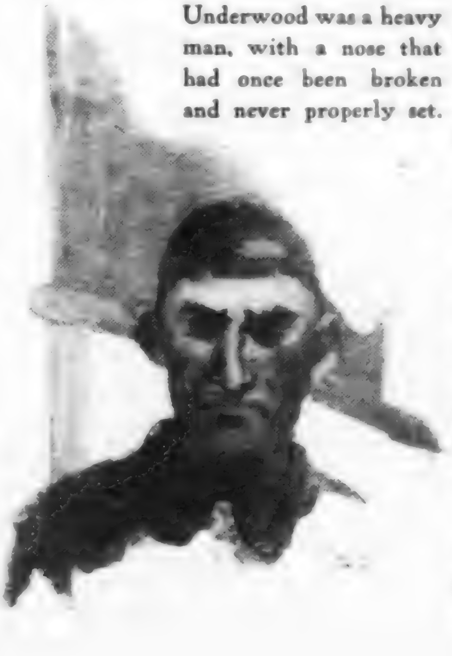
Clarke Underwood!

Now Paul remembered—wondered how he could have forgotten—and wished that he might again forget. Seven years ago—six years—five—and since, from time to time until '22—the portrait of that man at present in hiding upon Round Top had morally disfigured every large circulating American newspaper, then interest had ceased, as even such interest will when its every interest leads nowhere. Small wonder that creature had thought he recognized the elder in the younger Vedder; Underwood's last escape had been effected by the aid of a bribed guard-corporal immediately after a five-minute preliminary examination before Captain Vedder, whose men had made the capture. The Underwood case was a Bergdoll case—with added aggravations.

Its history was that of an at first spoiled and then dissolute only child born late in their lives to rich parents. When America entered the World War, Clarke Underwood boasted that the Army would never get *him;* he had no scruples, religious, moral or political against such conflicts in general, or against his country's present participation in particular; he simply didn't want to sacrifice his personal ease for her, and he nearly succeeded. A draft-board physician disqualified him on some medical technicality, he bragged that he had bought the examiner—was accordingly brought up again, passed, sent to a cantonment—found drunk on guard—arrested—escaped—deserted; his mother had kept his O.D. shirt stuffed with hundred-dollar bills.

Although the military sought him, and patriotic organizations put a price upon him, he long lay hidden. Erroneous clues—some the mistakes of enthusiasm, others expensively manufactured to divert pursuit—impeded effective chase. Here and there, local officials and amateur detectives hampered—either stimulated by the rewards or intent on blackmailing the parents. Then, one day, a pair of Richard Vedder's men caught the fugitive, disguised as a woman, in a New York East Side speakeasy. He was taken to Governors Island, whence in a hired motor-boat, he made his final escape.

For the police at large, any romance that might have attached to him soon faded; his flights were so palpably not the result of daring, but of money. Even what sympathy had existed for his silly parents died—and the parents themselves died soon after, as much from worry and shame as from any disease, but not before, it was rumored, caching specie for him at previously agreed-upon places. Several times his own death was reported. One week he was said to be on a Wyoming ranch, the next in Florida, making for a yacht among the keys. He was "seen" with the Gloucester fishing fleet—near the Mexican border—buying an airplane. But he wasn't found—and finally the progress of the war—its end—the slow return of the country to the ways of peace, all these combined to erase him from the general mind. Only the outraged Army remembered.



Underwood was a heavy man, with a nose that had once been broken and never properly set.

That it did remember was now, however, made evident. Tenaciously, carefully, secretly it had kept up its quest—scoured the country like so many huntsmen—burrowed like so many moles. And here at last—

THE captain was speaking of the chase's earlier days, "Closest we ever got to him then was when we traced him to an Indian fanatic six years ago, religious non-resister. Gone when we got there, Underwood was. Courageous, honest old top, that Professor Bourne; he'd lost his job because his pacifism was too militant. Cashed in a little later without telling us a word. Never heard anything more till one of our men reported somebody answering the description seen near New Freedom."

"Our Stewartstown correspondent grabbed that rumor," said Rawley. Sergeant Swoap's quick glance at Alec Sides betrayed the source of the information that had reached the State Police. "And this jay-cop tipped off Harrisburg."

"My official job don't run beyond borough limits," rumbled the beet-red Constable Sides defensively, "an' anythin' like a reward I kin pick up outside them's personal an' private." It was evident that the constable was something of a letter writer.

Paul made no comment, but he said in his slow way, "Did this Bourne have a daughter?"

It was the reporter who answered. "Yep—an' I'm banking she's the hot-sketch on the hill.

"She's applesauced this whole burg, ever since she's been there—and now she's handed you the gander-garnish, Mr. Vedder."

Paul's resentment flashed over his tanned face, "Cut that out, Rawley." But the thought of the girl protecting such— It was a thought he could not pursue—and yet must pursue. Did his promise hold in the face of these revelations?

"We're only waiting for Squire Wurtzbach to give us a search warrant, Captain," that was the Sergeant of State Police explaining— "and we've asked your brother here—"

"My men and I—they're outside—won't stop for any formalities," the captain interrupted. "If somebody will show us the way, we'll start at once."

Paul's eyes turned toward the window. Far out in the darkness, Round Top was surrounded with that glow which he observed a few minutes since. But he thought the glow had grown.

"I believe—" he began.

The door flew open. It let in a brisk breeze and the strong scent of burning wood.

It let in also a small and excited boy.

"The woods is afire," cried this messenger of disaster. "The woods is all afire up Round Top way."

Some casual tramp—some careless camper.

Paul paused an instant on the top step for verification, his dark cheeks twitching, his nostrils wide. Yes, it was true—the wind had shifted somewhat toward the south, but it still bore—it bore more strongly—that pungent odor, it now drove forward, under the bright starshine, a low-rolling haze. The distant earth-glow perceptibly deepened.

He must go back to Round Top. She was hemmed in there, or soon would be. And he must stop her from fiery peril. Would it mean her arrest along with her husband's? What matter? It would involve her husband's rescue from death in the flames. Well—

And as he realized this, he realized also—and for the first time quite clearly what lay at the root of his anger and nourished it. He hated her because of the thought that she had deliberately wakened love in him—love or its semblance—in order the better to quiet any suspicions—in order the more thoroughly to protect the wretched creature to whom she was married and with whom she was so madly infatuated. To be used in such a way for such a purpose, that was the crime unforgivable.

Before the office stood an open military automobile. Three men—soldiers—had remained in it. Captain Vedder was joining them.

Rawley tumbled past Paul. "*I'll* show you the way."

Paul interfered, "You've no business in that car. I—"

"Aw, you're always making out I haven't any right somewhere or other—"

The reporter's eyes were sleepier than ever.

"Get in—both of you," snapped the captain.

Swoap and his State Police—Constable Sides—even old Squire Wurtzbach came out of the house as a confused and clamorous mob. In the street, villagers were forming to fight the fire or block its obvious route before it threatened their little town.

The elder Vedder gave none of them a glance. "Got to get our man." He took the wheel. Even as Paul piled in beside him and Rawley behind, the engine throbbed and the car leaped forward. They were off.

They tore down the starlit street, they swept into the starlit road, but with every hundred yards' advance, the stars grew dimmer, and the haze increased. They left the village far behind them, and then, above the panting of the motor, rose a sharp, incessant crackle that they all knew to be underbrush aflame.

They were going full speed over a dangerous course. Ruts, rocks, and sudden rises of the uneven ground all but tossed them out of the car and into the air. Ditches clutched at the automobile—swung it to this side and that. But the machine plunged on. The elder Vedder was bent double above the wheel. And the air's odor strengthened—and the haze thickened.

There was dense smoke ahead now—clouds of it along the encroaching hillsides in front of them. Paul watching, saw red sparks dart through it like angry fireflies, he became conscious of a steady widening glow. That crackle of burning underwood merged into the consuming roar of tall trees on fire—maple, ash and linden, and, more and more frequently, the sharp explosion of a pine or hemlock.

Here were the dark woods upon them at last, rising precipitately at their left; upon their right lay narrow lowlands of reeds, and then the river. The road ran straight ahead—but up that road advanced toward them a rolling column of smoke shot through with lurid flame.

"It's hell," gasped Paul.

IT WAS like a gas-attack with close-following shrapnel. The wind beat through it, first with a crackle, then a bellow and the finally protracted sibilance of fanned flame. Red tongues ran out and licked the road, sucked, at each side, pine-needles and early fallen leaves, rose thence to fresh underbrush, and from it to resinous trunks up which it wriggled to the pitch emitting branches. The fire was attacking the motorcar on both flanks.

"We can't go on," said the elder brother.

[*Continued on page 154*]

to headquarters, and forthwith was committed to prison.

Hated Sheffield

Illustrated by
Seymour A. Ball

in a land of bald-headed men

showed him the place where his hut had been, and now all that Sanders could see was a drunken roof, half hidden by the elephant grass, and very wisely he did not pursue his inquiry any further. The "sickness mongo" might mean anything from beri-beri to the bright, curved executioner's knife which hung everlastingly at the entrance of the old chief's hut.

These bald men—and it is a curious fact that the heads even of the youth of the tribe shone like polished ebony—gave no trouble; carried no spears to the killing of their neighbors; paid their taxes regularly; were clean and industrious; and if they practiced secret rites and concocted strange medicaments, such as had never been heard of by any other people of the river, there was no blood-letting, so far as was known, and they served a most useful purpose, in that they stood, in their jealousy, as guardians of the Pans which stretched behind the forest, an unnatural plain, innocent of bush or tree for forty square miles. It was a legend amongst all the Europeans of the coast that the Pans were rich in alluvial gold. Certainly the Government never sought to test the truth of this, putting in the balance, against such a discovery, the certainty of an influx of most undesirable people, who follow every discovery of gold.

There came into this quiet land a white man, who called himself Odwall. It had once been Obenwitsch, but, for reasons of his own, he had Anglicised himself, taken off the beard he had been in the habit of wearing, and thus, outwardly changed, strayed into the region of the Pans, which are approachable only through the country of the Bald Men. These quiet souls, who believed that there were only three white men in the world, received Mr. Odwall with the profound respect and dazed wonder which a church convention might offer to a second, and hitherto unsuspected, Archbishop of Canterbury.

He sat down and talked to them in their own language, and they gave a great feast and a dance of girls, and they told him of their mystery, and why their heads were bald; but in this he was not greatly interested. Nor was he especially thrilled when old Ch'uga, chief of the village, told him secretly, in a whisper and in the darkest corner of his hut, that a new herb had been found which cured madness. For the Bald Men are very wise in the use of herbs, and because of this they are bald, as you shall learn.

Tactfully and gradually, he led the talk round to the subject of the Pans and the yellow dust that could be washed from the dark earth; but Ch'uga shook his head at the first word of it.

"Lord," said he, a trifle shocked, "these things we do not talk about, because of Sandi our father, nor do dig into the earth, for that also is forbidden. And when strange men come and make little holes in the ground, we fight them with our spears and they run away."

Mr. Obenwitsch (we had better call him Odwall) was terribly interested but asked no further questions. He had, he calculated, at least three months to get on better terms with the chief, and he could afford to bide his time.

IT WAS unfortunate for him that, the following morning, as he strolled through the tree-fringed village street, he met another white man, who walked out of the forest, followed by six tarbooshed soldiers. Mr. Odwall did not swoon; he made a little grimace which might have been mistaken for a smile, and touched the rim of his none-too-clean helmet.

"Good morning, Mr. Commissioner," he said. "My name's Odwall—"

"Your name is Obenwitsch," said Sanders, with his hard little smile. "Three years ago I had the satisfaction of kicking you out of this country—and I have an idea that I'm going to repeat that process, but this time, I think, the kick will be harder."

Mr. Odwall was nearly a head taller than the dapper Commissioner; he was heavily built and something of a rough fighter; but he took the threat meekly, and it was not only the presence of the soldiers that restrained him.

"You're in reserved territory without a permit," said Sanders, "and that may not be all. I'd like to see your baggage."

The baggage, which consisted of a weather-worn grip, was brought from the chief's hut (all the Bald Men standing round, clasping their sides anxiously and wondering what was toward). Sanders opened the grip and turned over its contents. There was a quart flask of rye whisky, and this he smelt, afterwards turning the contents upon the ground.

"You're carrying spirits in a prohibited area," he said briefly, "and I shall commit you to prison with hard labor for six months."

"See here, Sanders, you're acting a little arbitrarily—"

"You can go quietly or you can go in irons," interrupted Sanders. "I won't argue with you."

Mr. Obenwitsch went down the river, a prisoner under escort, to headquarters, and forthwith was committed to prison.

Sanders did not explain to the Bald Men why he had taken his fellow countryman away, for it was his business to keep up the end of the European race, and Mr. Odwall knew him well enough to be certain of this reticence. He served his six months and was deported to England, for he was a British subject. But there was in his heart no malice toward Sanders, for Walter Odwall was an habitual breaker of the law, and such men respect authority.

He came to London with enough money to hire a flat in Jermyn Street and to arrange with a high-class stationer for certain printing. For six months he had sat in prison, planning and re-planning, and his scheme was complete in all respects save one, and this deficiency could easily be remedied. He called to him a financier.

He had met Mr. Wilberry in one of those social capillaries which are erroneously described as night clubs. Capillaries indeed, for here the poison gas of spurious bohemianism intermingles with the good red blood of commerce, with disastrous effects. Mr. Wilberry was a well-to-do manufacturer whose chief characteristic was that he hated Sheffield. His hatred was such an obsession with him that he would have gone a hundred miles out of his way to avoid the town. When he wrote to the manager of his factory (which was indubitably in Sheffield) he had the envelopes addressed by his secretary—the word was so hateful that he could not write it.

He was not only a manufacturer, but an experimental chemist, having taken a very high science degree, and his hobby and preoccupation was a new kind of steel which was to revolutionize the trade. If the truth be told, he was a better business man than a scientist, and when, at the cost of a hundred thousand pounds, he produced in triumph a steel which was at once stainless and malleable, and offered Sheffield the privilege (in exchange for a small royalty which a disinterested statistician calculated would bring him in about three millions a year) of manufacturing this super-article, Sheffield was at first interested, then skeptical; applied tests, with unfortunate results, and the end of it was that Sheffield manufacturers in council assembled, and aided and supported by their technical experts, spoke slightingly of Wilberry Steel, refused either to purchase or to manufacture it, and there the matter finished, in so far as they were concerned.

Mr. Wilberry never forgave Sheffield; he loathed Sheffield with a loathing beyond the understanding of any who have not seen the child of their dreams massacred by cruel and ruthless hands. He sold his estate in the neighborhood of the hated town; would have closed down his extensive works, only he was a business man, and that would have been an unbusiness-like thing to do; and settled in Surrey, with a large laboratory, where he employed any scientific young gentleman who held the same view about Wilberry Steel as he held.

Odwall had marked this gentleman for exploitation. He knew little or nothing about steel, but whilst he was in prison he had had the advantage of reading volume 14 of the jail's encyclopædia, and a careful study of the article on Iron told him that no story he might tell of an ore field in the territories would arouse the least enthusiasm in the bosom of Mr. Wilberry. For iron must be found near coal, and there must be easy transportation.

In his stuffy little sitting-room overlooking Jermyn Street he expanded his scheme.

"Gold interests everybody," he said. "It interests you, Mr. Wilberry, it interests the boy in the street. . . . "

He proceeded to tell the story of the Pans, and his audience was impressed.

Mr. Wilberry was a moist, red-faced man who smoked large cigars and wore white spats and a diamond ring. Smallish eyes and a little black moustache complete the description. He was very rich and very skeptical, until Mr. Odwall showed him a little bag filled with dull yellow grains.

"I managed to wash out a bucketful of dirt and that is what I got," he said impressively.

The interested financier did not ask how it came about that Mr. Odwall had succeeded in smuggling his find through the rigorous searchings which are part of prison discipline. If he had asked, he would have been told an elaborate lie, for the gold was bought from a man in Dakka on the homeward voyage.

"I don't mind putting a couple of thousand into it," said Mr. Wilberry. "Those thick-headed swine of Sheffield have almost ruined me—and some day, my boy, I'm going to get back on 'em! I'd give half a million to twist the blighters!"

His statement did not accord with his protestations of poverty, but Odwall was not the type of man who boggled at an inconsistency.

His plan was a simple one.

"There's a kid officer out there," he said, "who would fall for anything with a tale to it. In June Sanders goes up to the Ochori for his palavers with the northern chiefs, and he'll take Captain Hamilton with him." He explained Hamilton's position and identity. "This time I'll have three months' clear run of the territory, and if I get on the right side of this kid Tibbetts, I'll have the claims staked and registered before Sanders is back."

"Does Tibbetts know you?"

"Not from a crow. He was away when Sanders brought me down river, and he wasn't in the territory when I was trading there. Leave it to me."

JONES was surprised at nothing except the inability of his superior officer to appreciate his undoubted musical gifts. But the letter from "Mr. Walter Bagen" was so unexpected and so unusual of character that Lieutenant Tibbetts of the King's Houssas spent a whole hour blessing his own soul. Nevertheless, he lost no time in replying.

"Dear Sir," he wrote, "I have the honnor to acknowledge the receit of your leter your letter. Of the 15th ultimus. I thank you also for refereing reffering to me as (a great authiroty authroity anthoritey)"—Bones had never solved the mystery of the inverted comma—"on the subject of archæology." (He got this one right because he copied it letter by letter from his correspondent's typewritten epistle.) "I will certainley take a note of anything annything unusual in the way of Roman remains Roman remains evedence of early civvilisation et cet et cet. I thank you for illecting me a Fellow of the Central African Arkilogicle Society" (this time he wrote the word from memory) "and anything I can do to help foreward the great course of Arch of the Society you can depend on me doing. Trusting you are well,

Sincerely,
A. TIBBETTS, LT.
F. C. A. A. S."

At tiffin, Bones mentioned his new honor very casually.

"Fellow of the what?" asked Hamilton, his dark face screwed up enquiringly.

"Archi—um . . . you know, dear old officer . . . fossils an' things." Bones coughed and looked serious and important. "I shouldn't be a bit surprised if I didn't find something—a dina—um—one of those jolly old birds that used to fly around in prehistoric days, Ham, when you were a child, so to speak. And the dinky little ich—something—you find *his* bones almost anywhere. An' Roman remains—"

"Are you going to write a lot of slush about these things?" asked Captain Hamilton coarsely.

Bones raised his eyebrows and looked hurt.

"I only ask," said Hamilton, "because I've had a sarcastic letter from the Accountant-General, who wants to know how many 'l's there are in 'flannel'— "

Lieutenant Tibbetts fixed his monocle more firmly in his eye.

"I usually use three, but there may be four, Ham," he said, with gentle reproach. "The point is, flannel shirts have nothin' to do with archy—you know the word."

The essay on "Roman Fosils and Other Articals of Ancient Origoin" has never seen the light, because Mr. Bagen, whose other name was Odwall, was not really interested in archæology, no matter how it was spelt, and the society had no existence, except on the notepaper he had printed for the purpose of conferring the Fellowship upon Bones. The letter which came back, and which was headed in heavily embossed type

"The Institute of the Central African Archæological Society.
943, Jermyn Street.
President: The Duke of..................
Secretary: Walter S. Bagen, F.C.A.A.S."

acknowledged Bones's essay, "which will be printed in the Proceedings of the Society," and informed him:

> It is the intention of the Society to send a small party of scientists to the Coast in the near future, and an effort will be made, either by His Grace the President, or by the writer, to call and offer you the Society's congratulations upon your admirable contribution to our knowledge of an obscure and fascinating subject.

IT WAS on a hot day in June that the representative of the Central African Archæological Society walked slowly up the beach, where he had been landed from a surf-boat, a prayer on his lips that nothing had happened to interfere with Mr. Sanders's departure. Mr. Odwall wore white duck, a white helmet, his shoes were white—he was in his person an illustration of scientific purity. His heavy horn-rimmed glasses, no less than the volume he carried under his arm, gave him a grave and studious appearance.

"Sandi he no lib, sah," said the Houssa sergeant who met half way, and Mr. Odwall's mind was relieved of a heavy burden. "Militini he no lib, sah: he go long time up river. Mistah Tibbetti you see um sah?"

Odwall spoke Coast Arabic very well: he preferred for the moment to be a stranger to the land and to its many vernaculars.

Bones was lying on a long chair on the stoop, his large feet elevated to the rails. He scrambled up at the sight of the visitor.

"Bless my soul, dear old secretary!" he gasped, when the honor which was being done to him was revealed. "Never had the slightest idea you were coming. . . ."

He was a little incoherent. Mr. Odwall gathered that, if news of his coming had been sent ahead, there would have been a band to meet him.

Over tiffin Bones grew archæological.

"There are jolly old places in this country nobody has ever explored," he said. "Roman remains! There's a sort of viaduct up in the I'fubi . . . you know, sir, a sort of bridge that water runs over . . . horribly Roman! And there's no end of—" Bones manipulated his hands convulsively—"a kind of . . . I don't know what the jolly old arch . . . what the word is for it . . . it's a sort of well arrangement—an' yet it isn't a well, if you understand, dear old sir. . . . It's a sort of wall . . . not exactly a wall. . . ."

"I quite understand," said Mr. Odwall gravely. "It's what we call an odalisque."

"That's it!" said Bones. "You've got the word I've been tryin' to think of."

That evening Mr. Odwall put forward a tentative plan.

"Ye-es," said Bones, but with no great heartiness. "You could go up, of course—I'd have to ask the Commissioner."

"I have a permit from the Colonial Office," suggested Mr. Odwall.

He possessed nothing of the sort, but he had rightly surmised that in the circumstances he would not be asked to show any such document.

Bones was relieved.

"If you have that, dear old Arch—um—why, of course you can go. I'd love to go with you, but I'm sort of stuck here till Mr. Sanders returns."

Odwall hired paddlers the next morning, loaded his kit in the center of the canoe, and, himself comfortably ensconced under a palm-leaf roof, he left on his journey. In seven days he landed at the nearest point to the Pans and made his way through the forest. On the twelfth day he reached the village of the Bald Men and was effusively welcomed.

For the greater part of a week he sat down in the village, spending most of his days wandering in the desolation of the Pans—but everywhere he went the old chief accompanied him.

"Lord, this is a bad place to go," said the old man, "for there are ghosts and terrible ju-jus hiding in the ground. Also it is the word of Sandi, our lord, that no white man shall walk here because of the evil which will follow. Come with me into the green woods and I will show you a little flower that gives men great courage if it is picked by the light of the moon and boiled in a big pot. . . ."

Mr. Odwall had no need for such a stimulant. The dope he wanted lay in the black earth.

One night, when his stay had lasted nearly a fortnight and he had, by the exercise of his ingenuity, secured and washed a bucket of earth, without, however, discovering the slightest trace of gold, the old chief paid a visit to the hut, at the door of which Mr. Odwall sat, moodily surveying the domestic life of the village.

"Master," he said, in his secretive way, "because you are a friend of Sandi I will give you a great treasure."

. He looked around to see if he could be overheard, and Mr. Odwall's heart leapt.

"This is our mystery which you know. It was whispered to me by my father, the great Chief K'suro, and I also will tell it to my son when the hand of death is on my face."

From under his chief's robe of dingy skins, he brought a little clay pot which was filled to the brim with a greenish-yellow substance of the consistency of butter. Mr. Odwall's jaw dropped. For one wild moment of exhilaration he had expected the withered hand to come out of the robe holding a small bag of gold.

"This is our wonder," said the chief in a hushed voice. "Because of this we are different from all other men."

He caught hold of his guest's unwilling hand, smeared a little of the green butter on his hairy arm, and then, with the edge of his robe, wiped it clean. Where there had been hair was a smooth surface.

"We are bald because of this magic," said the old chief, blissfully unconscious of the other's rising annoyance. "This I give to you because it is more wonderful than anything in the world."

MR. ODWALL'S first impulse was to throw the pot at the old man's head, but he conquered this desire, and put the little jar on the ground beside him.

"That is fine talk and good magic, chief," he said briskly, "but I have heard of other wonders in this forest, such as the yellow dust that comes out of the earth. Now I tell you that in my own country I am a very great chief and have many slaves and great riches, and I sleep upon a fine skin bed every night. And if you tell me truly where this yellow dust lies, I will make you a rich man. Your goats shall fill the forest, and the houses of your wives shall be a village.

Ch'uga, the fief, was obviously ill at ease.

"Lord, I know of no yellow dust," he said uneasily, "nor must I speak of such, for that is Sandi's order. Once a man came to the third hole and took away dust, and that was a bad palaver, for Sandi followed him to the end of the world and caught him. Let me tell you of this strange mud of ours, and of our cunning in making it. First we take the fat of goats, and this we boil in a big pot, with the red berries—"

Mr. Odwall yawned.

"Tell me tomorrow, chief."

He had learnt all he wanted to know. The third hole—that was the third shallow pan, four miles away. That night, when the village slept, he crept forth from his hut, carrying a canvas bag which contained a big trowel, and, moving cautiously, so that the watchman might not see him, he went through a fringe of woodland and came to the desolation. Working his way round, by a circuitous route, he reached "the third hole." The ground was soft and friable, yielding to his trowel without calling for any exceptional effort of strength.

He got through the top layer and struck what he guessed was the alluvial patch, and, opening the mouth of his bag, he half filled it. He tested its weight: he could carry that back to the village and could wash the dirt at his leisure. He had risen to his feet and was twisting the neck of the bag, preparatory to hoisting it on his back, when he looked around and saw a figure standing in the moonlight. It was the old chief.

"O ko!" said Ch'uga dismally. "This is a bad palaver, and I will send to Sandi this sad news. Master, you will empty your sack."

Empty nothing!" snarled Odwall. And then, in Bomongo, he tried to excuse his presence. But as he sought to pass the custodian of the Pans, the old man gripped him by the arm, very gently but very strongly.

"Master, you do not go hence," he said.

Odwall tried to wrench himself free, and, finding this difficult, encumbered as he was, dropped his bag and pushed the old man back. He saw the glint of a killing spear raised in warning, and struck savagely with his sharp-edged trowel. The blow got home and the old man, stumbling to his knees, fell an inert heap. Odwall cursed his folly, and, going down on to his knees, turned the chief on to his back. He was bleeding freely, and at the sight of the still face the adventurer felt a cold chill run down his spine. Sanders would be merciless if he caught him now. There would be a rope and a tree, and his would be a name blotted out and forgotten.

He took out a handkerchief and bandaged the wound as well as he could, and then, with his sack over his shoulder, and wet with perspiration, he went back to the village and, packing his grip, struck the path which led to the coast. For three days he toiled on without carriers or bearers, in the blazing heat of the tropical sun, fearful every moment of hearing the patter of footsteps behind him, sleeping on his feet as he staggered under the heavy burden of his treasure.

At last he came to where he had left his paddlers, and, without more ado, he heaved bag and suitcase to the bottom of the canoe, before he dropped like a log into his place in the stern; before the paddlers began their chant, he was asleep. When he awoke it was early morning, and the canoe was tied up to the side of a little wood. He saw the red glow of the fire and put out his hand for the bag of earth which had cost him so dear. It was not there!

[*Continued on page 180*]

Some Like it Cold

When next an Old Timer starts to recall "the days when we had real winters," with drifts as high as your head, roads and fences buried, the feet of cattle frozen, and traffic paralyzed, confront him with some of the hard facts from Uncle Sam's Weather Bureau

by Margaret Norris

"The old-fashioned winter," says Professor Cox, chief of the United States Weather Bureau at Chicago, "is a purely psychological illusion, explained by the difference which exists between the child and the adult mind. It is not a matter of depth of snowfall, of storm or of temperature, for these, it is proved by our records, have not varied over half a century. Rather it is due to the greater impression certain events make on the immature mind and also to the fact that people remember only the unusual about weather.

IT IS quite improbable you have a friend past the age of thirty-five who will not talk, when urged, of the old-fashioned winters we had when he was a boy. Just give him (or her) the opening wedge and he is off on a blaze of reminiscence which, if he runs true to type, will follow much this fashion:

"We used to go skating Thanksgiving Day—how often can you do that now?—and from Christmas until the first of March we never rode in anything but a sleigh. I can remember digging my way from the house to the barn through drifts as high as my head—Say, we don't have winters like that any more; the climate's growing milder!"

There is the Old Timer, for instance, a great crony of mine, born in 1850 on the Illinois prairies, the son of a pioneer. Many a night he has entertained me until the wee, small hours, sitting in front of the open fire, spinning tales of the weather they had in pioneer days.

"Cold?" says the Old Timer, his voice a rising inflection of scorn. "This a cold winter? Listen, young lady, if you had lived sixty years ago, then we could have shown you some weather. But they don't have the old-fashioned winters they used to when I was a boy. No sir-ee!

"I'll never forget the great arctic storm," he continues, his eyes growing bright in the telling. "Write to any Chicago newspaper for the date of the great arctic storm and they'll tell you, New Year's Day, 1864—there was never another one like it! The temperature dropped to fifty below and the snow fell like chips of iced steel and there isn't a man who walks the earth could have faced that storm for a mile. I was only a lad on my father's farm but I remember well how the cattles' feet froze as they stood in the shed so that their hoofs fell off in the spring! When I wakened in the morning the drifts were piled fifteen feet high over the barn, and when I had shoveled a path and started to milk the cow she kicked the bucket higher'n the drifts!"

I had heard the story so often, each time so dramatically told that it scarcely seemed fair to challenge him now, but this time I was out for cold facts. So—

"But don't you remember," I interrupted, "you've told me time and again that back in '64 you'd never seen a thermometer? How could you know that it was fifty below?"

"Have you ever felt fifty below, young lady?"

I admitted I probably had not.

"Well, if you had you'd know it, all right, and you'd remember it, too!"

So that was that with the Old Timer—quite useless to dispute when memory was painting the picture with kaleidoscopic colors. Yet one need not be an Old Timer to remember the old-fashioned winters, as any one may discover by a little questioning among his friends.

For among most adults, however intelligent, there seems prevalent the false belief that the climate of America is undergoing a slow, progressive change; that as the years advance the winters are growing less rigorous, the temperature milder, the snow less abundant, conditions generally less severe. Those so-called old-fashioned winters during which whole communities were snowbound for months, roads, trails and fences buried and all normal activities crippled, are non-existent, declare the veterans of an older generation. Such weather passed out with pioneer days and the trail of the covered wagon.

It was to dispel this fallacy with bomb-proof, official records, with cold statistics in black and white and figures that do not lie, that I paid a visit to Henry J. Cox of the U. S. Weather Bureau at Chicago, familiarly known in the Great Lakes region as the Weather Man.

"I'm in search of official confirmation to prick the bubble of those old-fashioned winters," I told him. "If they really were no different from the winters of today, why all this talk about them?"

Professor Cox is a kindly, genial man who has grown white in his twenty-seven years' service of forecasting Chicago's temperamental weather. Since August, 1898, he has sat high in the tower of the Federal building, noting weather observations and storm warnings for the upper Mississippi Valley and the Northwest. He is a professor of meteorology, the veteran in the service of the U. S. Weather Bureau, and is recognized throughout the world as an authority on the science of weather.

"The old-fashioned winter," said Professor Cox, "is a purely psychological illusion, explained by the difference which exists between the child and the adult mind. It is not a matter of depth of snowfall, of storm or of temperature, for these, it is proved by our records, have not varied over half a century. Rather it is due to the greater impression which certain events make on the immature mind and also to the fact that it is only the unusual which people remember about weather.

"To a child a snow storm is an epoch-making event; from the window he watches it falling until the whole world is a great, frosted cake, like a fairy tale come true. Later he goes out to play in snow that comes up to his little waist; he burrows in drifts that come over his head—the whole thing is a tremendous adventure! It makes a profound impression upon him and when he grows up he tells, 'When I was young I remember snow to my waist and drifts higher than my head!' Quite unconsciously these standards of measurement persist, even though perhaps his knees now mark the height where his head once was. But it is part of human frailty to exaggerate past events and to over-rate their importance as they recede in the dim distance.

"But there is at hand tangible evidence to make the winters seem milder today; civilization has enabled us to combat weather more effectively than we used to years ago; a great winter storm does not cripple us now as it did in the pioneer days.

Where Are the Snows of Yesteryear?

"The snow which once drifted in through the cracks of the log cabin makes little impression on the steam-heated apartment house or the steel constructed skyscraper. The automobile packs it down, even on the country roads, and street car lines grind it away, where once it drifted at will over the prairies. When a snowfall comes in the city today, thousands of men are immediately put to work upon it. They clear the streets, cart the snow away or melt it artificially until within twenty-four hours there remains scarcely a trace of the storm which twenty-five years ago would have crippled activities for weeks. 'You see!' triumphantly says the city man who passed his youth on the farm, 'they don't have the winters we used to have when I was a boy!'

"Also, dirty snow melts faster than clean snow. Just as a black dress absorbs more heat than a white one, the soot and smoke particles in the filthy city drifts absorb the heat and disappear more quickly than did the pure, unblemished drifts of an earlier civilization.

"As for any permanent, progressive change in the climate of the Western Hemisphere—records of the U. S. Weather Bureau prove that is utterly a fallacy. In the fifty odd years since Uncle Sam has been keeping hourly temperature, the warmest winter on record is 1877-'78; the coldest is 1903-'04 and the snowiest 1917-'18.

"This last named winter, during which America was at war, will stand out in the minds of many of us as one of the best of the old-fashioned winters. Chicago recorded a snowfall of 64.1 inches, which lacked only two

Each of the U. S. Weather Bureau Stations is equipped with devices that make a continuous automatic record of local weather conditions and changes. They include mercurial barometers, thermometers, wind vanes, rain and snow gauges and anemometers. They supply records of temperature, pressure, precipitation, wind direction and velocity, clouds, and maximum and minimum temperature. From these data the forecaster is able to trace the paths of storm areas.

inches of being twice the normal fall of 33 inches. The snow storm of January 8, 1918 was the worst the city ever experienced. Man-power was scarce that winter, for most of the hobos had been drafted and there was not the army of unemployed on whom to call in an emergency. Private citizens turned out in droves to clear the streets, and scarcely had they been made passable, when the snow storm of January 11th buried it beneath another deep blanket.

"Those two storms alone brought a snow fall of 25 inches on the level, with drifts, on Michigan Avenue and in the 'Loop,' ten and fifteen feet high. To augment the difficulties, it was the second coldest January on record. On only one day during the month did the temperature rise as high as the freezing point, so the snow would not melt but remained to cripple city traffic to an unprecedented degree. This should have persuaded the Old Timer that old-fashioned winters are still with us.

"Hourly records of temperature kept officially since 1873 prove that in more than half a century the annual mean has not varied one degree. Winters severe and open, summers hot and dry or wet and cool, pass in the same irregular sequence as they did one hundred years ago. Individual winters of unusual severity, occurring some years apart, seem, when looked back upon, to have been close together—just as telegraph poles along the railroad track viewed at close range seem widely spaced, but when seen in perspective looking down the track, seem almost to run into each other.

"It is impossible to put any trust in general impressions or traditions or to judge such subtle things as depth of snowfall on the basis of memory, which at best is short, defective and untrustworthy. Instrumental records offer the only reliable evidence. Accurate instruments, properly exposed, correctly read, do not lie, do not forget, are not prejudiced.

"At a convention of the American Meteorological Society in Boston in January, 1923, the leading meteorologists of the Northern Hemisphere, men who have given their entire careers to the study of weather science, heads of the Weather Bureau from all over the United States, climatologists from Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Brown—even from far off Arizona, and Alaska, discussed at length the subject of a change in the climate of these regions. The opinion was unanimous that there is not a scintilla of evidence that the climate of the Northern Hemisphere is changing one degree. For every cold winter in the first half of the last century, there has been a correspondingly cold one in the second half, and for every mild winter or hot, dry summer in the first fifty years, comes the same phenomenon in the second period."

Another weather fallacy, akin to that of the changing climate, and unconsciously given credence even among intelligent people, is the idea that weather conditions can be forecast over a long term period, from year to year, from season to season. People seem to believe that by some change in the ocean temperatures, by the position of the stars, by new spots appearing on the sun or the feel of the fur on the animals' backs, one may judge even in a general way of the weather that is to come—as to say, "when the silk is heavy on the ear of corn, we will have an early frost."

All this is utterly absurd and wholly without foundation, declare those who have made a legitimate study of the science of weather. "Men who pray upon public superstitions to make such predictions as these fall into the class of quacks and fakers who speak with no science behind them," says Professor Cox. "Perhaps they are clever newspaper men with a knack for writing well, who adopt some radical theory, attain a little publicity and hasten to capitalize it. At best it is only guess work, but by the law of chance a man may hit it right from time to time, and thus his fame grows large. But we of the Weather Bureau utterly ignore such prognosticators, recognizing neither their names nor their theories."

How Weather Fakers Work

Topping the list of weather fakers is the man who is known as the rain-maker. Every well regulated country with hot, dry summers has one. He goes to a community where the inhabitants are desperate with months of drought and, of course, the longer has been the dry period, the better are the chances for rain. He says to the stricken inhabitants, who in their extremity have grown superstitious, "Pay me five thousand dollars in advance and I will make it rain."

He then erects a tower, puts a tub of water on the top, makes passes over it, says a few prayers and of course eventually the rain comes. Then "Prove I did not bring it!" he says triumphantly to the grateful masses.

An experience with a rain-maker was recently told me by Charles F. Marvin, chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau in Washington.

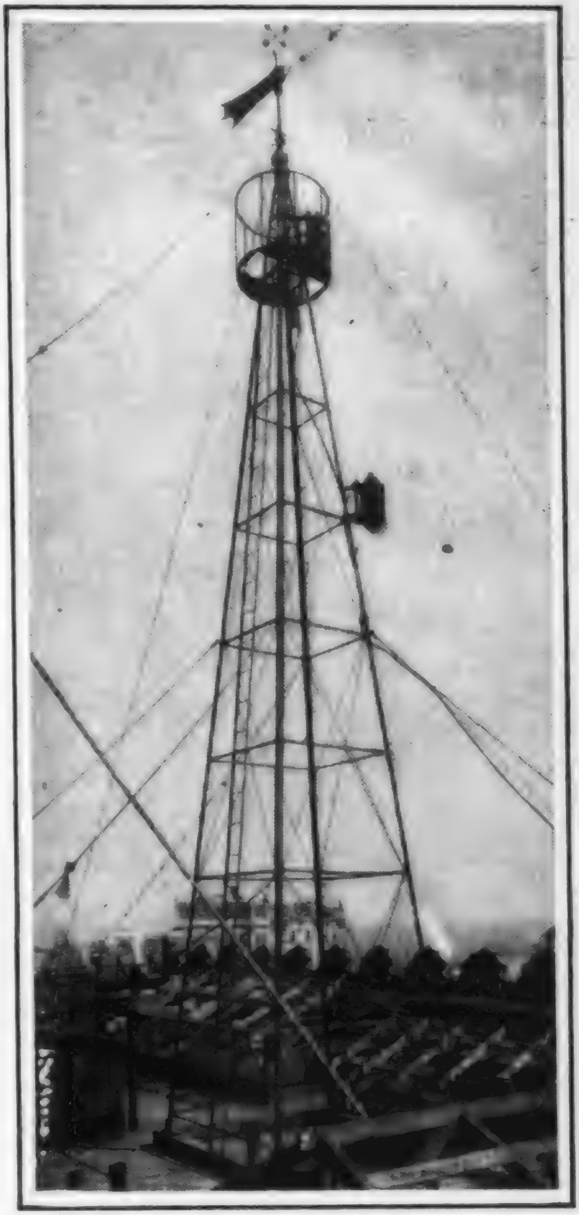
"About four years ago I received a telegram from the editor of a newspaper in the interior of central California," said Mr. Marvin. "It read: 'Ranchers here thinking of paying H— five thousand dollars to make it rain. What do you think of rain-makers? signed, Oxnard *Courier*.'

"Without delay I wired this reply:

" 'Artificial production of rain in measurable quantities impossible. Claim of rain-makers fallacious. Advise against entertainment of such proposition and hope *Courier* will help protect ranchers against needless expenditure.'

"I have similar queries from all over the world—even from Australia and Africa. Fancy, for example, the presumption of a man who promises to make a half-inch of rain fall throughout the District of Columbia. There are one hundred and thirteen tons of water in each inch of rain per acre of area, six hundred and forty acres in one square mile and one hundred square miles in the District. In other words, the man guarantees to produce by artificial means 3,616,000 tons of water spread evenly over the District. Where would he get

[*Continued on page 172*]



Twice a day, at 8 A. M. and again at 8 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, observations of local weather conditions are taken at stations like this in two hundred places throughout the United States and the West Indies. The results of these observations are immediately telegraphed to the central office at Washington, D. C., where they are charted for interpretation by experts who forecast the weather conditions that may be expected to prevail in the next 36 or 48 hours.

How Your Muscles Betray You

Involuntary movements and gestures reveal your thoughts to the accomplished "mind reader." When mind, muscles and eyes fail to work in unison there is something wrong that may be revealed by simple tests

by Henry Smith Williams, M.D.

ONE of the most startling feats of alleged mind-reading ever performed was accomplished by a man who undertook to find a ring hidden in any house in New York City. He would drive through the streets in an open carriage, himself guiding the horse, go directly to the right house, enter it, and proceed with equal directness to the particular room where the ring had been secreted, and almost immediately extract the jewel from its hiding-place—no matter what out-of-the-way corner had been selected as its secret repository.

WATCH your neighbors at the theater during an exciting scene or at the ball game at some critical stage. You will see muscles responding to mental activities in the most conspicuous way. The whole audience leans forward to help rescue the heroine; every fan sways with Babe Ruth at the bat. It is impossible to visualize or imagine any physical activity whatever without stimulating the muscles that would be involved if the activity were real. To the trained eye, attitudes and gestures of which you are absolutely unaware make your thoughts an open book.

This spectacular feat, variously modified, was performed many times. The man who performed it preferred, I believe, to exercise his seemingly miraculous powers at night, or when securely blindfolded. There was, however, one salient condition. He must be accompanied by someone who knew precisely where the ring had been hidden and this person must keep his mind fixed on the image of the jewel in its hiding place.

"An accomplice!" you exclaim. No, the thing was not so simple as that. The companion might be a thoroughly skeptical investigator, who scoffed at the idea of mind-reading. Yet the operator would apparently read his mind and be guided to the right house, perhaps miles away, and to the particular nook or cranny where the ring lay. It might be under a carpet, behind a book, anywhere from the cellar coal bin to an attic shelf.

"Clearly, then, a case of telepathy," you affirm. But again you are wrong. Telepathy implies, by definition, the communication of one mind with another without the intervention of any recognized organ of special sense. This feat of ring-finding did not meet that condition. Yet in a sense it was valid mind-reading. The operator never could have found the ring had not his companion, in effect, told him where it was hidden. The telling, however, was not done consciously or even willingly. No word was spoken; no sign was made. The companion did not intend to reveal the secret; was not aware that he had revealed it. He might be excused for believing in the end that his mind had indeed been read directly, that he had been the passive agent in an effective demonstration of telepathy—the direct communication of one mind with another.

Such was at any rate the belief of many spectators. What they really saw, however, was a marvelous exhibition of muscle-reading. A salient fact that most of them overlooked (it was quite ignored, for example, by the first person who told me about the "miracle") was that the operator at all times kept at least the finger-tips of one hand against the arm or hand of his companion. This seemed a natural thing to do, considering that the "mind-reader" was blindfolded, but it really constituted the one indispensable feature of the entire performance.

The secret was merely this: The muscles of the companion, unknown to himself, were constantly tending to move his body this way or that—to an infinitesimal extent, yet sufficiently to guide the sensitive operator as definitely as a blind man is guided by the conscious effort of one who leads him across the street.

Does the explanation seem inadequate? To confirm it, here is a simple experiment. Suspend a lead pencil with a piece of twine, say from a lamp bracket, so that its point just touches a sheet of paper laid on the table. Take the pencil very lightly in your fingers, as if for writing, without letting your hand touch the paper. Then pay no further heed to the pencil, beyond the intent to hold your hand quite still, as you describe aloud your activities of the day: how, for example, you left the house at nine, walked across Forty-second Street, turned down Fifth Avenue, and so on.

Pausing presently, you will find, probably to your surprise, that the pencil has traced a zigzag line on the paper, with turns and twists that roughly chart the stages of your wanderings. As you described your movements, you were re-living them in imagination, and your hand in effect made infinitesimal gesticulations to illustrate your course—as the pencil-tracing proves. In reality, though you seemed to sit absolutely still, your body was tending to sway this way and that as you mentally went round a corner or retraced your steps or seated youself at your office desk.

It is impossible to recall any physical activity or to visualize or imagine any activity whatsoever, without sending from the brain along the nerves, certain impulses that give added tone to the sets of muscles that would be involved if the activity were actual instead of merely imaginary. So the companion of the ring-seeking "mind-reader," constantly thinking of the location of the ring, successfully signalled—without knowing he was so doing—the right turn to make in the streets, the right place to stop, the right room of the house to enter, and the particular corner of the room where the ring lay hidden. His muscles were doing just what your muscles did in the pencil experiment. The finger-tips of the "mind-reader" received the message somewhat as the paper received the imprint of your pencil.

This implies, of course, peculiar sensitiveness on the part of the recipient, but with that aspect of the matter we are not at the moment concerned. I am seeking only to illustrate the simple, yet really extraordinary, coordination that normally exists between the activities of our brains and the activities of our muscles. Other supposedly "supersensual" phenomena that illustrate the same thing are "table-tipping" and the operation of the ouija board. Watch your neighbors at the ball game at some critical stage, or at the theater during an exciting episode. You will see muscles responding to mental activities in the most tangible way. Every fan sways with Babe Ruth at the bat; the whole audience leans forward to help rescue the heroine on the stage.

Not merely the brain but the entire body is the organ of the mind, or at the very least it includes the muscular system, along with the brain, spinal cord and nerves. The brain is hidden away in the closed cavity of the skull, shut off from direct contact with the outside world. No sensation makes you normally conscious of the existence of your own brains. And the activities of other people's brains can be known only through the actions and speech of the people themselves, or through observation of certain phenomena that physicians have learned to interpret. These phenomena are associated with or expressed by muscular activities.

Some Hard Tricks To Do

Even abstruse mental states that seemingly have nothing to do with motion are no less surely linked with muscular activities and coordinations. You may prove this to yourself by closing your eyes and making some rather difficult mental calculation—for example the multiplying of, let us say, 89 by 37. By the time the calculation is made, you will almost inevitably have assumed some attitude that is as characteristic of you, individually, when thinking hard as is the shape of your nose or the set of your jaw. In all probability you will find that you have leaned forward, and more than likely one of your hands will have gone to your face, to support the chin—à la Rodin's "Thinker"—or possibly to stroke an eyebrow. In any event, the attitude you take is in effect part of your mental equipment, the result of long association between a certain type of mental action and the contraction of certain groups of muscles.

But note now that you were not directly conscious of having taken any particular attitude. Nor were you paying any attention to the hand that automatically found its way to your face. You were quite unaware that you changed the rate of your breathing. If your heart-beat was modified, as is probable, you did not know it. Thus various groups of muscles took part, quite unbidden by your conscious Ego, in a calculation that was seemingly no affair of theirs. But after all there is nothing strange about that. Every one knows that all pronounced emotions—joy, fear, anger, grief, or what not—are associated with facial changes and bodily attitudes that are "characteristic."

What we sometimes fail to realize, however, is that less pronounced mental states are also, each in its own degree, coordinated with muscular actions, and that our early education consists largely in repeatedly associating a mental state with a muscular response until the two become inseparably connected. If it were not so, no child would ever learn to walk or to talk, much less to write. If you wish to see how this trained muscular coordination dominates mere conscious effort, take a pencil in your right hand and scribble your name. Practically no effort is involved, and you can carry on a conversation while writing. But now change the pencil to the left hand, and repeat the performance. All the mental concentration you can summon, plus your undivided attention, will not enable you to make more than a crude imitation of the signature that the other hand indited with such automatic ease.

Were it not for such muscular training as this, our range of activities would be restricted practically to one movement at a time. It would be impossible to develop capacity for even the simpest handicraft, let alone such multiplex activities as are involved in the manipulation of elaborate tools, in the playing of games, or in a piano performance. For conscious direction of muscular action is unified. It is directed to a single group of muscles at a given moment, or to certain symmetrically related groups of muscles, which are called on to work in unison.

Try This One Yourself

You can, for instance, swing your hands in opposite directions at the same moment, or pull back one hand while thrusting out the other; you can describe circles with each hand, in the same or in opposite directions, and perform a thousand and one similar movements. Such combinations have been utilized again and again in your past experience, until the brain channels and nerve channels are, as it were, grooved for these various unified activities.

But now take a pencil in each hand and attempt to draw a circle with one hand while you draw a square with the other. After you try it, you will probably conclude that you have a single track mind.

The simple fact is that, so far as conscious effort is concerned, every mind is single track. At a given instant you can think definitely of only a single thing, or perform consciously only a single act, just as you can focus your eyes on only a single object. But your eye sees, slightly out of focus, a much wider field of other objects. So your conscious idea is linked with vague associated ideas. The physical movement, directed consciously, may be associated with various groups of movements that are performed automatically because they have many times been performed together before. Your difficulty in drawing the square and the circle at the same time is due merely to the fact that in your past experience there has been small demand for such a symmetrical action of the two hands as is called for. Every skilled artisan has overcome many similar difficulties before he became a true craftsman.

If you practice at drawing the square and the circle a good many times, you may presently feel that you are attaining a fair measure of success. But if you ask some one to watch you, it will appear that you are not moving both hands together, but alternately, shifting from one to the other many times in rapid sequence. The rapidity with which you can make the change depends upon your so-called "reaction time." This is, in effect, the time required to generate an impulse in the brain and transmit it along a nerve to your hand. This process is by no means instantaneous. To be sure, it constitutes only a small fraction of a second, but it is a measurable fraction. Some people react much more quickly than others and the matter has practical importance under a good many circumstances—for example, in driving an automobile, or in getting out of the way of one.

Quick reaction-time is an important natural endowment of many a champion athlete. Lacking this endowment, Corbett could never have defeated Sullivan, nor Dempsey the giant Willard; Hornsby would not be a batting champion, nor Tilden king of the tennis court. Moreover, this is something that can be changed only a little by practice. You may box every day for a life time, but you will never be able to "beat your opponent to the punch" unless your reaction-time is quicker than his. You may be a theoretical master at tennis, but you will seldom be able to run to the net and return a ball on the volley unless your brain and muscles are so coordinated that a visual impression (sight of the coming ball) is translated quickly into a motor impulse that causes your arm muscles to extend your hand in just the right direction.

During the Davis Cup match at Forest Hills last summer, in which Williams and Richards defeated the French pair, Lacoste and Borotra, the volleying was sometimes so rapid that a critic half seriously likened the sound to the rattle of a machine gun. Here we have to do, of course, with men of inherently rapid reaction-time, acting under conditions in which a given response has become almost automatic through long practice. One is tempted to say that such reactions are not under full conscious direction. But it is inherent endowment, and not mere practice, that enables those players to make such quick movements. Practice and training merely teach them what movements to make, without conscious reflection.

In the laboratory, reaction-time and muscular coordination may be tested and recorded in terms of fractions of a second, with the aid of revolving cylinders run by clockwork. But there are many simple tests calling for no elaborate apparatus that give approximate results from which conclusions may be drawn as to your inherent capacities. A familiar test, for example, which tells something as to neuromuscular coordination, is made by closing one's eyes and, after swinging the hand in a wide circle, attempting to bring the tip of the index finger directly to the tip of the nose. If you fail to do it, your arm muscles are not coordinating quite at par, though this particular maladjustment, taken by itself, is of no great significance.

A test of your capacity to coordinate widely separated groups of muscles may be made by placing a small wad of paper on a matchbox on a table, and directing you to walk briskly across the room and, without pausing, stamp vigorously with one foot while snapping the wad of paper—without overturning the matchbox. Anyone can accomplish this feat, which calls for no specialized skill. But the degree of precision with which your finger-nail hits the wad, the hesitancy or lack of it manifested, and the measure of unison between finger-action and foot-action will at least give hints as to your normality of mental concentration, reaction-time, and muscular control.

A highly practical test of the same qualities is likely to be made whenever you drive your motorcar. Suppose you are going at fair speed when the car just ahead unexpectedly slows down or swerves into your path. "Without an instant's delay," you must shift your feet to the pedals and press them down vigorously, while at the same "instant" you thrust your left hand out as a signal, and with your right hand perform a dexterous manipulation of the steering wheel. Each of your four limbs has its work to do, and all must work in unison if you are to avoid an accident. If you are an experienced driver, your limbs perform their respective functions automatically, because they have been trained to do so, while your conscious mind has perhaps been occupied solely with the car ahead. Your car has swerved from danger and come to a stop, and you may now find time to observe that your own hands and feet, of which you were oblivious, have saved your life. But there might have been a different story to tell had you been a novice, with hands and feet not trained to act on their own responsibility.

These muscles are described as "involuntary." They are said to act under control of the sympathetic nervous system, the operations of which are not under conscious direction. Yet even these muscles are closely linked with brain activities, and influenced by emotional states. Witness the varying action of the heart under stress of joy, of fear, of anger.

Here are two or three rather curious illustrations of the way in which a physician may appeal to the muscles of the involuntary system for information about conditions of the body that have no direct relation to these or to any other muscles. "Sargent's white line" furnishes a case in point. The whitish line referred to follows the finger-tip drawn lightly across the abdominal surface of a patient who suffers from an obscure malady of the little suprarenal glands, located above the kidneys. These glands secrete a fluid that gives tone to the muscles of the arterioles, causing them, in this instance, to contract in response to a slight stimulus and thus make the immediately surrounding tissues white for lack of blood.

Another patient may illustrate the opposite condition—a red line following the finger-tip carried lightly along the surface of almost any part of the body. You may test it on yourself by writing your name with your finger on the inside of your arm. If the letters presently become visible in red and remain visible for some time, it is probable that your thyroid gland (situated at the base of the throat) is at least temporarily overactive. In this case, the muscles that surround the arterioles and control their size appear to become temporarily paralyzed from the slight pressure of the finger. When the symptom is pronounced, the relation with thyroid disturbance is almost certain, yet there is no direct connection between the tissues of the gland and the muscles in question.

Your Eye Muscles Tell a Story

Again, very strange things may be revealed by the tiny circlet of involuntary muscles in the little curtain called the iris of the eye, the function of which is to control the size of the pupil. Normally, the pupils contract in a bright light, or if the eyes are focussed on a near-by object. They expand under the opposite conditions. But certain maladies of the nervous system may cause these little muscles to cease operating in the normal way, though the eyes may be otherwise apparently quite uninvolved. Sometimes the pupil, though responding normally to accomodation (change of focus), does not respond to light. Then it may be inferred with confidence that the patient has a very severe involvement of either the spinal cord or the brain. If the patient's gait in walking shows that the spinal-cord malady is absent, it is fairly certain that he suffers from a profound and highly dangerous disease of the brain—even though at the moment there may be no other evidence of this condition except that furnished by the tiny eye-muscles.

I knew an instance in which a physician, chancing to observe that the pupils of an unknown traveling companion did not contract when a match was held near them in lighting a cigar, predicted correctly that this man would be hopelessly insane in the near future. This might seem to be an instance of prophetic mind-reading carried to the *n*th degree. In reality, it was scientific muscle-reading—showing that the smallest involuntary muscles in the body, no less than the large voluntary ones that move our arms and legs, are intimately associated with the brain.

Is it too much to say that the muscular system, voluntary and involuntary, is veritably a part of the mental mechanism?

A Fiction Feature Extraordinary

The OLD or the NEW

Two allegorical tales, *The Bee-man of Orn*, by Frank R. Stockton, and *The Magic Shop*, by H. G. Wells, are famous tales reprinted in the following pages

EACH month this department puts before you two exceptional fiction stories from the literature of the past. One is a masterpiece of enduring fame that has long survived its author, the other a more modern story of the same general character by a writer nearer our own time. The aid of a committee of discriminating authorities on fiction lends added attraction to a series that has so far resulted in the republication of stories by

- Prosper Mérimée
- Edward Everett Hale
- Richard Harding Davis
- James B. Connolly
- Edgar Allan Poe
- Nathaniel Hawthorne
- O. Henry
- Stephen Crane
- H. G. Wells
- Wilkie Collins
- Edith Wharton
- Joseph Conrad

This month's offerings are *The Magic Shop*, by H. G. Wells, and *The Bee-man of Orn*, by Frank R. Stockton.

The selection committee comprises Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, author of "A Handbook of Short Story Writing," associate professor of English at Hunter College, and instructor in short story writing, Columbia University; Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and author of several books on the short story; and Mr. Harry Esty Dounce, author, reviewer and critic. Write them frankly, in our care, your judgment of the stories published, together with suggestions for future selections for this series.

The Authors

Frank R. Stockton.

IN HIS lifetime Frank R. Stockton was one of the most popular American authors. He is little read and talked about now. Some of his humor has faded as its topics have been forgotten, and later authors have outdone him at some of his story-telling specialties. *Rudder Grange*, the novel that made him famous, does not seem as funny as it did in the days of canal boats and "hired girls," and his short story *The Lady or The Tiger*, that made all the reading world sit up in its day, is no sensation to us who have read the "trick endings" of O. Henry.

Yet a number of his stories are still as fresh and delightful as they were when that fastidious reader, Robert Louis Stevenson, paid two of them the tribute:

> My Stockton were I not to like
> It were a sheer depravity,
> For I went down with the "Thomas Hyke,"
> And up with the "Negative Gravity."

The latter is a droll scientific romance, in the line in which H. G. Wells was to win recognition; in fact, the imaginary discovery in it is the same that starts off Mr. Wells's *The First Men in the Moon*. Equally good and enduring tales of Stockton's in other lines are *The Bee Man of Orn*, here reprinted, and *The Transferred Ghost*. *The Bee Man* is the best example of his vein of whimsical fantasy, and an allegory in which readers looking for the "moral" can find two.

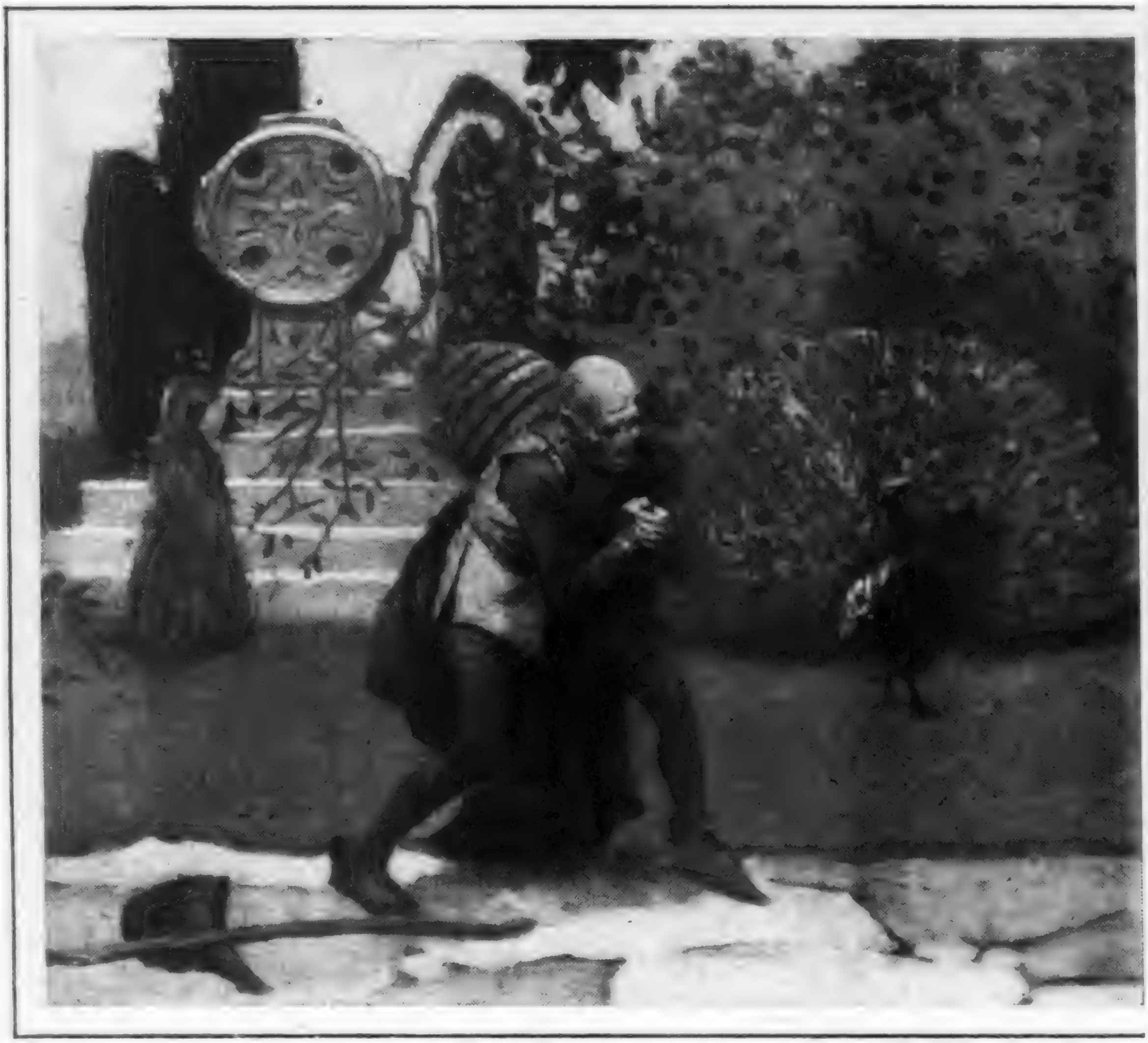
Frank R. Stockton was born in Philadelphia in 1834. His bent for writing led him from wood-engraving into journalism. Even before he was free to give his whole time to writing fiction, he turned out volume after volume of it, beginning with stories for children. He is said to have trusted always to his wonderful improvisation, not thinking his plots out beforehand but making them up as he went along. Three of his most widely read novels were *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*, *The Late Mrs. Null* and *The Adventures of Captain Horn*. He died in 1902.

H. G. Wells.

POETRY is one thing the versatile H. G. Wells has never written. In a few of his most fanciful short stories he has come as close to writing it as anywhere in the fifty-odd volumes of his works, and closest, perhaps, in the one here reprinted, the captivating *Magic Shop*, which is poetic both on its surface as a kind of fairy tale and in its unobtrusive message for lovers of children—in particular, for parents whose minds have lost childhood's outlook upon "magic," and see ugliness where the innocent wondering mind of a little boy like Gip sees nothing but enchantment and delight. Only a father, singularly wise and devoted, could have been its author, and its charm of paternal tenderness is shared by parts of the war time novel *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, in which Mr. Britling is essentially Mr. Wells himself, and by *Floor Games* and *Little Wars*, essays about his sons as boys at play.

It is probable that H. G. Wells is now the most widely known living writer of the English language, that his name means something to even more people than Kipling's. And his career is not far from being as shining an instance as Dickens's of the rise of a man of letters by his own efforts from poverty in what is called in England the lower middle class. This is the reason why both are such democratic novelists, and why Dickens in some novels was a social reformer and Mr. Wells is a social progressive in nearly all of his, as well as in his non-fiction books.

Wells had the advantage, which Dickens lacked, of a college education, but he obtained it for himself, and with it the knowledge of science that equipped him to write the romances that opened his way to success. His first one of book length was *The Time Machine* (1895), his first realistic novel *Love and Mr. Lewisham* (1900). He has said that his own favorite among his novels is *The History of Mr. Polly*, with *Tono-Bungay* next.



The Lord of the Domain walked on for some time. But suddenly turning, he

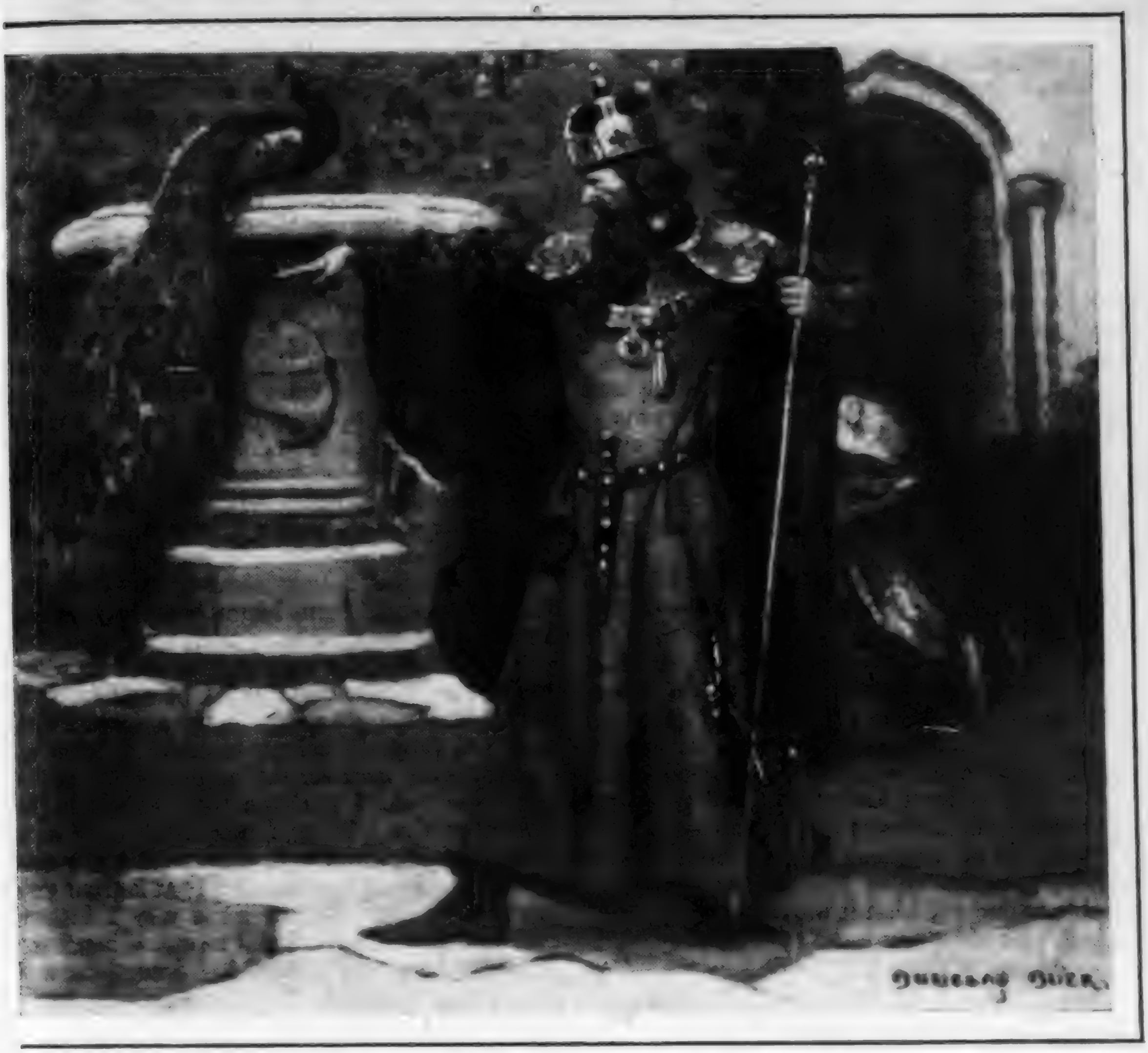
Illustrated by
Douglas Duer

The Bee-man

Being the whimsical tale of

(*Reprinted. See announcement on page 130.*)

IN THE ancient country of Orn, there lived an old man who was called the Bee-man, because his whole time was spent in the company of bees. He lived in a small hut, which was nothing more than an immense bee-hive, for these little creatures had built their honeycombs in every corner of the one room it contained, on the shelves, under the little table, all about the rough bench on which the old man sat, and even about the head-board and along the sides of his low bed. All day the air of the room was thick with buzzing insects, but this did not interfere in any way with the old Bee-man, who walked in among them, ate his meals, and went to sleep, without the slightest fear of being stung. He had lived with the bees so long, they had become so accustomed to him, and his skin was so tough and hard, that the bees no more thought of stinging him than they would of stinging a tree or a stone. A swarm of bees had made their hive in a pocket of his old leathern doublet; and when he put on this coat to take one of his long walks in the forest in search of wild bees' nests, he was very glad to have this hive with him, for, if he did not find any wild honey, he would put his hand in his pocket and take out a piece of a comb for a luncheon. The bees in his pocket worked very industriously,



saw the little old man. "What are you doing here, you vile beggar?" he cried.

# of Orn

By
Frank R. Stockton

a fantastic adventure

and he was always certain of having something to eat with him wherever he went. He lived principally upon honey; and when he needed bread or meat, he carried some fine combs to a village not far away and bartered them for other food. He was ugly, untidy, shriveled, and brown. He was poor, and the bees seemed to be his only friends. But, for all that, he was happy and contented; he had all the honey he wanted, and his bees, whom he considered the best company in the world, were as friendly and sociable as they could be, and seemed to increase in number every day.

One day, there stopped at the hut of the Bee-man a Junior Sorcerer. This young person, who was a student of magic, necromancy, and the kindred arts, was much interested in the Bee-man, whom he had frequently noticed in his wanderings, and he considered him an admirable subject for study. He had got a great deal of useful practice by endeavoring to find out, by the various rules and laws of sorcery, exactly why the old Bee-man did not happen to be something that he was not, and why he was what he happened to be. He had studied a long time and had found out something.

"Do you know," he said, when the Bee-man came out of his hut, "that you have been transformed?"

"What do you mean by that?" said the other, much surprised.

"You have surely heard of animals and

human beings who have been magically transformed into different kinds of creatures?"

"Yes, I have heard of these things," said the Bee-man, "but what have I been transformed from?"

"That is more than I know," said the Junior Sorcerer. "But one thing is certain—you ought to be changed back. If you will find out what you have been transformed from, I will see that you are made all right again. Nothing would please me better than to attend to such a case."

And, having a great many things to study and investigate, the Junior Sorcerer went his way.

This information greatly disturbed the mind of the Bee-man. If he had been changed from something else, he ought to be that other thing, whatever it was. He ran after the young man, and overtook him.

"If you know, kind sir," he said, "that I have been transformed, you surely are able to tell me what it is that I was."

"No," said the Junior Sorcerer, "my studies have not proceeded far enough for that. When I become a Senior I can tell you all about it. But, in the meantime, it will be well for you to try to discover for yourself your original form, and when you have done that, I will get some of the learned masters of my art to restore you to it. It will be easy enough to do that, but you could not expect them to take the time and trouble to find out what it was."

And, with these words, he hurried away, and was soon lost to view.

GREATLY disquieted, the Bee-man retraced his steps, and went to his hut. Never before had he heard anything which had so troubled him.

"I wonder what I was transformed from?" he thought, seating himself on his rough bench. "Could it have been a giant, or a powerful prince, or some gorgeous being whom the magicians or the fairies wished to punish? It may be that I was a dog or a horse, or perhaps a fiery dragon or a horrid snake. I hope it was not one of these. But, whatever it was, every one has certainly a right to his original form, and I am resolved to find out mine. I will start early tomorrow morning, and I am sorry now that I have not more pockets to my old doublet, so that I might carry more bees and more honey for my journey."

He spent the rest of the day in making a hive of twigs and straw, and, having transferred to this a number of honey-combs, and a colony of bees which had just swarmed, he rose before sunrise the next day, and having put on his leathern doublet, and having bound his new hive to his back, he set forth on his quest; the bees who were to accompany him buzzing around him like a cloud.

As the Bee-man passed through the little village the people greatly wondered at his queer appearance, with the hive upon his back. "The Bee-man is going on a long expedition this time," they said; but no one imagined the strange business on which he was bent. About noon he sat down under a tree, near a beautiful meadow covered with blossoms, and ate a little honey. Then he untied his hive and stretched himself out on the grass to rest. As he gazed upon his bees hovering about him, some going out to the blossoms in the sunshine, and some returning laden with the sweet pollen, he said to himself, "They know just what they have to do, and they do it; but alas for me! I know not what I may have to do. And yet, whatever it may be, I am determined to do it. In some way or other I will find out what was my original form, and then I will have myself changed back to it."

And now the thought came to him that perhaps his original form might have been something very disagreeable, or even horrid.

"But it does not matter," he said sturdily. "Whatever I was, that shall I be again. It is not right for any one to retain a form which does not properly belong to him. I have no doubt I shall discover my original form in the same way that I find the trees in which the wild bees hive. When I first catch sight of a bee-tree I am drawn toward it, I know not how. Something says to me: 'That is what you are looking for.' In the same way I believe that I shall find my original form. When I see it, I shall be drawn toward it. Something will say to me: 'That is it.' "

When the Bee-man was rested he started off again, and in about an hour he entered a fair domain. Around him were beautiful lawns, grand trees, and lovely gardens; while at a little distance stood the stately palace of the Lord of the Domain. Richly dressed people were walking about or sitting in the shade of the trees and arbors; splendidly caparisoned horses were waiting for their riders; and everywhere were seen signs of opulence and gaiety.

"I think," said the Bee-man to himself, "that I should like to stop here for a time. If it should happen that I was originally like any of these happy creatures it would please me much."

He untied his hive, and hid it behind some bushes, and taking off his old doublet, laid that beside it. It would not do to have his bees flying about him if he wished to go among the inhabitants of this fair domain.

For two days the Bee-man wandered about the palace and its grounds, avoiding notice as much as possible, but looking at everything. He saw handsome men and lovely ladies; the finest horses, dogs and cattle that were ever known; beautiful birds in cages, and fishes in crystal globes, and it seemed to him that the best of all living things were here collected.

At the close of the second day, the Bee-man said to himself: "There is one being here toward whom I feel very much drawn, and that is the Lord of the Domain. I cannot feel certain that I was once like him, but it would be a very fine thing if it were so; and it seems impossible for me to be drawn toward any other being in the domain when I look upon him, so handsome, rich and powerful. But I must observe him more closely, and feel more sure of the matter, before applying to the sorcerers to change me back into a lord of a fair domain."

The next morning, the Bee-man saw the Lord of the Domain walking in his gardens. He slipped along the shady paths, and followed him so as to observe him closely, and find out if he were really drawn toward this noble and handsome being. The Lord of the Domain walked on for some time, not noticing that the Bee-man was behind him. But suddenly turning, he saw the little old man.

"What are you doing here, you vile beggar?" he cried; and he gave him a kick that sent him into some bushes that grew by the side of the path.

The Bee-man scrambled to his feet, and ran as fast as he could to the place where he had hidden his hive and his old doublet.

"If I am certain of any thing," he thought, "it is that I was never a person who would kick a poor old man. I will leave this place. I was transformed from nothing that I see here."

HE NOW traveled for a day or two longer, and then he came to a great black mountain, near the bottom of which was an opening like the mouth of a cave.

This mountain he had heard was filled with caverns and underground passages, which were the abodes of dragons, evil spirits, horrid creatures of all kinds.

"Ah, me!" said the Bee-man with a sigh, "I suppose I ought to visit this place. If I am going to do this thing properly, I should look on all sides of the subject, and I may have been one of those horrid creatures myself."

Thereupon he went to the mountain, and as he approached the opening of the passage which led into its inmost recesses he saw, sitting upon the ground, and leaning his back against a tree, a Languid Youth.

"Good day," said this individual when he saw the Bee-man. "Are you going inside?"

"Yes," said the Bee-man, "that is what I intend to do."

"Then," said the Languid Youth, slowly rising to his feet, "I think I will go with you. I was told that if I went in there I should get my energies toned up, and they need it very much; but I did not feel equal to entering by myself, and I thought I would wait until some one came along. I am very glad to see you, and we will go in together."

So the two went into the cave, and they had proceeded but a short distance when they met a very little creature, whom, it was easy to recognize as a Very Imp. He was about two feet high, and resembled in color a freshly polished pair of boots. He was extremely lively and active, and came bounding toward them.

"What did you two people come here for?" he asked.

"I came," said the Languid Youth, "to have my energies toned up."

"You have come to the right place," said the Very Imp. "We will tone you up. And what does that old Bee-man want?"

"He had been transformed from something, and wants to find out what it is. He thinks he may have been one of the things in here."

"I should not wonder if that were so," said the Very Imp, rolling his head on one side, and eying the Bee-man with a critical gaze.

"All right," said the Very Imp, "he can go around, and pick out his previous existence. We have here all sorts of vile creepers, crawlers, hissers and snorters. I suppose he thinks any thing will be better than a Bee-man."

"It is not because I want to be better than I am," said the Bee-man, "that I started out on this search. I have simply an honest desire to become what I originally was."

"Oh! that is it, is it?" said the other. "There is an idiotic moon-calf here with a clam head, which must be just like what you used to be."

"Nonsense," said the Bee-man. "You have not the least idea what an honest purpose is. I shall go about, and see for myself."

"Go ahead," said the Very Imp, "and I will attend to this fellow who wants to be toned up." So saying he joined the Languid Youth.

"Look here," said that individual, regarding him with interest, "do you black and shine yourself every morning?"

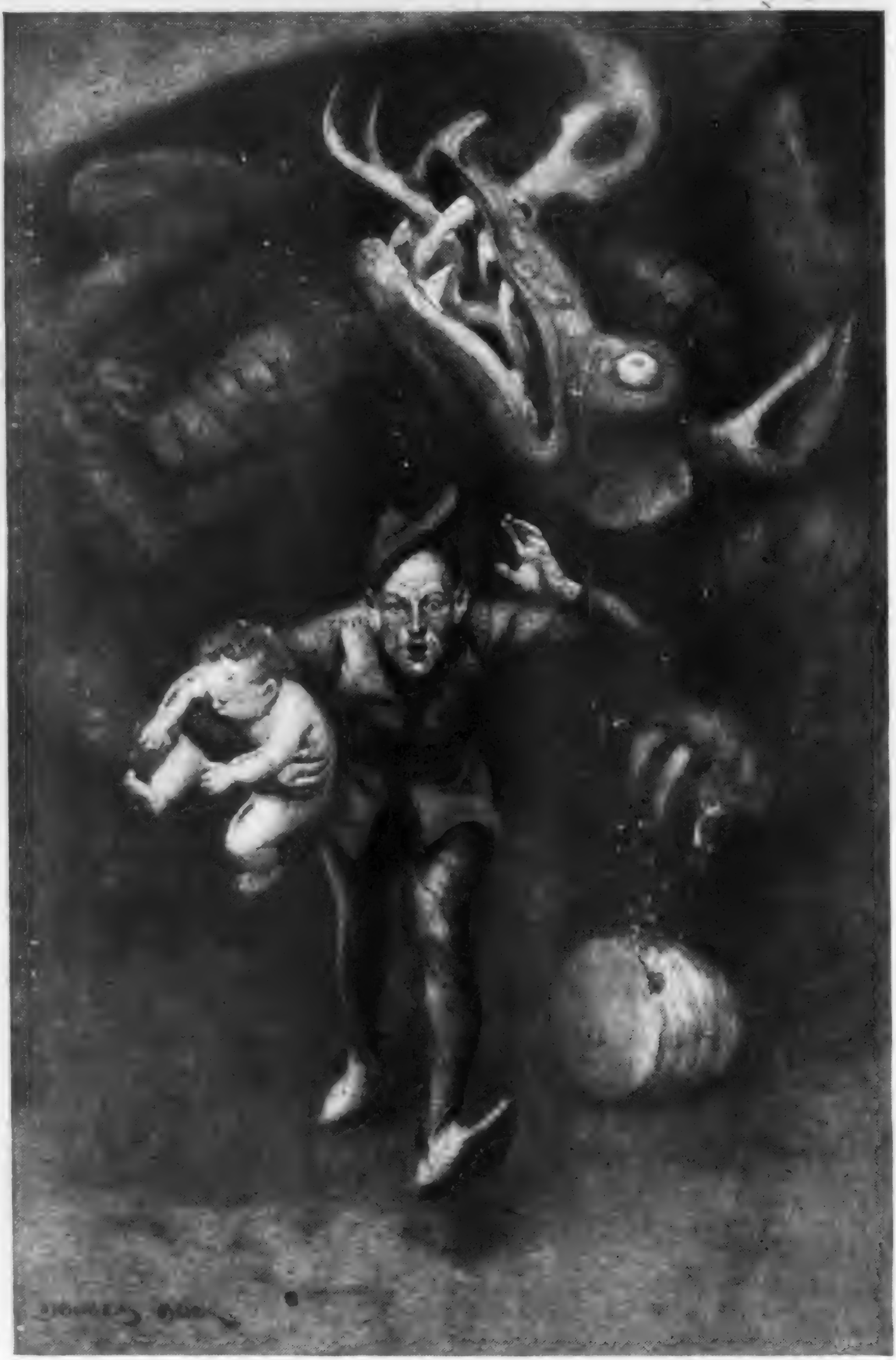
"No," said the other, "it is water-proof varnish. You want to be invigorated, don't you? Well, I will tell you a splendid way to begin. You see that Bee-man has put down his hive and his coat with the bees in it. Just wait till he gets out of sight, and then catch a lot of those bees, and squeeze them flat. If you spread them on a sticky rag, and make a plaster, and put it on the small of your back, it will invigorate you like everything, especially if some of the bees are not quite dead."

"Yes," said the Languid Youth, looking at him with his mild eyes, "but if I had energy enough to catch a bee I would be satisfied. Suppose you catch a lot for me."

"The subject is changed," said the Very Imp. "We are now about to visit the spacious chamber of the King of Snap-Dragons."

"That is a flower," said the Languid Youth.

"You will find him a gay old blossom," said the other. "When he has chased you round his room, and has blown sparks at you, and has snorted and howled, and cracked his tail, and



Without hesitation, the Bee-man threw his hive into the face of the dragon. While the dragon was engaged with the bees, the Bee-man rushed forward, and, seizing the child, he hurried off.

snapped his jaws like a pair of anvils, your energies will be toned up higher than ever before in your life."

"No doubt of it," said the Languid Youth, "but I think I will begin with something a little milder."

"Well, then," said the other, "there is a flat-tailed Demon of the Gorge in here. He is generally asleep, and, if you say so, you can slip into the farthest corner of his cave, and I'll solder his tail to the opposite wall. Then he will rage and roar, but he can't get at you, for he doesn't reach all the way across his cave; I have measured him. It will tone you up wonderfully to sit there and watch him."

"Very likely," said the Languid Youth, "but I would rather stay outside and let you go up in the corner. The performance in that way will be more interesting to me."

"You are dreadfully hard to please," said the Very Imp. "I have offered them to you loose, and I have offered them fastened to a wall, and now the best thing I can do is to give you a chance at one of them that can't move at all. It is the Ghastly Griffin and is enchanted. He can't stir so much as the tip of his whiskers for a thousand years. You can go to his cave and examine him just as if he were stuffed, and you can sit on his back and think how it would be if you should live to be a thousand years old, and he should wake up while you are sitting there. It would be easy to imagine a lot of horrible things he would do to you when you look at his open mouth with its awful fangs, his dreadful claws, and his horrible wings all covered with spikes."

"I think that might suit me," said the Languid Youth. "I would much rather imagine the exercises of these monsters than to see them really going on."

"Come on, then," said the Very Imp, and he led the way to the cave of the Ghastly Griffin.

THE Bee-man went by himself through a great part of the mountain, and looked into many of its gloomy caves and recesses, recoiling in horror from most of the dreadful monsters who met his eyes. While he was wandering about, an awful roar was heard resounding through the passages of the mountain, and soon there came flapping along an enormous dragon, with body black as night, and wings and tail of fiery red. In his great fore-claws he bore a little baby.

"Horrible!" exclaimed the Bee-man. "He is taking that little creature to his cave to devour it."

He saw the dragon enter a cave not far away, and following looked in. The dragon was crouched upon the ground with the little baby lying before him. It did not seem to be hurt, but was frightened and crying. The monster was looking upon it with delight, as if he intended to make a dainty meal of it as soon as his appetite should be a little stronger.

"It is too bad!" thought the Bee-man. "Somebody ought to do something." And turning around, he ran away as fast as he could.

He ran through various passages until he came to the spot where he had left his bee-hive. Picking it up, he hurried back, carrying the hive in his two hands before him. When he reached the cave of the dragon, he looked in and saw the monster still crouched over the weeping child. Without a moment's hesitation, the Bee-man rushed into the cave and threw his hive straight into the face of the dragon. The bees, enraged by the shock, rushed out in an angry crowd and immediately fell upon the head, mouth, eyes, and nose of the dragon. The great monster, astounded by this sudden attack, and driven almost wild by the numberless stings of the bees, sprang back to the farthest portion of his cave, still followed by his relentless enemies, at whom he flapped wildly with his great wings and struck with his paws. While the dragon was thus engaged with the bees, the Bee-man rushed forward, and, seizing the child, he hurried away. He did not stop to pick up his doublet, but kept on until he reached the entrance of the caves. There he saw the Very Imp hopping along on one leg, and rubbing his back and shoulders with his hands, and stopped to inquire what was the matter, and what had become of the Languid Youth.

"He is no kind of a fellow," said the Very Imp. "He disappointed me dreadfully. I took him up to the Ghastly Griffin, and told him the thing was enchanted, and that he might sit on its back and think about what it could do if it was awake; and when he came near it the wretched creature opened its eyes, and raised its head, and then you ought to have seen how mad that simpleton was. He made a dash at me and seized me by the ears; he kicked and beat me till I can scarcely move."

"His energies must have been toned up a good deal," said the Bee-man.

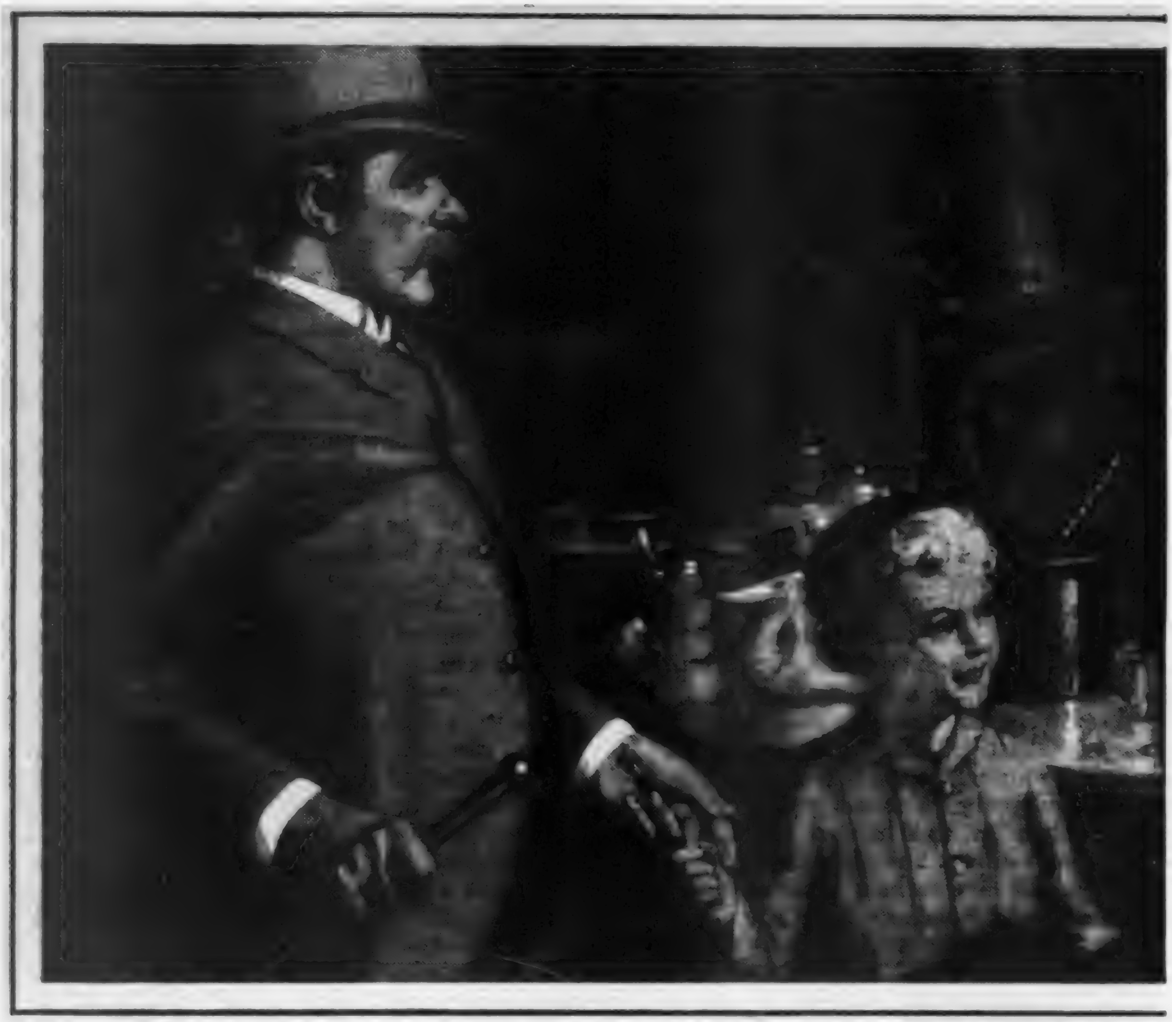
"Toned up! I should say so!" cried the other. "I raised a howl, and a Scissor-jawed Clipper came out of his hole, and got after him; but that lazy fool ran so fast that he could not be caught."

The Bee-man now ran on and soon overtook the Languid Youth.

"You need not be in a hurry now," said the latter, "for the rules of this institution don't allow the creatures inside to come out of this opening, or to hang around it. If they did, they would frighten away visitors. They go in and out of holes in the upper part of the mountain."

The two proceeded on their way.

[*Continued on page 171*]



Quite distinctly the shopman drew from his head a glass ball. "Something in this way?" he said.

By
H. G. Wells

The Magic Shop

A story for the Right Sort

(*Reprinted. See announcement on page 130.*)

I HAD seen the Magic Shop from afar several times; I had passed it once or twice, a shop window of alluring little object, magic balls, magic hens, wonderful cones, ventriloquist dolls, the material of the basket trick, packs of cards that *looked* all right, and all that sort of thing, but never had I thought of going in until one day, almost without warning, Gip hauled me by my finger right up to the window, and so conducted himself that there was nothing for it but to take him in. I had not thought the place was there, to tell the truth—a modest-sized frontage in Regent Street, between the picture shop and the place where the chicks run about just out of patent incubators—but there it was sure enough. I had fancied it was down nearer the Circus, or round the corner in Oxford Street, or even in Holburn; always over the way and a little inaccessible it had been, with something of the mirage in its position; but here it was now quite indisputably, and the fat end of Gip's pointing finger made a noise upon the glass.

"If I was rich," said Gip, dabbing a finger at the Disappearing Egg, "I'd buy myself that. And that"—which was The Crying Baby, Very

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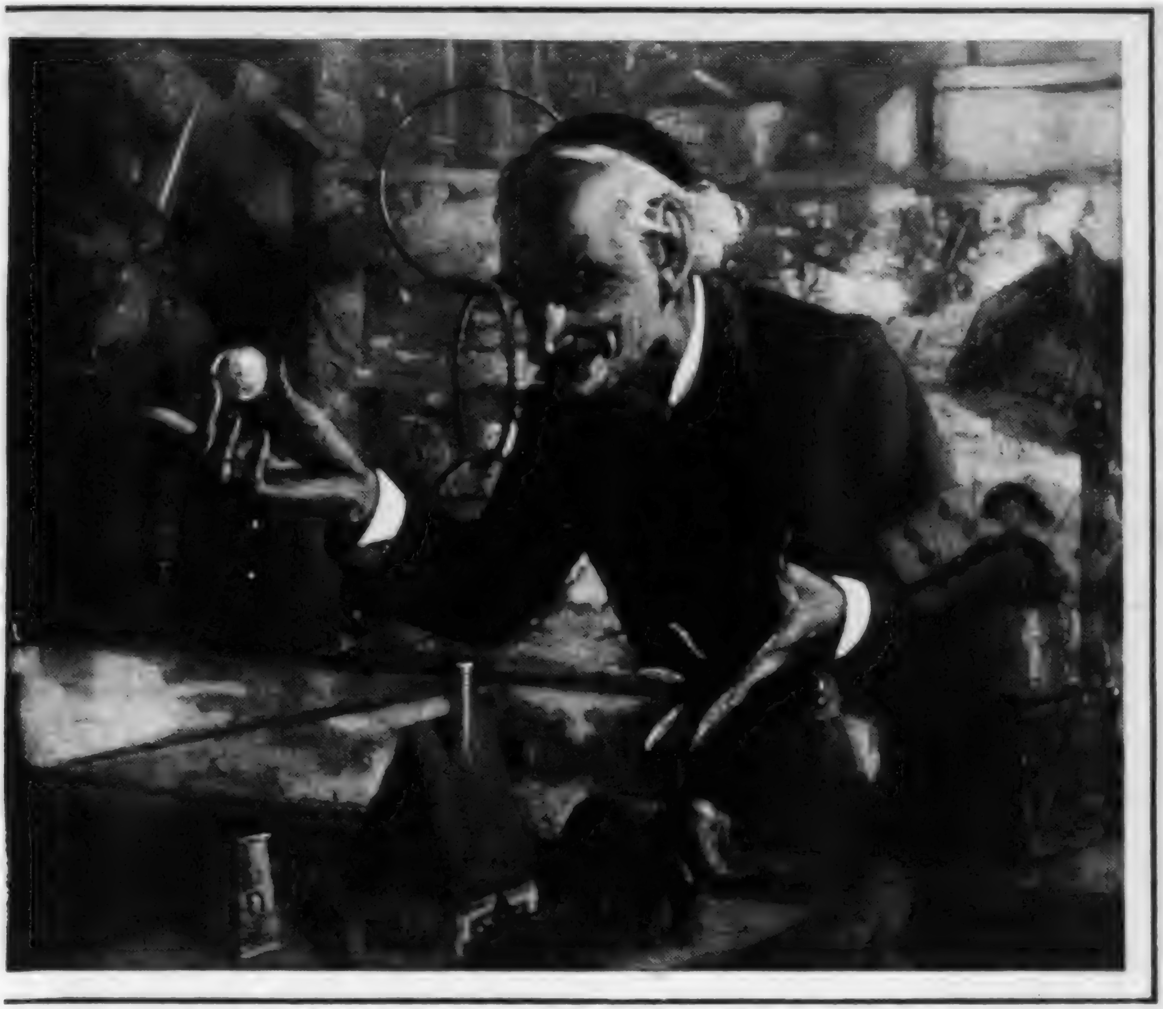


and held it out. I had seen the trick done endless times before, but I had not expected it here.

Shop

of Boy of any age

Illustrated by
Harry F. Rudd

Human—"and that," which was a mystery, and called, so a neat card asserted, "Buy One and Astonish Your Friends."

"Anything," said Gip, "will disappear under those cones. I have read about it in a book.

"And there, dadda, is the Vanishing Halfpenny—only they've put it this way up so's we can't see how it's done."

Gip, dear boy, inherits his mother's breeding, and he did not propose to enter the shop or worry in any way; only, you know, quite unconsciously he lugged my finger doorward, and he made his interest clear.

"That," he said, and pointed to the Magic Bottle.

"If you had that?" I said; at which promising inquiry he looked up with radiance.

"I could show it to Jessie," he said, thoughtful as ever of others.

"It's less than a hundred days to your birthday, Gibbles," I said, and laid my hand on the door-handle.

Gip made no answer, but his grip tightened on my finger, and so we came into the shop.

It was no common shop this; it was a magic shop, and all the prancing precedence Gip would have taken in the matter of mere toys was wanting. He left the burden of the conversation to me.

It was a little, narrow shop, not very well lit, and the door-bell pinged again with a plaintive note as we closed it behind us. For a moment or so we were alone and could glance about us. There was a tiger in *papier-mâché* on the glass case that covered the low counter—a grave, kind-eyed tiger that waggled his head in a methodical manner; there were several crystal spheres, a china hand holding magic cards, a stock of magic fish-bowls in various sizes, and an immodest magic hat that shamelessly displayed its springs. On the floor were magic mirrors; one to draw you out long and thin, one to swell your head and vanish your legs, and one to make you short and fat like a draught; and while we were laughing at these the shopman, as I suppose, came in.

At any rate, there he was behind the counter—a curious, sallow, dark man, with one ear larger than the other and a chin like the toe-cap of a boot.

"What can we have the pleasure?" he said, spreading his long, magic fingers on the glass case; and so with a start we were aware of him.

"I want," I said, "to buy my little boy a few simple tricks."

"Legerdemain?" he said. "Mechanical? Domestic?"

"Anything amusing?" said I.

"Um!" said the shopman, and scratched his head for a moment as if thinking. Then, quite distinctly, he drew from his head a glass ball. "Something in this way?" he said, and held it out.

The action was unexpected. I had seen the trick done at entertainments endless times before—it's part of the common stock of conjurers—but I had not expected it here. "That's good," I said, with a laugh.

"Isn't it?" said the shopman.

Gip stretched out his disengaged hand to take this object and found merely a blank palm.

"It's in your pocket," said the shopman, and there it was!

"How much will that be?" I asked.

"We make no charge for glass balls," said the shopman politely. "We get them"—he picked one out of his elbow as he spoke—"free." He produced another from the back of his neck, and laid it beside its predecessor on the counter. Gip regarded his glass ball sagely, then directed a look of inquiry at the two on the counter, and finally brought his round-eyed scrutiny to the shopman, who smiled. "You may have those too," said the shopman, "and, if you *don't* mind, one from my mouth. *So!*"

GIP counseled me mutely for a moment, and then in a profound silence put away the four balls, resumed my reassuring finger, and nerved himself for the next event.

"We get all our smaller tricks in that way," the shopman remarked.

I laughed in the manner of one who subscribes to a jest. "Instead of going to the wholesale shop," I said. "Of course, it's cheaper."

"In a way," the shopman said. "Though we pay in the end. But not so heavily—as people suppose. . . . Our larger tricks, and our daily provisions and all the other things we want, we get out of that hat. . . And you know, sir, if you'll excuse my saying it, there *isn't* a wholesale shop, not for Genuine Magic goods, sir. I don't know if you noticed our inscription—the Genuine Magic shop." He drew a business card from his cheek and handed it to me. "Genuine," he said, with his finger on the word, and added, "There is absolutely no deception, sir."

He seemed to be carrying out the joke pretty thoroughly, I thought.

He turned to Gip with a smile of remarkable affability. "You, you know, are the Right Sort of Boy."

I was surprised at his knowing that, because, in the interests of discipline, we keep it rather a secret even at home; but Gip received it in unflinching silence, keeping a steadfast eye on him.

"It's only the Right Sort of Boy gets through that doorway."

And as if by way of illustration, there came a rattling at the door, and a squeaking little voice could be faintly heard. "Nyar! I *warn* 'a go in there, dadda, I WARN 'a go in there. Ny-a-a-ah!" and then the accents of a downtrodden parent, urging consolations and propitiations. "It's locked, Edward," he said.

"But it isn't," said I.

"It is, sir," said the shopman, "always—for that sort of child," and as he spoke we had a glimpse of the other youngster, a little, white face, pallid from sweet-eating and over-spiced food, and distorted by evil passions, a ruthless little egotist, pawing at the enchanted pane. "It's no good, sir," said the shopman, as I moved, with my natural helpfulness, doorward, and presently the spoilt child was carried off howling.

"How do you manage that?" I said, breathing a little more freely.

"Magic!" said the shopman, with a careless wave of the hand, and behold! sparks of colored fire flew out of his fingers and vanished into the shadows of the shop.

"You were saying," he said, addressing himself to Gip, "before you came in, that you would like one of our 'Buy One and Astonish Your Friends' boxes?"

Gip, after a gallant effort, said "Yes."

"It's in your pocket."

And leaning over the counter—he really had an extraordinarily long body—this amazing person produced the article in the customary conjurer's manner. "Paper," he said, and took a sheet out of the empty hat with the springs; "string," and behold his mouth was a string box, from which he drew an unending thread, which when he had tied his parcel he bit off—and it seemed to me, swallowed the ball of string. And then he lit a candle at the nose of one of the ventriloquist's dummies, stuck one of his fingers (which had become red sealing-wax) into the flame, and so sealed the parcel. "Then there was the Disappearing Egg," he remarked, and produced one from within my coat-breast and packed it, and also The Crying Baby, Very Human. I handed each parcel to Gip as it was ready, and he clasped them to his chest.

He said very little, but his eyes were eloquent; the clutch of his arms was eloquent. He was the playground of unspeakable emotions. These, you know, were *real* Magics.

Then, with a start, I discovered something moving about in my hat—something soft and jumpy. I whipped it off, and a ruffled pigeon—no doubt a confederate—dropped out and ran on the counter, and went, I fancy, into a cardboard box behind the *papier-mâché* tiger.

"Tut, tut!" said the shopman, dexterously relieving me of my headdress; "careless bird, and—as I live—nesting!"

He shook my hat, and shook out into his extended hand two or three eggs, a large marble, a watch, about half-a-dozen of the inevitable glass balls, and then crumpled crinkled paper, more and more and more, talking all the time of the way in which people neglect to brush their hats *inside* as well as out, politely, of course, but with a certain personal application. "All sorts of things accumulate, sir. . . . Not you, of course, in particular. . . Nearly every customer. . . Astonishing what they carry about with them. . . ." The crumpled paper rose and billowed on the counter more and more and more, until he was nearly hidden from us, until he was altogether hidden, and still his voice went on and on. "We none of us know what the fair semblance of a human being may conceal, sir. Are we all then no better than brushed exteriors, whited sepulchres—"

His voice stopped—exactly like when you hit a neighbor's gramophone with a well-aimed brick, the same instant silence, and the rustle of the paper stopped, and everything was still. . . .

"Have you done with my hat?" I said, after an interval.

There was no answer.

I stared at Gip, and Gip stared at me, and there were our distortions in the magic mirrors, looking very rum, and grave, and quiet. . . .

"I think we'll go now," I said. "Will you tell me how much all this comes to? . . .

"I say," I said, on a rather louder note, "I want the bill; and my hat, please."

It might have been a sniff from behind the paper pile. . . .

"Let's look behind the counter, Gip," I said. "He's making fun of us."

I led Gip round the head-wagging tiger, and what do you think there was behind the counter? No one at all! Only my hat on the floor, and a common conjurer's lop-eared white rabbit lost in meditation, and looking as stupid and crumpled as only a conjurer's rabbit can. I resumed my hat, and the rabbit lolloped a lollop or so out of my way.

"Dadda!" said Gip, in a guilty whisper.

"I *do* like this shop, dadda."

"So should I," I said to myself, "if the counter wouldn't suddenly extend itself to shut one off from the door." But I didn't call Gip's attention to that. "Pussy!" he said, with a hand out to the rabbit as it came lolloping past us; "Pussy, do Gip a magic!" and his eyes followed it as it squeezed through a door I had certainly not remarked a moment before. Then this door opened wider, and the man with one ear larger than the other appeared again. He was smiling still, but his eye met mine with something between amusement and defiance. "You'd like to see our showroom, sir," he said, with an innocent suavity. Gip tugged my finger forward. I glanced at the counter and met the shopman's eye again. I was beginning to think the magic just a little too genuine. "We haven't *very* much time," I said. But somehow we were inside the showroom before I could finish that.

"All goods of the same quality," said the shopman, rubbing his flexible hands together, "and that is the best. Nothing in the place that isn't Genuine Magic, and warranted thoroughly rum. Excuse me, sir!"

I felt him pull at something that clung to my coat-sleeve, and then I saw he held a little, wriggling red demon by the tail—the little creature bit and fought and tried to get at his hand — and in a moment he tossed it carelessly behind a counter. No doubt the thing was only an image of twisted India rubber, but for the moment—! And his gesture was exactly that of a man who handles some petty biting bit of vermin. I glanced at Gip, but Gip was looking at a magic rocking-horse. I was glad he hadn't seen the thing. "I say," I said, in an undertone, and indicating Gip and the red demon with my eyes, "you haven't many things like *that* about, have you?"

"None of ours! Probably brought it with you," said the shopman—also in an undertone, and with a more dazzling smile than ever. "Astonishing what people *will* carry about with them unawares!" And then to Gip, "Do you see anything you fancy here?"

There were many things that Gip fancied there.

He turned to this astonishing tradesman with mingled confidence and respect. "Is that a Magic Sword?" he said.

"A Magic Toy Sword. It neither bends, breaks, nor cuts the fingers. It renders the bearer invincible in battle against any one under eighteen. Half-a-crown to seven and sixpence, according to size. These panoplies on cards are for juvenile knights-errant and very useful—shield of safety, sandals of swiftness, helmet of invisibility."

"Oh, dadda!" gasped Gip.

I tried to find out what they cost, but the shopman did not heed me. He had got Gip now; he had got him away from my finger; he had embarked upon the exposition of all his confounded stock, and nothing was going to stop him. Presently I saw with a qualm of distrust and something very like jealousy that Gip had hold of this person's finger as usually he has hold of mine. No doubt the fellow was interesting, I thought, and had an interestingly faked lot of stuff, really *good* faked stuff, still. . . .

I wandered after them, saying very little, but keeping an eye on this prestidigital fellow. After all, Gip was enjoying it. And no doubt when the time came to go we should be able to go quite easily.

It was a long, rambling place, that showroom, a gallery broken up by stands and stalls and pillars, with archways leading off to other departments, in which the queerest-looking assistants loafed and stared at one, and with perplexing mirrors and curtains. So perplexing, indeed, were these that I was presently unable to make out the door by which we had come.

THE shopman showed Gip magic trains that ran without steam or clockwork, just as you set the signals, and then some very, very valuable boxes of soldiers that all came alive directly you took off the lid and said— I myself haven't a very quick ear and it was a tongue-twisting sound, but Gip—he had his mother's ear—got it in no time. "Bravo!" said the shopman, putting the men back into the box unceremoniously and handing it to Gip. "Now," said the shopman, and in a moment Gip had made them all alive again.

"You'll take that box?" asked the shopman.

"We'll take that box," said I, "unless you charge its full value. In which case it would need a Trust Magnate—"

"Dear heart! *No!*" and the shopman swept the little men back again, shut the lid, waved the box in the air, and there it was, in brown paper, tied up and—*with Gip's full name and address on the paper!*

The shopman laughed at my amazement.

"This is the genuine magic," he said. "The real thing."

"It's a little too genuine for my taste," I said again.

After that he fell to showing Gip tricks, odd tricks, and still odder the way they were done. He explained them, he turned them inside out, and there was the dear little chap nodding his busy bit of a head in the sagest manner.

I did not attend as well as I might. "Hey, presto!" said the Magic Shopman, and then would come the clear, small "Hey, presto!" of the boy. But I was distracted by other things. It was being borne in upon me just how tremendously rum this place was; it was, so to speak, inundated by a sense of rumness. There was something a little rum about the fixtures even, about the ceiling, about the floor, about the casually distributed chairs. I had a queer feeling that whenever I wasn't looking at them straight they went askew, and moved about, and played a noiseless puss-in-the-corner behind my back. And the cornice had a serpentine design with masks—masks altogether too expressive for proper plaster.

Then abruptly my attention was caught by one of the odd-looking assistants. He was some way off and evidently unaware of my presence. I saw a sort of three-quarter length of him over a pile of toys and through an arch—and, you know, he was leaning against a pillar in an idle sort of way doing the most horrid things with his features! The particular horrid thing he did was with his nose. He did it just as though he was idle and wanted to amuse himself. First of all it was a short, blobby nose, and then suddenly he shot it out like a telescope, and then out it flew and became thinner and thinner until it was like a long, red, flexible whip. Like a thing in a nightmare it was! He flourished it about and flung it forth as a fly-fisher flings his line.

My instant thought was that Gip mustn't see him. I turned about, and there was Gip quite preoccupied with the shopman, and thinking no evil. They were whispering together and looking at me. Gip was standing on a little stool, and the shopman was holding a sort of big drum in his hand.

"Hide and seek, dadda!" cried Gip. "You're He!"

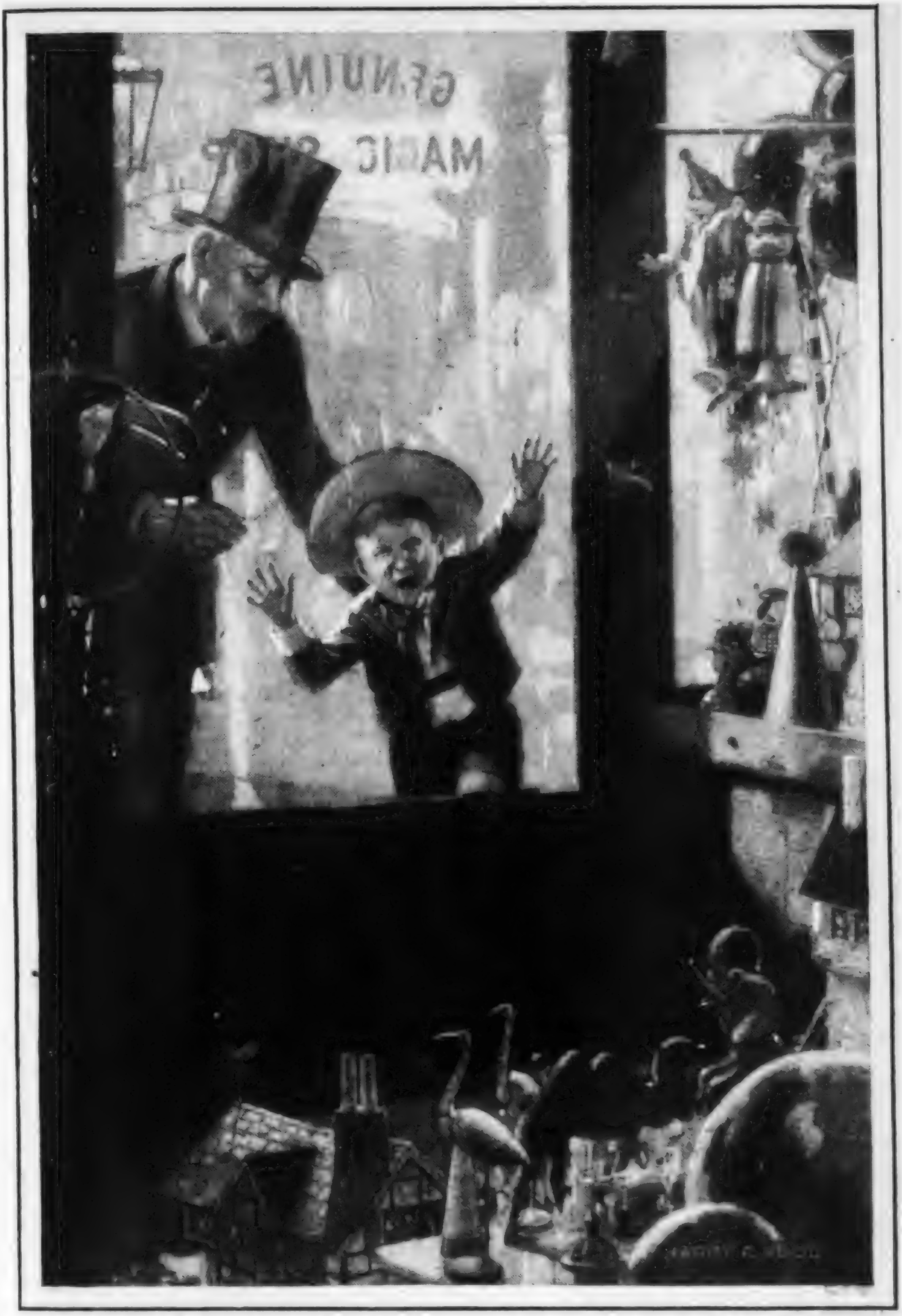
And before I could do anything to prevent it, the shopman had clapped the big drum over him.

I saw what was up directly. "Take that off," I cried, "this instant! You'll frighten the boy. Take it off!"

The shopman with the unequal ears did so without a word, and held the big cylinder towards me to show its emptiness. And the little stool was vacant! In that instant my boy had utterly disappeared. . . .

You know, perhaps, that sinister something that comes like a hand out of the unseen and grips your heart about. You know it takes your common self away and leaves you tense and deliberate, neither slow nor hasty, neither angry nor afraid. So it was with me.

I came up to this grinning shopman and kicked his stool aside.



"It's only the Right Sort of Boy gets through that doorway," the shopman had said. And by way of illustration, there came a rattling at the door. A youngster was pawing the enchanted pane, but could not enter.

"Stop this folly!" I said. "Where is my boy?"

"You see," he said, still displaying the drum's interior, "there is no deception—"

I put out my hand to grip him, and he eluded me by a dexterous movement. I snatched again, and he turned from me and pushed open a door to escape. "Stop!" I said, and he laughed, receding. I leaped after him—into utter darkness.

Thud!

"Lor' bless my 'eart. I didn't see you coming, sir!"

I was in Regent Street, and I had collided with a decent-looking workingman; and a yard away, perhaps, and looking a little perplexed with himself was Gip. There was some sort of apology, and then Gip had turned and come to me with a bright little smile, as though for a moment he had missed me.

And he was carrying four parcels in his arm!

He secured immediate possession of my finger.

For the second I was rather at a loss. I stared round to see the door of the magic shop, and, behold, it was not there! There was no door, no shop, nothing, only the common pilaster between the shop where they sell pictures and the window with the chicks. . . .

I did the only thing possible in that mental tumult: I walked straight to the curbstone and held up my umbrella for a cab.

" 'Ansoms," said Gip, in a note of culminating exultation.

I helped him in, recalled my address with an effort, and got in also. Something unusual proclaimed itself in my tail-coat pocket, and I felt and discovered a glass ball. With a petulant expression I flung it into the street.

Gip said nothing.

For a space neither of us spoke.

"Dadda!" said Gip, at last, "that *was* a proper shop!"

I CAME round with that to the problem of just how the whole thing had seemed to him. He looked completely undamaged—so far, good; he was neither scared nor unhinged, he was simply tremendously satisfied with the afternoon's entertainment, and there in his arms were the four parcels.

Confound it! what could be in them?

"Um!" I said. "Little boys can't go to shops like that every day."

He received this with his usual stoicism, and for the moment I was sorry I was his father and not his mother, and so couldn't suddenly there, *coram publico*, in our hansom, kiss him. After all, I thought, the thing wasn't so very bad.

But it was only when we opened the parcels that I really began to be reassured. Three of them contained boxes of soldiers, quite ordinary lead soldiers, but of so good a quality as to make Gip altogether forget that originally these parcels had been Magic Tricks of the only genuine sort, and the fourth contained a kitten, a little living white kitten, in excellent health and appetite and temper.

I saw this unpacking with a sort of provisional relief. I hung about in the nursery for quite an unconscionable time. . . .

That happened six months ago. And now I am beginning to believe it is all right. The kitten had only the magic natural to all kittens, and the soldiers seem as steady a company as any colonel could desire. And Gip—?

The intelligent parent will understand that I have to go cautiously with Gip.

But I went so far as this one day. I said, "How would you like your soldiers to come alive, Gip, and march about by themselves?"

"Mine do," said Gip. "I just have to say a word I know before I open the lid."

"Then they march about alone?"

"Oh, *quite*, dadda. I shouldn't like them if they didn't do that."

I displayed no unbecoming surprise, and since then I have taken occasion to drop in upon him once or twice, unannounced, when the soldiers were about, but so far I have never discovered them performing in anything like a magical manner. . . .

It's so difficult to tell.

There's also a question of finance. I have an uncurable habit of paying bills. I have been up and down Regent Street several times, looking for that shop. I am inclined to think, indeed, that in that matter honor is satisfied, and that, since Gip's name and address are known to them, I may very well leave it to these people, whoever they may be, to send in their bill in their own time.

Old *or* New?

Two other short stories, similar in theme and written years apart, will appear here next month. One, by Prosper Mérimée, a nineteenth-century French writer, is *Mateo Falcone*, which long enjoyed the distinction of being the most cruel story in the world. You will be interested in matching its quality with that of a story of the American occupation of the Philippines, *Caybigan*, a similarly dramatic tale of tragic sacrifice written by a living American author, James Hopper.

The Alligator Boy

FOR sheer amazing nerve in the face of what might be one of the most horrible deaths, few chance-takers in this age are likely to compare with Henry Coppinger, Jr., of Miami, Florida. He is called "The Alligator Boy" because of an almost unbelievable exploit which he performs with alligators. As if it were the most natural thing in the world, he dives into the water, attacks a ten or twelve foot alligator with his bare hands, subdues it and brings it to shore.

There have been plenty of alligator hunters who dared to seek out the vicious 'gator in the wildernesses where he is supposed to be found. In this country that wilderness is the weird and dense growth of the mangrove-matted Everglades in Florida. But these hunters carry high-powered rifles or shotguns loaded with heavy buckshot. They seldom go alone—and they stay in their canoes. Even at that, it has always been a risky business. Imagine then a man who hunts them barehanded and trusting to his ability, speed and strength in a rough and tumble scrap, goes right after them in the water.

Ordinarily, alligator hunters paddle or pole a canoe out slowly and noiselessly through the channels of a swamp by night. And it must be a dark night. They carry a strong torchlight which they flash here and there over the water in search of the 'gator. The alligator usually floats lazily in the water with only the upper part of the head exposed and it is very difficult to tell him from a log. But the reflection of this light on his steady unblinking eyes picks him out and furnishes a mark for the hunter to shoot at. An experienced hunter will aim directly at one of these blazing eyes or at the throat in order not to ruin the skin. He must hit one of these vulnerable spots the first time, for there is no second chance. If the alligator is killed he sinks immediately to the bottom and is pulled up with a hook.

Coppinger, too, hunts them from a canoe but he has no flashlight and no gun. When he sees the alligator sleeping on the banks or swimming in the water in search of prey he slips up on him as silently as an Indian. Then he springs suddenly and accurately from his canoe into the water directly at the beast. The minute he hears the splash of the diver the huge reptile sinks as silently and swiftly as a submarine. But Coppinger goes right on after him and with the extra impetus of his spring he is usually able to catch him. He grabs hold of the alligator's snout—how, only Coppinger knows—and somehow he manages to keep the reptile's mouth closed. Then down there under the water there follows a terrific struggle. It is a match of the skill and speed of a man against the great strength and ferociousness of the saurian. Let Coppinger once lose his "nose hold" and the alligator turning over and over in the water as is its manner, would tear him limb from limb.

Even great twelve foot monsters have to quit when Henry Coppinger, Jr., gets the "nose hold" he illustrates with his "farm" pet

But Coppinger locks his arms around the body of the beast and holds on to the nose like grim death. They bob up and down in the water, twisting and diving like the monsters that used to fight in the prehistoric swamps. The 'gator's natural instinct is to dive for the bottom since he can remain under water for ninety hours or more. Coppinger's only chance then is to force him to the surface. Fighting like forty devils, they thresh about with movements almost too quick for the eye to watch. Sometimes this will keep up for an hour, but in the end, the aligator is always subdued.

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Liberty or Death

'IS LIFE so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?"

The words, familiar to every school child in the land, rang strangely over the rolling greensward of the ancient burying ground. The sunshine filtered lazily through the summer foliage and glinted on the mellowed marble slabs. The breeze sent a gentle flutter through the thickly growing ivy leaves. Peace reigned, but for the voice. It came from the little white church, proudly lifting its square tower on the hill.

"Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

Because those very words had rung from that very church one hundred and fifty years ago, the visitor had toiled up Church Hill, Richmond, Virginia, to old St. John's where Patrick Henry with his burning oratory fired the Virginia Convention of 1775 to action against the crown.

Of that historical event the guide-book said enough. It made no mention, however, of ghosts. Nevertheless, one had to believe one's ears. It made a little shiver run down the spine. The visitor was prepared for an apparition of periwigged, long-coated, gay-vested gentlemen. But, a glimpse through the window revealed a group of ordinary folk, in the flesh, standing quite peacefully about the nave. Where the slim straight figure of Patrick Henry had risen on that memorable March day, stood a short, bronzed man, heavy set and somewhat bent. His head was white and partly bald; he wore a small white mustache; and his nose had a decided Roman bend. No one could have looked less like Patrick Henry; yet clearly he was playing the part.

For half a century, almost, he has played it so every day, on some occasions many times a day, for the edification of countless historical pilgrims who come from all states and many countries to old St. John's. Notwithstanding all the school children who have struggled with the "Liberty or Death Oration" since it was made, no one has ever uttered those stirring sentences as often as he. If Patrick Henry himself were to return to repeat his triumph, in all likelihood he would have to be prompted by this present-day orator of St. John's. For the one uttered that oration but once and the other has thundered its vaulting periods more than ten thousand times.

Antonio Graffignia, self-introduced as "born in Genoa, Italy, son of Garibaldians," came to St. John's at seventeen as keeper of its cemetery, fifty years ago. His father held the job before him, dividing his time between the little churchyard on the hill and the stores down the street. Here he had set up shop soon after he arrived with his little family from across the sea. Antonio and his sister had frolicked on the grass between the graves when they were little boy and girl, but the lad's thoughts were often far away. He read history and studied his English and pored over his Cicero, dreaming of becoming a great lawyer some day. That, however, was never to be. One summer he met with a disastrous accident. His health made it necessary for him to give up his books altogether; and so his father passed on to him the restful, outdoor job at St. John's.

There he went about his daily routine, gradually reconciling himself to the surrender of his life's ambition and at the same time steeping himself in the lore of the church. He

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For half a century Antonio Graffignia has played the part of Patrick Henry where the Virginian uttered his immortal words.

She Started With a Pail of Goldfish

IT ISN'T entirely a joke—that about "you tell 'em goldfish; you've traveled 'round the globe." Maybe those in your aquarium have traveled a lot farther than you have before they reach you. Those half-dozen pets of yours, purchased from a single store, may have come from Kentucky, Ohio, Maryland, Indiana or Iowa. On the other hand they may have come from China or Japan, points out Miss Katherine N. Cooper, of Chicago. Certainly she ought to know just how oddly the assorted members of goldfish families get together. For fifteen years she has been running a goldfish clearing house.

One noon hour fifteen years ago, Miss Cooper, who was a stenographer, became interested in the fish in a department store's fountain. They seemed to exercise a certain fascination. She went back several times. Then she became even more interested in the people who were watching the fish. It suddenly dawned on her what a lot of interest people were showing and how little this had been recognized. Before her loomed the "business for herself" she had hoped for when ironing shirts in a laundry to finance her business college course. Ever since, she had kept a steady lookout for such an opportunity while working as a stenographer in a bank and later a publishing house and still later while acting as private secretary to a Mid-Western mayor. Now deciding that her chance had come, she quit her job with the manufacturing company for which she happened to be working at the time.

A few days later, with a large galvanized pail filled with goldfish on each arm, she boarded a trolley-car for a suburban town near Chicago. Was she actually going to peddle these fish from a tin pail? Not quite. When she arrived in the village she made straight for the local drug-store and unpacked a shipment of globes, castles and fish food that she had had sent to her in care of the druggist. Perhaps you wouldn't quite call it peddling, but it was certainly starting in a small way. Right then and there she started her first goldfish sale.

When I visited her wholesale store recently in Chicago, I saw expressmen sliding big heavy metal-covered tubs down a chute to the basement. They were coming from hatcheries all over the country. In the dark cool basement, I saw a hundred long steel tanks, resting coffin-like on the trestles. From an overhead pipe system a tiny stream of water steadily trickled into the tanks. An air pump chugged away, forcing air from another pipe line down through rubber tubes and out through pinholed brass nozzles into the water. Heavy, metal screen covers were at hand to protect the tanks from rats at night. There was a reserve army on hand here of a hundred thousand goldfish. This was in addition to tadpoles, water newts, snails and other aquarium inhabitants.

Starting with a clever idea, Miss Katherine Cooper built a big Chicago wholesale house which ships goldfish everywhere.

Attendants carried the fish in large pails from this basement to the main floor where they were dumped into grading tanks. Experienced graders with dip nets were picking out a fish here and a fish there to make up the assortments shipped to florists, department stores, druggists, public schools, hospitals, insane institutions, sanitariums and even to factory rest rooms. These shipments go to practically every state in the union and to Canada and Mexico. Many, many times the goldfish in traveling from these artificial fish-ponds to its final home aquarium retraces the original route taken when it started on its travels.

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She Papers and Paints

WHEN city women want to freshen their apartments with brightened walls and woodwork, they send for the decorators. When small-town women go through their houses in a zest of spring and fall cleaning, they send for painters and paper-hangers. But when the women of a little village in the Catskills and the women in the mountain hollows which lead out of that village get the same fervor for fresh paper and paint, they send for Maggie Miller.

She doesn't look as if she could paper the ceilings of high rooms or meet the problems of loosened plaster and paint-mixing. Maggie Miller is a slight, diminutive person, fine-featured and with a suggestion of frailty. This is a deceptive suggestion, however. Twenty-one years of life on a farm have developed in her a surprising wiriness, agility and endurance.

She lives in Telford Hollow, a snug, hillside valley leading out of the small village of Downsville, New York. Four years ago when she was seventeen years old she started out on this project which has given her a unique position in the community. Her first job was just to go down to the next farm and paper a neighbor's sitting-room.

"I began to paper at home when I was fourteen," she told me. "Mamma never thought of having a paper-hanger, and when we got old enough, we girls helped out. So when Ruby, our neighbor, asked me if I couldn't do her sitting-room, my sister and I thought it would be a lot of fun to try."

That was the beginning. Immediately Ruby began saying to other women in the hollow: "Why do you get a regular paper-hanger? Why don't you have Maggie Miller?"

Consequently other farmers' wives sought her. Soon the women of the adjoining hollow heard of her work; then came her first job in the village, then another and another. Maggie Miller found herself with a thriving trade on her hands. Two years ago she added inside painting to her accomplishment of papering. Today she has fifteen regular places on her list for spring and fall papering and painting. Besides these regular places there are several occasional places to which she does not go every year. She books up six months ahead.

She does not go out alone on these jobs. It would be almost too much for one small girl to handle the long strips of ceiling paper, and hang and match the side-walls. Fortunately Maggie comes from a large family, and she takes as a helper either a slender young married sister, an older married sister, or a sister-in-law—whoever can best be spared from her own work. But Maggie is always the one who plans and bosses the job.

"A ceiling isn't hard to do if you can reach good," says Maggie Miller. She does over all the houses around Telford Hollow.

Generally she drives old Harry, the farm's bay horse hitched up to a buggy. Frequently, however, when Harry is being used for farm work, she and her assistant walk the two or more miles to the job. But it is probable that old Harry will not be so popular with Maggie from now on. The farm has recently added an automobile to its possessions, and as Maggie has learned to drive, she will undoubtedly follow the example of other successful artisans and roll up to her work in state.

She works by the hour rather than by the day, for other duties besides papering and painting fall within Maggie's routine. On the farm she is the right-hand of her widowed mother. She gets up at five in the morning and helps her brother run the milking machine. After break-

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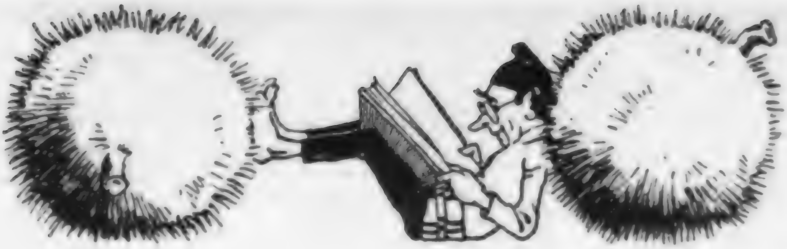

Everybody's Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE: Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

A Mind Reader

An army officer was on one occasion standing near his headquarters when he noticed that a certain captain, who was standing near-by, was accustomed every time a private saluted him to return the salute with military precision, but to follow it up with the words: "The same to you."

Finally the officer first mentioned called him over and asked, "Captain, why do you say 'The same to you,' every time you return an enlisted man's salute?"

The captain grinned. "It's this way, sir: I was a buck private once myself, and I know what they say under their breath every time they salute an officer."

One Yoke on Yim

The great railroad builder's private car had stopped near Kalispell, Montana, where a section crew was hard at work.

A big Norseman happened to be nearest the car. Spellbound by the white-maned Big Boss on the glittering rear platform he leaned on his shovel, open-mouthed.

As the train started to click on its way, the irate president suddenly thundered at him.

"Get to work you big ——— — — ————!"

Chuckling delightedly, the man bent to his shovel again. He continued to chuckle as the train gathered speed and rocketed off down the track.

"What you laughing at, Ole?" asked his buddy.

"Ay skoll tank das bane one beeg yoke on Yim Hill," guffawed the section hand. "Hay yust call me ——— — — ————, wen all das time ay bane Norwegayan."

Picking Out Twins

A benevolent old gentleman stopped at the sight of the two similar-looking infants in the baby carriage and said in a pleasant voice to the girl in attendance: "Ah! Twins?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl, "both boys."

"So?" said the gentleman, "how do you tell them apart? Which is which?"

"This one," said the nurse, pointing, "is this, and that one is that."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "how very interesting. But," he added, indicating the second one, "might not this one be this also?"

"It might," said the girl, after a short pause; "then, of course, that one would be that."

"Well, then," said the old gentleman, "how do you know how to separate them?"

"We seldom do, but when we want to we put one in one room and the other in another."

"Do you, indeed. Which do you put in one room?"

"Sometimes this one and sometimes that."

"How do you know which one you're putting in which room?"

"We look and see which is in the other room and then we know which room the other is in."

"Very good," said the old gentleman, warming up to the problem, "but if one of them was in the house and the other was away somewhere, would you be able to tell which was in the house?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said the girl, earnestly, "all we would have to do would be to look at him and then we would know that the one we saw was the one in the house, and then of course, the one away somewhere would be the other. There are only two of them, you see, which makes it very easy."

The benevolent gentleman then passed on.

Slightly Twisted

A story was circulated in Miller's home town that he had cleaned up a fortune in Florida real estate. The word was excitedly whispered about that he had made a profit of $65,000 after holding a property in Miami for two months. The small town's only editor, getting wind of it, and sensing it as good for a column or so, hastened down town to the office of Miller's father.

"That's great about your son cleaning up 65,000 berries in Miami in two months!" exclaimed the editor.

"It was St. Petersburg instead of Miami," replied Mr. Miller, "and they've got the time mixed a little. It was two years instead of two months."

"Well," replied the editor, still full of enthusiasm, "that doesn't make much difference. It's the figures that count."

"Yes, and they got them wrong too," added the old man. "It was $6,500 instead of $65,000 and he didn't make it—he lost it!"

Eventually! Why Not Now?

The Emancipated Brothers and Sisters of the Land of Goshen Colored Temple were trying to raise money to repair the plastering of the church. After an eloquent sermon the perspiring pastor leaned out over the congregation shouting, "An' now brothahs and sistahs," his voice fell to a searching whisper, "danger, danger threatens! Who is going to proteck dis heah flock? Who am de fust," his voice rose to a shout, "to contribute to de plastah fund?"

An old white-haired deacon, the wealthiest member of the church, arose. "Reverend," said he, "put dis chile down fo' ten dollahs." A piece of the crumbling plaster fell on his head with a sharp crack and sifted to the floor. "Oooh Lawd!" moaned the congregation. "Ah heah yo', Lawd," shouted the deacon through the dust. "Make it twenty dollahs."

The pastor raised his eyes to a large crack in the ceiling and stretching out his arms shouted: "Brothahs an' sistahs, let us pray! Oh Lawd," he implored, his voice falling from a shout to a whisper and back again, "we all is in de hollow of dy *han'*. We *craves* dy proteckshun now. Don' *don'* let no mo plastah *fall* on de haids of dis hyeah *devoted flock*. Save, *save* dy chillun from dishyeah *menace* which am a hangin'—*hangin'* ovah theah *haids!*"

"Aaaamen!" moaned the congregation watching the crack widen.

"Save us oh *Lawd*," implored the "reverend," "but efen it be dy will dat some mo' plastah *mus' fall*, then, oh Lawd we beseech thee, *hit* Brother Mizzle fo' *twenty mo' bucks!*"

The Gift of Tongues

A party of tourists from St. Louis were sightseeing in San Francisco's Chinatown. One old Chinese was particularly courteous to them and they remarked on leaving his shop that the Chinese must be a pretty smart race of people.

"No, no," he remarked bowing affably. "I don' know. China man not much smart. Come top-side California, stay ten, flifteen year, not talk velly good. Missouli man come here chop chop, stay two thlee month, talk plitty good."

Still En Route

A draft of Missouri mules had just arrived and one new private made the mistake of going too near one.

His comrades caught him on the rebound, placed him on a stretcher and started for the hospital.

On the way the injured one regained partial consciousness. He gazed at the sky overhead and felt the swaying motion as he was carried.

Feebly he lowered his shaky hands over the side, only to find space.

"My gosh," he groaned, "I ain't even hit the ground yet."

The Big Ones Always Get Away

The station master of a railroad town sat in his office making his monthly report. He glanced up and noticed that the through express was due. Suddenly the station was filled with the thundering of the express, but above the noise echoed a wild yell.

The station master rushed out to see the cause and an astonishing sight met his eyes. The express was disappearing around the curve, while sprawled out amid a confusion of milk cans lay a young man. His hair was disheveled and his coat torn. Going up to a small boy who was standing by, the station master asked: "Was he trying to catch the express?"

"He did catch it," replied the boy, "but it got away again."

They Got The Point

A judge was pointing out to his court that a witness was not necessarily to be regarded as untruthful because he altered a statement he had previously made.

"For instance," he said, "when I entered this court today I could have sworn that I had my watch in my pocket. But then I remembered I had left it in the bathroom at home."

When the judge reached home his wife said "Why all this bother about your watch—sending four or five men for it?"

"Good heavens," said the judge, "what did you do."

"I gave it to the first one who came—he knew just where it was."

The Man They Hanged

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York and directed it to my Captain Peter Breeze, of the sloop *China Rose*, privateer.

And thus, within it, I wrote a little note to Sancia Caradac.

VACO DE ALVAREZ was the captain's name whose garden Evan Morgan and I cultivated. He lived in a pretty little house of shell-stone outside the city walls where all around his house grew lemons and oranges, and in the garden everything grew so that he had green peas and beans and cabbages and lentils in March, also strawberries.

Lord, to look at this white soil which seemed no more than sand, one would suppose it worthless, yet in it, as I say, everything grew, and for a hedge, were planted oleander and hibiscus, and over the captain's house ran a great vine with purple blossoms that hid the roof. Also roses grew and both white and yellow jassmine and purple passion vine. Also there were trees hung deep with clusters of sweet bluish blossoms and another great tree with glossy leaves which bore huge ivory-white flowers as large as water lilies and scented most heavenly.

Everywhere the jungle was near at hand. I know not if there be monkeys and apes within its depths, and could not learn, for one told us one thing, and another something else. But there were wild beasts, and we saw them during those endless months of our captivity and servitude, for there was a long, lean, tawny kind of lion, but wore no mane; for all his bigness he ran in fear from man and preyed only upon birds and beasts. There was a kind of savage cat with little or no tail and spotted like a pard. There were small bears of brownish black tinge, black wolves, deer. and coneys and numerous smaller creatures.

As for birds, Lord! they were a multitude. I saw wild turkeys a-plenty but not as fine as those to be had close to New York City. There were little darkish colored partridges which ran an hundred together in one company and made cheery calling; there were doves, very small, and greater doves. All the song birds that ever were in North America seemed to be gathered here—some all scarlet, some crimson and some a violent sapphire blue. And everywhere were flocks of small green parrots flying or creeping among the palmettos and great live oaks where mosses hung. All these pretty or fearsome creatures so unfamiliar to Northern eyes aided to divert us and render less tedious our captivity. I loved to gaze upon them.

But the chiefest gathering place for birds was in front of the Fortress of the San Marco which is built upon a sandy peninsula. The River Matanzas is on one side, the River San Sebastian on the other, and opposite, across a lagoon, lies an island where the Spaniards have built a light, and which divides St. Augustine from the ocean.

Here in the trees and along the shore, are millions of water and marsh fowl—snowy herons with vast white wings like angels; scarlet ibises that burn like living forms of fire, long-legged birds tinted with rose and pearl, tall scarlet flamingos—Lord, to see the evening sky clouded by their flight and covered with endless flying clouds of these winged things.

Well, always there is the serpent to lurk in any paradise, and he was here, also, and in various disguises. There was a thick and poisonous snake that lay near the water and slew when he struck, there were great olive-green rattlesnakes that lay perdu in forests. In their stroke lay death.

Then there were crocodiles and alligators along every stream, lagoon, and the seashore, too, and often have I sat upon the ramparts of San Marco Fort to watch them where they lay asleep along the strand like ancient cypress logs left by the ebb.

Came, presently, days of great heat, yet I will say this, that I have suffered no more inconvenience from the sun in St. Augustine than I have in my own native city of New York. Also there be more mosquitoes in our woodlands and fiercer, than I ever noticed in St. Augustine.

We were the only English prisoners in the town. At first, supposing us to be pirates, the inhabitants very willingly would have hanged us. But as time went on and we worked in the garden of Captain Alverez, everybody in the region became accustomed to the "English Prisoners." Folk either no longer noticed us or spoke to us jestingly or kindly—for we went into the town when we chose to roam, and nobody said us nay.

I shall say, also that our sea-chests were given us. I mean those we took aboard the *Hirondelle*. They had been broke open, but robbed only of money and papers. But of these latter I had few, having left all in my proper chest aboard *The China Rose* and I was glad my Journal was safe and my bag of silver.

In the heat of high noon, when all Spaniards sleep, Evan Morgan and I would lay aside our farm tools and sit us down in the shadow of a white wall where always the sea-breeze blew lightly to cool our sweat. And here we discussed a thousand plans for escape. Yet, first we were engaged to surrender us as men of honor and suffer our paroles to be voided.

Doubtless they would lay us by the heels in chains again, and, against that, we must endeavor to make and secrete files, chisels, and a hammer.

But the prospect of attempting these pestilential forests seemed very dismal to us and we freely admitted that there seemed no smallest chance of our survival, what with beasts, and snakes and the bands of Indians which certainly would be summoned to track us down, and the blacks and their bloodhounds.

Without a compass, too, we could not hope to make our way, and, try as I might, I could not come by one, or find any opportunity to secure a musket either, though we stole two knives and a spear and buried them against need.

No; my true hope and reliance was that friends in New York would have my letter and bestir them in our behalf, by exchange of prisoners or by ransom perhaps. Our share in the prizes—if the Admiralty Court adjudged them favorably—should make me a man of substance, and Evan Morgan very well to do.

Hope, therefore, fed us, which is a meager diet, yet, while it endures, sustains life. I have found it so.

A FLAG had gone to Port Royal by a pink on May 11th, 1692, and I hoped that my letter might, thence, have been carried northward by sail or perhaps into Virginia by Indian post.

But the letter must have laid in some Carolina tavern during many months, neglected among other letters, for flags came and went between St. Augustine and Port Royal, but no letter came to me that year of 1692.

However, profiting by the flags and by permission from the authorities, I wrote another letter to Captain Kidd, knowing that long since he must have returned to New York. In this letter I begged he would petition Mr. Ingoldsby or our new governor to undertake measures in our behalf, and I authorized Captain Kidd to undertake measures, and draw of my prize money such part as should satisfy the Spaniards when negotiations had been entered into and properly concluded.

For Evan Morgan, who could not write very well, I indited a similar letter; and to it he set his cross and inky thumb.

This was done in September, and both letters went by the El Dorado pink, with a flag early in November.

Christmas came, and it was a Romish festival in St. Augustine. The great Franciscan convent was brilliant with scented candles of wax-berry, and all houses and shops were made gay with candles, lanthorns, rush-lights, and with holly, mistletoe and flowers.

There was great chanting of monks and nuns singing, and masses, and processions with banners, where the high clergy walked in robes of scarlet and gold, and the Cross was carried high, and acolytes swung scented censers.

Lord, I perceived no harm in this worship—nothing to frighten any of my creed; but all seemed honest and devout and done with tenderness and beauty where the Holy Mother of Him we worship was enthroned amid flowers, and the Son of Man lay in her gentle arms.

I have lived, now, some few years in this God's world, and I have seen something of it, and of those who inhabit it. And whatever is taught by reverend men, by learned clergy and theologians to the contrary, I cannot believe that true faith of any creed is unacceptable to God—nay, even the blind worship of a painted savage.

But few entertain my opinion.

Well, the year 1693 dawned over Florida, but brought no letter and news for me. We had little gardening to do at that season, but fished sometimes, and sometimes in company with Talassee Indians, we took trident spears, and waded the coral paved shallows where, by torchlight, we speared great crayfish which came up a-clapping their tails and creaking out, wack—wack—wack.

These were sweeter than our lobsters, and, with a tender palmetto top, and oil and vinegar, made a noble dish.

It was in the month of March that I, delving in Captain Alverez' garden, heard a gun at sea, and then six more, and raising my eyes, saw a white cloud spread and writhe from San Marco's battlements as the fortress started to reply.

I looked at Evan Morgan, and he at me, but hope so long deferred had sickened us too deeply, and we dared not believe that the pink carried any letter for me.

I remember, as we were digging to loosen some new, stiff ground, that Evan turned up one of those little deadly snakes whose body is like a painted stick and ringed with scarlet, black and yellow.

"A bad omen," said he, "the pink carried no letter for you, sir."

However, after the siesta, and when the sun dipped toward the west, I went down to the fort and asked of Captain Alverez, if any letter had arrived for me.

"Why, yes," said he in his amiable, lazy way, "and it has been opened and read, and you may have it when you will, because in it there is nothing objectionable. Wait," said he, "and I will fetch you your letter."

I waited in the shadow of the sally-port, and knew I was trembling and could not control it or the tears that wet my lashes and rolled down my cheeks.

Presently comes my captain and in no hurry—which God knows is the Spaniard's nature—and "Here," says he, "is your letter. May God give you pleasure of it, and I think He will."

TO BE CONTINUED

She Papers and Paints

[*Continued from page 148*]

fast she starts out to her job. But she must be back by five in the afternoon to help again with the milking.

It's not easy work, this papering and painting—not so easy for Maggie Miller as for the seasoned professionals of towns and cities. The walls Maggie papers are not the walls of new bungalows or of city apartments. They are often untrue; the plaster is often worn through or tumbling down. Besides, Maggie does not have all the tools of a professional. When she puts on a ceiling, she cobbles up a platform out of whatever the people have on hand, generally a wide board laid from one barrel to another barrel.

"And you don't mind working on this?" I asked her.

"I don't like to walk on teetery boards very well," she answered. "But I'd rather put on a ceiling than a side-wall most any time. You don't have to fit a ceiling around windows and doors."

"A ceiling must be hard to do," I ventured.

"Not if you can reach good," she replied.

Before the actual papering begins, Maggie has to solve the problem of the paste. In several homes where she works wall-sizing is furnished. Then the operation of pasting is simplified. For in Maggie's words this "always sticks." In the majority of places she makes her own paste of flour and water. When she does this she first asks the housewife to find out from her grocer whether her flour is spring or winter wheat. If it is spring wheat Maggie asks her to buy some winter wheat. Why? Because paste made from spring wheat goes thin and will not stick.

THE greatest problem, of course, is matching the paper. Maggie Miller is very particular about matching it exactly and cutting it with the least possible waste. One early experience taught her caution and accuracy. She and her younger sister had put on a ceiling. The pattern was silver stars on a sky-blue ground. The side strips matched beautifully. At least they seemed to. Half a star fitted onto half a star all the way across the room. The husband of the woman for whom they were working came in to look at the room. "The ceiling doesn't match," was the first thing he said. Maggie studied it. Her sister studied it. The man's wife studied it. No one could detect a flaw. The man pointed out a cluster of stars and told them to follow it with their eyes diagonally across the ceiling. This they could not do and keep in a straight line. In the vernacular of the country it was out of plumb. Though the side strips had seemed to match, they hadn't—*exactly*. The ceiling had dried. The paper could not be taken off and rehung. The only remedy was to put on new paper. Luckily the mismatching began toward the end of the job. Only three new strips had to be used.

The most disastrous and provoking times are those when without warning large sections of plaster fall down and hold up the day's work. Besides the mess this makes, a plasterer has to be sent for, Maggie has to go home, and her schedule is upset. She often avoids this in cases where only small pieces of plaster fall, by patching up the holes with flour sacks or old window-shades.

The worst jobs of all are papering kitchens. Maggie Miller always dreads them. There are so many shelves and pipes about which the paper must be cut and fitted. The hardest job she ever had was the kitchen of a house in the village. It was an old house. A bathroom had been built on as an afterthought, and the pipes ran up along the kitchen wall. The season before, the mistress of the house had had one of the village paper-hangers.

"But he swore all the time he worked, and I wouldn't have him come back again," she told Maggie.

"And you didn't swear?" I asked Maggie.

"Well, not out loud," she answered with a twinkle in her eye.

Her painting problems are not so severe. Perhaps her most trying ones are the painting of the small sashes in the many-paned windows of the country houses and the puttying of nail holes so that she can paint over them.

Maggie puts on more flowered paper than any other kind, generally in delicate colors of pink and blue and green. Almost invariably the women for whom she works come in and watch critically.

"I don't know whether I'm going to like that paper or not," they say to her. "I thought it was pretty when I got it, but I don't know if I'm going to like it on the wall."

This sort of remark used to bother Maggie until she learned that it was no reflection upon her work, but a usual observation, born of the whimsicalities of women.

It isn't every community that can boast a girl paper-hanger. This fact doesn't mean so much to the women of Downsville and the mountain hollows leading out of Downsville. But Maggie Miller's work does mean much to them. And this next cleaning season will see her starting out on her round of jobs.

—NINA PURDY.

Starshine

[*Continued from page 115*]

"We've got to go back," yelled the reporter.

Before the ultimate word had left his mouth, a blast of embers belched from the on-rushing murk immediately before them, burning their faces, blistering the car.

"He'll slip down the other side of the mountain and get away," groaned Captain Vedder.

"He can't," said Paul. "The wind's shifted. There's a circle now—It's the same over there—the same nearly all 'round." He understood that his brother's sole thought was of his quarry. "He'll die up there. He—"

And up Round Top. Clarke Underwood was not alone.

A woman that had tricked him?—An abetter of criminals?—An enemy of his country?—An adulteress?—He didn't stop to think. As the captain began frantically to back the car before the charging flames, Paul jumped quickly to the road.

"What the—"

"I'm going up there."

"You'll never make it."

"There's that woman with him."

"You'll never make it."

"Just above here, the upper woods don't seem to have caught yet. If I'm quick—"

Captain Vedder looked at his men. "I won't call for volunteers. Underwood's not worth risking them. But I'm going along." Two of his men rose. "No! Stay along this road. Turn the car and fall back as slowly as you can—as slowly as the fire lets you. If he comes down, it's got to be on this side. Hang around this road, somewhere to catch him in case—in case we don't."

There was a pool by the roadside. The brothers dipped handkerchiefs into it—bound them over noses and mouths—ran upward along the edge of that eastern portion of forest-land still untouched, but in momentary certainty of destruction.

Here a narrow trail climbed. The Vedders darted along it.

The way was steep. Across it rolled billows of smoke, shutting out the starshine, blinding the adventurers—almost suffocating them. They raced. They panted. They fell—rose high again—stumbled on. They put out their utmost strength and speed, but nearer and nearer on their right the fire advanced upward and westward with at least equal rapidity. It blew gusts that stabbed their dimmed eyes—that singed their hair. It swung along with the noise of some gigantic, flame-breathing dragon, tearing tree-limbs, trampling fallen logs breathing destruction everywhere.

Once a particularly dense spurt puffed over the climbers, and they lost their way. Once a yellow blast drove them to a despairing detour. Sweat bathed them. Ashes grazed their heads and blackened their faces between the runnels. Their eyeballs went red under that torture of the superheated air. But at last they won their objective, the base of that clear rock-approach to the summit, the fire raged on three sides, this way was still open.

There, above them, stood the tinder-box inn, surrounded at all points except this by the conflagration. Shutters and doors were closed; but on the roof, which the flaming forest more brightly illuminated than any noonday sun had ever illuminated it, stood two figures—a man and a girl.

"Underwood," choked the captain.

Paul said nothing.

While the ever-nearing calcination roared around that roof—while the forest blazed like a furnace and roared like a cannonade—while gusts of smoke vomited to heaven and scattered brands along the platform, the pair that had made this rambling old frame house their refuge stood there as if a sculptor had carved and set them forever against the sky. The deserter's fat hands clutched the rail over which he crouched, in his broad face, his open mouth was a black hole, his entire attitude was one of desperation and fear. Beside him Paula swayed her clenched fists against her lips, her gaze straining toward the rocks.

Plain enough what had happened to the pair. Closed tight within, they did not become aware of their danger until it was increased tenfold—sought the roof to estimate the peril's extent—found barred by blazing barriers every avenue of escape save this which must lead them into the village-road where the fire fighters would be formed to protect their own homes and where Underwood had not dared to show himself.

That was what had happened. But what would happen next? Those pines which brushed the southwest side of the house were already crackling, he must be debating the pursuit of that one rash course as the alternative to death in the firetrap of the house.

"Underwood," shouted the captain at the top of his lungs and using his curved palms as a megaphone, "I've got you. You can't get away." He had orders to get his man alive, he must not shoot. "Come down and surrender."

The deserter could not have heard the summons above the roar of the red tempest but he saw the men below him and understood that now even this way was closed to him. He whipped out his automatic. Paula made a clutch at him, but he fired.

Captain Vedder ducked for safety behind a boulder. His brother darted on up the unprotected ascent.

"Stop!" warned the more cautious soldier.

Paul ran on.

A bullet spat by his head. Another shot—and a third. Running low, he went ahead.

A BALL grazed his left shoulder. He reeled. He found momentary shelter behind a rock. But only to recapture breath, he ran forward again. Far forward—too near the house to be hit from above, was putting his shoulder to that old front door.

On the night of the storm it had promised resistance, before this more frenzied impact it gave. It broke. He rushed through the room in which he had slept—treated the inner door as he had treated the outer. He raced up the dark stairs. One flight—two flights—three! The trap that Underwood had broken hung loose. Paul leaped to the roof, its southwestern eaves were ablaze.

Silhouetted against the forest's glare the deserter turned toward what he assumed to be a further attack. The protecting girl he tossed from him upon the platform planks. He stepped over her, bringing his automatic to the point of action.

They were close enough to each other to be heard above the clamor of the conflagration. "*I* haven't come for *you!*" Paul called. He spread wide his empty hands. "You see, I haven't any gun. I'm here to rescue this woman from the fire."

The pale lips snarled. "You still want her, do you, you—"

"Is it likely I want her?"

"The Hell you don't," bellowed Underwood. "I've got two shots left—one's for you."

There was no doubt of it, now that the wildness of his pale eyes was once more visible at close quarters, rage and terror of years of hiding and this final bringing to bay had maddened him. There was only one slim chance in a hundred for Paul.

"If he fires—" that thought flashed through Paul's brains—one sole slim chance. "If he fires and misses, I'll fake a hit—I'll drop—then he may pot at Dick, and perhaps I can somehow get the girl away. If he fires—"

Underwood did fire. The automatic spat viciously, but just as it did so, a shower of sparks was blown across the roof. Ever so slightly, the weapon had wavered.

Untouched, Paul fell.

The deserter shouted his triumph. He turned and ran toward the rail to serve thence death to his other enemy. The pale eyes searched the rocks below, but awaiting the outcome of Paul's venture, that other enemy still remained hidden.

"Come out," yelled Underwood. "Come out, you coward." He leaned far over. "Some soldier! Come on and take your medicine from a man that told you long ago the Army'd never get him."

Too much, that, for even the veteran experience of the captain. He rose from cover.

"Now!" Underwood shrieked. As if the force of his own muscles were to propel the bullet, he flung his full weight after his leveled arm—flung it against that rotten rail.

And that rail broke.

Like a great stone he fell. He flew outward. He was hurled headlong. He lay dead at the spot to which he had tried to fling Paul Vedder a few hours before.

Twilight again. Nearly twenty-four hours lay between this and the drama of yesterday. And the sole problem which that drama held for Paul Vedder remained unsolved, insoluble.

He stood on a balcony outside the village hotel room in which, the inquest over, his brother was taking those depositions demanded by the report to his superiors. Question and answer: voices droned meaninglessly through the open door. There, military monotony, here, a deserted garden and, beyond, the silver river-hills that the fire had left untouched—early starshine.

But not peace. Paul's turn to testify would come soon, then he would board the evening train and be quit of all this forever. Meanwhile, he held his slim figure tensely erect, his tanned face, blistered here and there, was set in a stoic mould that belied the anger raging beneath. Although his firm mouth was rigid, in his heart were flames as hot as any that circled Round Top.

The brothers had brought the dead man and a half conscious girl to the water-front just in advance of the victorious conflagration. With sobbing gasps, under swirling smoke, to the light of pitch-pine turned to torches—to the crash of oaks that fell in shrouds of fire—they achieved safety. Paula Bourne was housed in this hotel—the coroner excused her from attendance at his court—Paul need not again see her.

Paula Bourne? Mrs. Clarke Underwood! She must remain a woman who had helped her husband to bring his parents to disgrace and the grave—helped him remain a coward and a deserter—used the lure of her sex upon a guest in order to protect a rabid runaway.

"Then *you're* the captain—"

THAT was her voice, that slightly tremulous contralto. Dick had summoned her to give her testimony. Paul moved to the balcony's farthest extreme.

Yet her tones had a wonderful carrying-power. All that she said he could not hear, some of it he could not avoid.

"Dr. Bourne, my father, wouldn't take the newspapers because they were so militaristic. We were living quite alone, far from any neighbors. I didn't share my father's views, but when Mr. Underwood came to us, I did think it dreadful that the Army should pursue a man for only thinking what father thought."

"He told Professor Bourne," Dick was speaking now, "that he'd become a Quaker?"

"Conversion . . . thought it wrong to help fighting men in *any* way."

Paul sneered. He tried to think of other things. Her voice went on.

"The soldiers coming . . . safe if he went away dressed as a woman and with a woman . . . but then we would have to be married . . . at last I agreed. . . ."

Paul didn't believe a word of it. After six years, she must have been undeceived anyhow, and yet she had kept Underwood hidden up there on that hilltop. . . . What in the world was Dick saying now?

"Party to the offense, I think I can promise you that the Army won't press that charge. I've put in a long-distance call to Washington about it."

Why, she seemed to be as successful with one brother as with the other! To save her own liberty, she was probably doing much to Dick as she had done to—

"Washington, on the 'phone, sir."

One of the captain's men had entered. The only telephone in that hotel was housed by a booth downstairs. Richard Vedder went to it. He left the woman alone in the room and the woman walked slowly out on to the balcony.

The stars were brighter now, the sickle of a new moon had swung into the sky, and what remained of the afterglow showed her clearly. Her head was bowed under its blue-black hair, no pink showed through the clear olive of her cheeks, her lips drooped a little. "A very pretty pose," thought Paul bitterly as she started at sight of him.

"You—"

"Paul Vedder," said he slowly. "You may remember my telling you I wasn't the captain."

She said, "I'm sorry. When I saw you that last time—"

Hadn't she tricked him with her looks and her voice, all for the sake of protecting a criminal that—oh, that of course she must have loved, explain it however she tried! His outraged righteousness boiled over. "I wish to God *I* had never seen *you* at all!"

"You heard what I told your brother?" She made that gesture of the outstretched palm.

"Yes—and don't believe it."

Paula raised her head at that. She came straight up to him. Straightly her blue-gray eyes looked into his of hazel.

"There's more. I'm going to tell it to you. I must. When he went to Mexico—"

"Your husband?"

"Yes. I was alone. My father had died before I could get back. *Then* I read the papers—got the truth. I stood it, the knowledge, as long as I could—four years in my old town; Earlham. But at last I had to leave, too many people knew. I came here, I loved the woods, and in Pennsylvania they've almost the same law they have in Indiana—home—you can—" her voice had the familiar catch in it—"get a divorce for desertion after you've lived here for—"

He was resolved not to believe her. Hadn't she duped him once before? Hadn't she even—He *wouldn't* believe her! "Are you trying to tell me that you haven't had your husband up there at Round Top with you all this while?"

"What? Why, of course I'm telling you that! He came there for the first time night-before-last—when you did—a little while *before* you did. I'd been sending him money to Mexico; but he hated Mexico and knew where I was. At first I only thought about how, if I took him in, I couldn't go on with my suit. So I ran out—ran into you—thought you were after him. He was so afraid, I was sorry for him, in spite of everything—and went back. Then you came and told me that only the storm and your twisted ankle— And *then*, last night, he said you were Captain Vedder."

"*I* said I wasn't."

"I thought you—" she looked away, at the far hills and the river winding among them—"I thought you'd just been the way you were—that you were just pretending so as to arrest him without my—"

Incredible! There was one sole way to test it; insistence on the deserter's presence at Round Top all along. "You insist that he—that your husband—that you didn't see him between the time he ran away with you to Mexico—"

"I left him as soon as we were over the border; I came back."

"Between the time you ran away with him to Mexico and his turning up here the other evening?"

"Of *course*, I insist." She stamped her foot. "There hadn't been any question of love. I didn't love him. How could I? He didn't want me to—didn't love *me*, till last night. And then it was really just to get hold over you through me when he mistook you for your brother—and I wouldn't. Hadn't I married him only to help him get away? Had I ever been with him except when we were hiding by day and hurrying for the border by night?" Her olive cheeks had their added color now, and it was rose-red. "Of *course* I didn't see him when he was in Mexico and I was here. Inquire of the captain about us; the Army knows where I've been and that I've been alone—has known it—"

Unconsciously, Paul had been bending toward her. "Why wasn't I told? Why did not my brother tell me?"

"How do I know? Did you ask him?"

Whereat Paul remembered. "Somebody answering the description seen near New Freedom," that was Clarke Underwood—not venturing on any temporary expedition away from Round Top, but skulking toward it.

IT WAS true—it was true! Paul confessed at last that all his fine anger had been nothing but jealousy—a passion that quite habitually masquerades under the august robe of outraged righteousness. Years ago, a mere girl, she had been deceived by barefaced lies, two nights since, she had simply taken pity on a hunted beast. "Then with me—on the roof—beside the river—in your room, you weren't pretending?"

Longing haunted his tanned face still bearing marks of her fiery rescue. She looked at him inflexibly. "I was thinking about—the time when I should be free."

"Can you—" his voice was hoarse—"forgive me—*ever?*"

"Was I wrong?" she asked.

"You were never Clarke Underwood's wife."

She knew. "But I thought the desertion plea was—I had to use it. And then, when I was so sorry for him and so scared for you, I risked losing even that. I *was* sorry for him; I am now. He could hardly help being what he was." One instant her glance was grave; the next, she smiled a little, and her tender smile became like the starshine that bathed her here on the balcony before the deserted garden, the silver river and the purple hills. "Yes, I risked losing the right to the suit, for he was mad. Only, I *didn't* lose it. So I'm still Paula Bourne?"

Paul's smile came to the call of hers. "For a while."

She drew back from his lips, but she gave him both her hands. "Not yet—not yet," she said.

About her face he saw peace like an aureole.

"Sometime?"

The spirit of the woods—the primeval woods—was round her. Her lips did not answer, but her eyes, those unveiled eyes of the wood-nymph, looked at him, wide and unafraid. "Sometime," he barely heard them say.

"Paula!"

"Paul."

Out in the invisible street a man was whistling the *Golondrina*. The cynical Buck Rawley, most likely. Who else this evening in the village—for the captain never whistled—would know that song? Buck Rawley! But Paul Vedder remembered his own words for the old Spanish air:

"The starshine pours across some aureate Andes,
A purple light broods on an argent sea:
I know not where tonight that fairyland is;
But some day
I'll find the way—
With Thee."

Two Pairs—Joker Wild

[*Continued from page 33*]

"You've got the right ones now, Mr. Kelly."

"Sure," returned the sleuth complacently, "I never makes mistakes!"

Gerald Farnsworth stepped forward. "And can we go now?"

"Ye sure can." Kelly was all apology. "It's sorry I am to have caused you all this embarrassment—but ye can see how it is . . . "

Gerald had no thought save escape from the embarrassing predicament. "That's all right—we understand."

He and Edith headed for the door. Billy Watson, chuckling openly, started after them. But the heavy hand of Detective Michael Kelly clamped down upon his arm.

"Not so fast there, young feller."

Billy turned to the detective. "Don't be foolish, officer. . . ."

Kelly's brain was working again. "You came here to this jail to see some one. It wasn't these folks because these ain't no crooks. So it must be that you came to see the crooks. And if you did, you must be in cahoots with them. . . . "

"Rubbish!" snapped Billy Watson irritably. "It was all a joke. These people—" indicating Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Farnsworth, "are old friends of mine."

The detective was skeptical. He turned inquiringly to Gerald and his bride.

"Do you folks know this bird?" he asked.

And Gerald Farnsworth looked Billy Watson squarely in the eye as he made answer to the detective.

"I never saw him before in my life!" announced Gerald . . . and then both he and his bride chuckled openly at the look of consternation which overspread Billy Watson's face as Detective Michael Kelly slipped a pair of handcuffs over that gentleman's wrists—

"You may be on the level, young feller," vouchsafed Mr. Kelly, "but we'll let the judge decide!"

Alone in the bridal suite at the Patten Hotel, Gerald took his wife in his arms. His soft pink cheeks shone with a triumphant radiance.

"I know one humorous story," he chuckled, "which Mr. Billy Watson will never tell!"

Build It With Shears

[*Continued from page 86*]

But it is more often than not a very costly idea, if yielded to, for it usually means months of experimentation accompanied by much tearing out and adapting before the amateur builder realizes his dream.

Miss Crawford did not mean to become involved in any such impractical entanglements. Thirty years ago she might have hitched up the family carryall, but now her first step in home building was to have her smart roadster overhauled and take to the road indefinitely. She meant to see if the particular seven architects and half dozen contractors who had failed to warm up to her idea were right.

She was not in a hurry. Up and down the State of California she traveled, slowing when she glimpsed a home in process of construction, stopping if the house looked promising. In this way she examined hundreds of new houses, talked with workmen, contractors and architects and learned everything possible of materials, methods of construction, possibilities of decoration. Where before she had dreamed of the finished product, now she sought practical knowledge of details that would make her dream come true.

All this data, together with numberless sketches and photographs, was neatly entered in a sizable note-book and when she returned to the house she didn't like, she was more fully convinced than ever before that the house she did want was in every way possible. While it might not be just like Mrs. Humphrey-Smith's or Mrs. Wingate's house, it in no way defied the laws of the universe and she would certainly build it without delay.

Now everybody knows that to build a house successfully, there must be a working plan. Miss Crawford had made many sketches of the floor plan of her dream-home, but since her house was not the familiar bungalow, nor yet the châlet, so popular at that moment, nor an English cottage, she felt that something more than the usual plans would be necessary, if she were to avoid useless waste of labor and material.

"As I sat at my writing desk one morning," says Miss Crawford, "as usual thinking more about the house I wanted to build than about the letters I should be writing, I found myself folding and creasing the sheet of note-paper I should have been filling with the polite nothings of social correspondence.

"There was something familiar in the movement of my fingers. I was in a receptive mood, I suppose, and as I sat there my mind went back to the days of my childhood when I used to make paper houses for my dolls. Suddenly I sat erect. I had an idea. I began to fold paper very definitely and very purposefully. As I folded, my enthusiasm grew. I reached for the paper shears and the paste pot. It was noon before I knew it, but still I sat and folded and clipped and snipped and snipped and clipped and folded. Then I began to paste. My little model took form. I was as delighted as a child, I must confess, and while I submitted to dining—I had forgotten all about lunch—I was not long away from my fascinating discovery.

"I made twenty models before I had one to suit me. Then I had the exterior of my house in concrete form, proportions all worked out. I could see my paper "elevation" on all four sides—could see it from any angle I desired. I could tell just where its shadows would fall because I could see them doing it. But this was just a beginning. There were doors and windows to consider. Sketched in with pencil, they charmed me when at last I had them all in place as I had dreamed them so many, many times.

"And now for my floor plan. I brought forth my worn portfolio, selected a sketch and scaled it to fit my paper house—but, did it fit? It did not. It projected here and set in there. In fact, it didn't fit at all, although in a general way it conformed to the shape of the exterior. But this was to be expected. To remedy this defect I set the paper model on a blank sheet of paper and carefully traced its outline. Then I adapted my floor plan to this outline. After all, comparatively slight alterations were necessary. The room arrangement was not interfered with in the least."

When she finally dropped her pencil, this budding architect went to bed too happy to sleep. Then it was that she had another inspiration. She would do for the interior just what she had already done for the exterior. She would actually build it up. It took many hours to work out this part of the model. When folding and clipping and pasting were finished, pencil and water-color brush were requisitioned. At last the little paper house was finished inside and out. No one but an artist could have imagined it; no one but a very practical person could have formed it.

It was complete in every detail even to the stairway with its dais-like landing, even to the kitchen sink. When in place, the roof fitted so perfectly that none would imagine it lifted off to reveal the fascinating interior.

Now followed days of checking estimates from firms engaged in building of all sorts. The note-book compiled on her journey up and down the State proved its value many times. Because she had done her investigating beforehand, Leola Crawford knew what she wanted and knew, too, when she had found it. When the trucks began to arrive, she was on the ground. She was there when the trenches for the foundations were dug and there when the last tile was laid on the roof.

The house was not nearly completed, though the magic of line and massing was apparent to the most casual eye, when Miss Crawford began to make definite plans for the interior decoration. Though the working model she was following in the building of her house gave the color scheme of the living-room, sunroom, bedrooms, dining-room and all the rest, she now worked out an individual plan for each room, using the ideas which had developed so well in the general construction. The walls and ceiling of most of the rooms were to be canvased and painted in oils; the dining-room with its kloster ceiling was to be covered with gold leaf, stenciled in rose.

"A LITTLE jewel-box," cried the artist whom she engaged to execute her designs for wall and ceiling in the living-room. And a little jewel-box it was. This house that was small had still an individuality, an artistry that differentiated it from its neighbors. Set on a small town lot, it is not more than forty-five by fifty feet measured to its farthest projections. Yet it gives the impression of graciousness long associated with the large house. This effect is largely produced by the different heights of the roof offsets—ten, twelve and twenty-four feet, respectively.

"Hesperides," Miss Crawford christened this house because of its situation in Hollywood in the heart of the frostless belt of California's "golden apples."

When "Hesperides" was finished Miss Crawford had that which few people ever have, the concrete realization of her perfect dream. But she also had something else. In the process of making her vision take form she had discovered that she had a talent for building small houses that were neither cottages, nor bungalows, nor châlets, but real houses.

"Hesperides" attracted so much attention that for months after its completion it was not unusual for total strangers to drive up and ask to be shown through the house and garden. Architects and builders, even some of the obstinate seven, visited it. Some other visitor went so far as to steal the floor plans that had been blue-printed for the foreman. And inevitably there were many offers to buy. Finally one of these offers was accepted, for Leola Crawford was already deep in planning another house.

This time her ideas took definite form more quickly, for she had been over the ground and knew just how to proceed. Further, she had accumulated more knowledge of materials, of how to obtain and how to keep skilled and intelligent workmen. Other houses followed, each perfect in its way. One of the best known of the Crawford houses is the country house built at Flintridge, near Pasadena, California.

Here Miss Crawford's problem was to build a house in the foothills, a house that should harmonize with its surroundings rather than be overshadowed by them and should still remain a small house. And she succeeded admirably well.

Miss Crawford develops most of her houses in plaster. She loves this medium because with it she is able to produce artistically weathered and water washed effects, mellow tones, the impression of massiveness without clumsiness, the unusual without the appearance of oddity, imaginative beauty without excessive ornamentation. Then, too, the use of plaster places tile within her grasp. Tile is a palette full of paints in itself, as Miss Crawford puts it. She uses it as a roof medium, as a floor medium. She builds fountains of it, both in garden and in sunroom. In her clever hands it adapts itself readily to wall decoration, to the quaint garden walk, to the suggested well-head in the patio, which is a feature in some of her houses.

Miss Crawford's interiors are no less interesting than her exteriors. She is a past master at creating the feeling of spaciousness in small dimensions. In her little Hollywood house she has accomplished this by devoting more than half the ground floor to the living-room, sunroom and patio—rooms in which the family spends most of the hours of the day. The remainder of the house is compact, but kloster ceilings and a clever choice of wall-tints relieve this compactness. She uses disappearing beds to convert the small bedrooms into charming little sitting-rooms during the day. This is the way she makes the small house a real house inside.

Because she loves to build small houses, their limitations become her opportunities rather than her problems. Thus the stairway is with her an opportunity for developing home beauty. It may seem to terminate in a dais-like landing only to climb on up at right angles as in the Hollywood house. Or it may be open, railed with hand-wrought iron and gracious of ascent as in the Flintridge house, so that the space gained there may be saved in another quarter.

Gardens, too, have a way of revealing unexpected charm at every turn when Leola Crawford plans them. Shrub grouping, crossed walks, little open spaces for the sunlight, secluded leafy nooks and arbors are all possible to her even on the town lot. She makes the garden wall her background as well as the setting for her charming "Crawford" gates with their wrought-iron hinges, quaint latches, pierced panels, tile insets and wrought-iron grills. Sometimes she builds a sunken garden approached by shallow circular steps. Sometimes the garden is raised. But always it is an artistic creation.

And again, to use Miss Crawford's own words, "There is no reason why every house and garden should not have character and beauty. Even the eternal bungalow and the ordinary back yard can be charming, if the builder will but do a reasonable amount of thinking and planning before he breaks ground. The trouble with most people is that they are in too big a hurry to begin building. They do not take time to visualize their home and its surroundings in detail. Even if they employ a good architect who understands how to embody some of their ideas in the floor plan or exterior of the house, they are more often than not disappointed because they saw the plans only in the flat, so to speak.

"That is one of the reasons why I was driven to experimenting with paper and shears and paste. If the home builder were so inclined, he could make a model of plaster of Paris or of some quickly drying art clay such as is used in plaque work. But this would entail not a little work and some expense and really the paper method is extremely satisfactory.

"The completeness of your model depends only upon your patience and your fidelity to your vision, if you like to call it such. It is fascinating work, this planning and building of houses. Any one who has tried it will agree with me. Just as in any other line of creative work, you will find plenty of people who will try to discourage you. But if you know you have a good idea, stay with it and cut and paste until you have it in reality before your eyes—the house you have dreamed about. If more of us would stand out for our own original ideas, our architecture would develop beyond the copying stage. Why shouldn't America have an architecture of her own?

It is not necessary for the layman to spend long years of study to recognize beauty in home architecture, but it is highly desirable to see as much of this beauty as possible. If you are interested in home building make a point of seeing all the well-built, well-planned homes that you conveniently can. Just as the artist is benefited by the study of another's pictures, so you may be benefited by other people's houses. There are many books, too, that will prove of value—books that are not too technical to be pleasant reading. Read as widely as possible. No matter what you or your architect have in mind, it will stand you in good stead to know what other people are doing in the way of building real homes."

Leola Crawford now has many such "real homes" to her credit and many more planned. It all began with a pair of shears, a sheet of paper, a pot of paste and a dream. She has built something of herself into every one of these houses. In many instances when the work was not progressing to her satisfaction she has even taken the tools from the workman's hands and given him a spirited demonstration of how an effect could be achieved. She has plastered the walls of more than one room. She has not only planned, but executed many of her interior decoration schemes. She has designed furnishings. Just as in the old folk-tale when the usual channels failed to yield results she said, "Then I'll do it myself." And she has.

He Has Taught Thousands to Play Bridge

[*Continued from page 16*]

pinochle you used to see holding the fort in smoking cars and Pullman compartments are slowly being superseded by exciting bridge sessions where the novelties salesman comes through with a grand slam. From being the mysterious pastime of comparatively small groups, bridge has steadily progressed in favor to the big city clubs, to the transatlantic liners, to the colleges, to the country clubs, to the sewing circles, to the bunk-house, to everywhere. Despite its original "high-hat" reputation it has steadily won favor on its merits as a supreme test of quick-wittedness, concentration, memory and ability to size people up.

Thirty-five years ago, Mr. Foster gave up his profession as an architect to bend his whole energy to the study of games, with special attention to bridge. Some of his mural decorative work of those earlier years is to be found in the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C. Since that artistic period of his life, he has written eighty-four books, all but one, a novel, on bridge and other games. He is also the author of many short fiction stories.

Mr. Foster is not a theorist. His work is based on facts determined from actual play, reenforced by calculations of the probabilities of the fall of the cards. His career has been one long concentrated use of the mind. He is a mathematical genius, and he has an extraordinarily trained memory, but he is entirely without vanity, and does not dwell on these attainments as of particular moment to anyone but himself. A distinguishing quality is a kindly sympathy for those less fortunate in mental equipment. He is the author of a complete and intelligent system, teaching mental training, concentration, etc., which, just after the war, took England by storm. More than a million courses were sold throughout the British Empire. The system has also created wide attention in this country.

An outstanding characteristic of Mr. Foster is an underlying sense of humor. It was apparent in the sound of his voice and in the amusement in his eyes, as he discussed his favorite game in a pleasant den at the top of his house in Brooklyn.

"How did you become an authority on bridge?" I asked.

"Oh, you want to go back to ancient history, do you?" he smiled. "Well, I was always fond of cards. In the early '80's I belonged to a little social club in Baltimore. One of the members was E. C. Howell, who afterward invented the Howell Pair System, used now in all championship matches. Another was Thomas Whelan, who later on became President of the American Whist League. This little social set made an intensive study of the game of whist, one of the results of which was my discovery of the eleven rule, which is now universally applied to the game of bridge."

MR. FOSTER in inventing the eleven rule established the jack as card number eleven. The rule is briefly this: In leading the fourth best card of a suit from a hand containing, for example, king, queen, ten, eight and six, the fourth card is eight. Deduct the eight from eleven, which leaves three. This, Mr. Foster proved, shows the number of cards *higher than the eight not in the leader's hand*. They are the ace, jack and nine.

"This led," Mr. Foster continued, "to a classification of leads and plays in whist, which are still used in auction-bridge, and it was the publication of them in combination with the eleven rule that first called attention to my writings on cards. A few years later it brought a contract with a book publisher to write a complete compendium of all indoor games. In order to write this book, which contained more than two hundred games, I gave up my business and devoted a year to studying all the books on the subject, especially those on cards. I found it necessary not only to read about them, but actually to play eighty-nine different card games. Probably, the one thing that has made me an authority more than anything else, is that I know not only the laws of these games, but also the practical reasons for each one of these laws. Such information is invaluable when making decisions about disputed plays.

"In speaking of the game, by the way, the use of the term 'bridge' is perfectly good form, despite efforts to rename it auction or auction-bridge.

"Bridge," explained Mr. Foster, "has lived under a variety of names. In America, it was first called 'bridge.' When bidding was introduced, it was called 'auction-bridge.' Then when spades were raised in rank to no-trumps, it was called 'royal-auction.' But after the smaller spade value was dropped entirely, the word 'auction' was dropped too. Then it went back to 'auction-bridge,' but only when it was being written of. For it is everywhere referred to simply as 'bridge.' However, it has been decided to make it definitely 'auction-bridge' in the laws, to differentiate it from bridge-building, with which in the title of a book, for instance, it might readily be confused.

"Bridge," Mr. Foster went on, "is simply an outgrowth of the game of whist, but played with a dummy. Auction-bridge was invented by three lonely Englishmen in one of the hill stations of India about thirty years ago. It was brought to London and developed by the Bath Club into a game for four players. Its ancestor, whist, played somewhere about 1674, was called 'Ruff and Honors.' In 1680 some one introduced a variation known as 'Swabbers.' This game had a short life because its chief feature depended upon holding one or several of the four cards known as 'swabbers,' the holder of which won a liberal share of the stakes. It was based on luck, not skill, and attention was presently directed to the possible evolution of the game into an intellectual recreation. This appears to have happened about 1719, but it was not until 1742 that Edmund Hoyle published his famous 'Short Treatise on the Game of Whist.'"

"Why has bridge grown in popularity?" He repeated the question and then answered it. "The great secret of the popularity of bridge is its infinite variety and the fascinating possibilities in the open hand or dummy."

"Which departments of the game are most neglected by players wishing to improve?"

"The great trouble with most players," Mr. Foster explained, "is that they do not pay attention to the small cards played by others. Owing to the great difficulty of bridge, and the unlimited problems it presents to the player, very few persons become really expert. Still, that apparently does not interfere with their enjoyment of the game—" Mr. Foster laughed—"because they usually play with those in their own class. The chief faults of average players in the bidding are that they do not thoroughly understand the value of their cards. Consequently, they are very much in the position of a person at a public auction, who has no idea of the real value of what he is trying to buy. With regard to doubling," Mr. Foster's face again told of his sense of humor, "the invariable fault of the average player is optimism! This is directly traceable to the fault already mentioned—he does not know the value of his cards for doubling any more than for bidding. When it comes to the play of the hands, the greatest stumbling block in the line of improvement, is that he fails to notice the small cards. For example, in teaching, I find that if a player leads a card which is a sure winner, takes a trick and turns it down, not one in twenty can name the three cards played to that trick by the others. The importance of this will be evident, when you consider that the declarer, who of course sees his dummy, knows all the cards that are out against him. He knows he is sure to win tricks, and where he may lose them. The only means his adversaries have of putting themselves on an equal footing, with regard to a knowledge of the strength of their combined hands, is in the cards they play to each other's leads.

"Suppose a player leads a king. If his partner plays his smallest card, it should mean that he has three of that suit, and can not trump a third round. Whereas, if he plays a card higher than a six, it should show that he can either trump a third round or win it with the queen. If the leader is not paying attention to these small cards, all such information is wasted."

"As to the etiquette of bridge," I asked, "who are most particular about it—men or women?"

"At the bridge table," replied Mr. Foster, "men are rather more punctilious about the observation of the laws, and do not hesitate to exact any penalties to which they are entitled. Women, on the other hand, hate penalties of all kinds, and probably the only penalty they ever insist on at bridge is that for a revoke. They will pass leads out of turn, looking at the last trick, and all such minor offences, as not worth talking about, although they may have a serious effect on the result. For this reason, when men play with women they have to overlook a great many things for which they would immediately demand a penalty when playing with men.

"ONE particular fault in a woman's game is hurry. This is frequently evidenced by leading out of her hand and playing from dummy without waiting for her adversary. She either forgets that there is a penalty for this or is totally ignorant of the fact. Men adhere more strictly to the rules. Why? It's a natural characteristic, I suppose—women hate penalties, men play the game. But women, in the main, are less fault-finding than men with regard to their partner's play. This is not because they do not see mistakes when they are made, but for the reason that they have a natural antipathy to hurting another person's feelings. Men, on the other hand, have no compunctions on this score."

There is a story of a man holding thirteen cards of a suit who did not take a trick, because he trumped his partner's ace. His partner was so enraged that he shot him! Mr. Foster smiled at the story.

"There are published, from time to time," he said, "accounts of remarkable hands, such as one player holding thirteen cards of a suit. As a matter of fact, there are four well authenticated instances of all four players holding each a complete suit. In commenting on this, a famous mathematician demonstrated that there was only a certain number of ways—more than a dozen—of dealing a pack of fifty two cards. Following any one of these methods it might happen, sooner or later that on one hand, each player would be dealt thirteen cards of the same suit. In fact, if half a million people dealt out to each other bridge hands, with perfect shuffling, every day for a hundred years it would be a very remarkable thing if each player did not hold a complete suit once in every so often, in a definite ratio.

"On one occasion at the Knickerbocker Whist Club in New York, just as the dealer bid no-trumps, the player on his left picked up a hand of thirteen hearts. But as he was opposed to bidding against no-trumps when he had the lead, he passed without a bid. The dealer's partner also passed, and the dealer, who had bid no-trumps, lost a grand slam. It then transpired that the hand was a put-up job on the player on the left, the thirteen hearts having been dealt to him in the full confidence that he would break his rule and make a bid. The dealer's partner, who was in the joke, entirely forgot that if he did not make a bid, the dealer would be left to play the hand at no-trumps. The cards had been so arranged that if the player with the thirteen hearts ever did make a bid, the dealer's side could bid spades and make a grand slam. This was intended to be the joke on the player with the thirteen hearts! But it worked just the other way. Incidentally, it may be remarked that overcalling a no-trumper when you have the lead against a no-trumper is one of the greatest losers in the game."

"What is the most interesting game you ever witnessed?"

Mr. Foster did not reply directly. "Few persons," he said, "realize that the skill of the expert depends more upon his ability to handle psychological situations than upon his knowledge of conventional bids and plays. In the distribution of the cards illustrated by diagram No. 1, the dealer, indicated by the letter Z, bid no-trumps. A and Y both passed, but the fourth hand, B, doubled conventionally. That is he did it as a signal, asking his partner to bid. The dealer passed again, and A bid the best he had, two clubs, in answer to the double. Y then bid two hearts. B went to three clubs. Z, who was a foxy player, went to three hearts as if afraid of the clubs, which encouraged B to go to four clubs. Then Z sprung the trap, and doubled four clubs. B, who was also a foxy player, saw at once that he was trapped and redoubled to frighten Z's partner, Y, back into hearts. In this he succeeded, with the result that the heart contract was set for 116 points, whereas, if Y had left the redouble alone, the club contract would have been set for 1612 points, which Y and Z would have scored. The difference of 1728 points was entirely due to B's psychological estimate of his opponent Y. How's that for a shift?" exclaimed Mr. Foster.

"Expert skill at the bridge-table," he went on, "is chiefly in evidence in the last few tricks, by which time the location of every important card is known, and the problem becomes one in double dummy. As an example of this, a player holding Z's cards in the following position (see diagram No. 2) and having the lead with only six cards to play, succeeded in winning every trick, hearts being trumps. If you think it's easy, suppose you try it. Many persons would fail to get these six tricks, even with the privilege of trying the play over, but at the bridge table the problem is to do it the first time."

"What questions are most frequently asked by bridge players?"

"One of the questions most commonly asked by partners at the bridge-table," Mr. Foster replied, "is whether you are going to play the take-out by the third hand of the dealer's no-trumper. I have found the best universal rule is for the third hand always to take out with any five cards of a major suit, regardless of the strength of that suit or the rest of the hand. This rule was based on the examination of a thousand deals in which the experiment was tried. Another, and most important rule already hinted at, is never to bid against a no-trumper when you have the lead."

"Is there much cheating at bridge?"

"BRIDGE," he answered, "is remarkably free from opportunities for unfair play. Probably the most common occasions occur when the declarer deliberately leads out of the wrong hand, trusting that the adversaries will not notice it. All professional gamblers depend upon the signing up of the hands, as they do not shuffle the pack they deal.

"An instance of this occurred in one of the leading clubs of New York from which a prominent business man was expelled because, in drawing for partners, he always located either an ace or a king. This gave him the advantage either of cutting the best player, by noting whether that person had drawn a high or a low card, or obtaining the first deal. The rule of leaving four cards from each end untaken when drawing for partners was made soon after that event."

The next question appeared to amuse Mr. Foster.

"Many people ask me who are the best players in America," he said, "but I say, that one might as well ask who are the best doctors—each excels in his own line. Some players are best in the bidding, some in the middle game, and some in the end game. Some play the conservative game and win at it, and some play what is called 'poker bridge' and also win at that.

"One evening, just before joining a table of auction-bridge at one of the leading clubs in New York, the secretary laughingly reminded me that of the fifty persons in the room, each considered himself the best player in the club, and if asked, would admit it!"

"Have you a second choice favorite game?"

"My second choice is *20 Point* the best game ever invented to be played with tiles of the Mah Jong set. It is played with 144 tiles of the Mah Jong set, but it is not Mah Jong—nothing like it. We play nothing else in this house."

I asked Mr. Foster if he had analyzed the faculties required by skilful bridge players—were they of mental assistance in more serious fields?

He said, "I have found the faculties that contribute to success at the bridge table are concentration on the matter in hand and attention to detail. This may be acquired by practice, but the trouble with most persons is that they try to do too much at once. Let the player, who is anxious to improve, begin by paying strict attention to the suit which is longest in his hand, so that when the play is over, he can name the exact spots on each card of that suit held by each player. He will soon find himself able to remember them without difficulty, and the habit will pass to other suits until he can recall every card played. Many experts can remember every play in the whole twenty-four hands of a duplicate match.

"The mechanics of the game, such as the correct bid and the proper leads and returns, are all matters of learning by rote, requiring only diligent study of a good text book. But as Cavendish used to say, 'The real play begins where the book leaves off.'"

Mr. Foster views bridge as a pastime, and not especially as a test of intellect or skill. That depends on the individual.

"It is just a game," he says, "like golf. Some prefer to play bridge, others golf, and some to play one in the day-time, the other in the evening. Bridge," he concluded, "is unquestionably a great mental help, if played as it should be played. It undoubtedly trains a person's mind for concentration and attention to detail. It also teaches"—he laughed, "self-control in dealing with misfortune. You learn to make allowances for the shortcomings of others."

Tell Us How to Make a Living

[*Continued from page 34*]

eager are parents for its aid, for its hope, that all sorts of pseudo-experts pretend to offer it—fake psychologists, quack "character analysts," so-called "business advisers"—practicing what in some cases amounts to charlatanry. These "experts" prey particularly on middle-age that has failed.

The science of vocational guidance is actually one requiring the most exact investigation. It is still in its developing stage, working out first principles. And its work is not for middle-age and for lost hope, but for youth.

Miss Hirth with all her feminine charm and delicacy of appearance is essentially a scientific expert. There is a distinct impression of quiet dignity about her and her blue eyes are alert and intent. One notes at once the keen and absolute precision of her entire approach to her work. And yet although she is a college graduate she is not narrowed by too academic a point of view. Her years at Smith may help her to understand a little more thoroughly the point of view of the college girls who come to her, but her instinct is to concentrate on the practical side of every problem. And she has had wide experience in the particular work she is now doing.

She and her staff work along the same lines of exact research that scientists use in the laboratory. But their laboratory is life itself, and what they study and work for is the guidance of youth.

This is the sort of thing that is happening all the time.

Helen M—, a girl of nineteen, had spent a year at college. Her parents were well-to-do and wished her to continue, but she was prepared to drop her college work because she found nothing definite to interest her. She was fairly active outside her class-work. She was advertising manager of the college paper and had written the class play. To her instructors she was known as a vivid young person, creative and witty and winning. She had traveled and possessed a maturity unusual in so young a girl. Though enjoying a large allowance, she was very practical, keen, almost canny in her outlook. She was interested in writing, but added emphatically that she didn't want to be "a scribbler." Was there, she wished to know, "anything in advertising?"

Advertising requires vividness of phrasing and knowledge of the buyer's mind. It requires quick wits. Experience and broad culture are assets. But as important are experience in such technical things as lay-out processes, proof-reading, printing, space-arrangement. The girl who wishes to take up advertising will find this latter knowledge essential, even at the beginning. Some of this technical experience Helen had obtained on her small college publication. There was her situation. What should she do?

She was clearly informed that if she took a course in business, majored in economics, and emphasized her work in English and psychology, it would assist her later. She was told that advertising opened in many different directions such as store-advertising, insurance, publicity, and mail-advertising. Department store work has been a particularly fertile field for women. They are doing important work in the advertising departments of manufacturing companies and with magazines in connection with the advertising of foods, textiles, and household articles particularly. It was pointed out to her that because women form an overwhelming proportion of the purchasing public, to whom advertising is so largely addressed, there is a highly promising field in this profession for a girl, like Helen, who possesses native qualifications, and has obtained the training necessary to give them value. There was a real future for her in advertising, with a broad field in which to develop it. And a complete academic college education was by no means an essential. Here then was Helen in a fair way to solve her problem. She had the essential facts she needed.

ANOTHER sort of girl is represented by Mary S—. She had planned to go into social work, because of her interest in church work in her home town. But when she tried to do "field work" to gain the necessary experience, she found she could not deal with people. Her interest was not in folks, as should be the case with the social worker, nor in things, as is the case of the girl who would go into the arts or crafts. "I like figures," she explained. "I think I'd like to do work with figures, rather than with folks." Some of her friends had advised her on that account to go into some business like insurance where aptness with figures counts. She was undecided, wavering between teaching and insurance. She disliked teaching. But she did not know what to expect in insurance.

Insurance, she discovered, really offers opportunities for three different sorts of people. The man or woman who can sell, and this is the important field, can make a success in selling insurance. To do so requires, however, an understanding of how to meet and persuade people to buy insurance. Next is the accounting and bookkeeping work. The third field is statistical work. That of course was what interested Mary.

But, she was told, women who enter insurance on the statistical staff usually enter as statistical clerks. Statistical work as a whole is a smaller field than teaching, or social work, for example. Most women always remain nothing but statistical clerks. The real field for the girl who wishes to be a statistician is in a business house. A girl with the understanding that Mary possessed, and with her aptness and liking for the compilation of data might fit also into the statistical department of a social service organization. But she would have more opportunity to find a job in a business house. "What salary can I expect, when I've arrived," she wished to know, "supposing I should choose to do statistical work with a social organization?" She was told that some women are earning twenty-four hundred or three thousand dollars a year. Some earn more. But the best chance to earn more is in business statistics. Mary had a background of mathematics at college; she had studied economics and she had brains. She could look for success in this work. Off goes Mary with a really intelligent idea of what to head for.

The whole matter of salaries, Miss Hirth feels, should have more truthful—more exact—publicity. A study of salaries of college women shows that most college women graduates are earning less than eighteen hundred a year. The girl expecting to earn enormous wages, even if she has exceptional training, will be grievously disappointed. In some occupations there are opportunities for large returns in the end, but the fields are, of course, limited. For example, a buyer in a store may receive as much as ten thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars a year. But the beginner will be doing well to earn twenty-five hundred to three thousand dollars a year as buyer and often will not go much further. A buyer must be a person of intensive experience as salesman, floor manager, and in the particular department represented. For this, a salary of five thousand dollars is considered large. In fact, many business houses will tell you that when a man has been with them for an appreciable time and is earning three thousand dollars a year he is doing very well.

Sometimes the possession of a native gift may be the way to a career. Emily S—, a graduate from an excellent women's college, was twenty-two. She had an expensive education, but she didn't know what to do with it. She didn't want to teach, write, go into store work, or do social work. She liked to dress daintily and to look charming. In fact, she even made her own clothes because her folks could not have afforded to buy her the things she wanted. Had she ever thought of making other people's clothes? Why no, she hadn't. She thought this over, interest growing in her face. Finally that is exactly what she decided to do. She took courses in design and learned how to cut and combine fabrics. Then she went back to make clothes in her college town. Her personality, her own daintiness, were her best advertisement. She made a success of making clothes for college girls. One summer, not knowing what to do with the long vacation, she went into one of the New York speciality shops, and learned there a few new wrinkles in the making of clothes. She went back to her own clients knowing not only how to make things that looked well, but as she said, "that looked stunning." She is making a success in a field for which she had apparently never thought of preparing herself when she took her college course. Yet, much of her success is due to the fact that she has been a college girl, and understand others college girls.

TWO young girls, graduating from Drexel Institute together, made a success of a tea-room. They planned their whole career from the time when they met in freshman year. Their parents financed the business which they opened, and they are now earning an income any mature man might envy. It is this sort of planning which more girls should do, of course.

These are some of the ways in which the vocational expert helps the girl or woman about to choose work or trade or profession.

"All intelligent vocational guidance," says Miss Hirth, "must be based on two factors. One is full knowledge of the individual, the other is adequate knowledge of occupations. As to the first, parents and guardians, schools and colleges, through their daily contact with the boys or girls, young men or women, are in a position to know best. It is they who should have the knowledge to advise the individual in the choice of a career." It stands to reason that most parents have a pretty intimate knowledge of their children's intellectual ability, emotional reactions, likes and dislikes, capacity and weaknesses. In some colleges a careful record is kept in the central office of each student, from the freshman year until graduation day. Then the college is prepared to base its suggestions on carefully compiled data when at last a choice of work must be made.

"But in choosing that work," says Miss Hirth, "another factor just as important is involved. That is a wide knowledge of the various occupational fields. It is necessary for the young men or women not only to know what they wish to do, but also whether there is a chance in the particular work they would select, and what that chance is likely to be. This is particularly true in the case of the girl."

For example, a girl who decides that she wishes to be a lawyer must not only consider whether she possesses the sort of ability required for law, but, as Miss Hirth points out, "She should know what the variety of work in this profession actually is. She should know that if she chooses to be a lawyer she will have to spend years as a clerk in law offices after graduation. Her salary will be very small and her opportunities for rapid advancement are likely to be limited. But her work will be satisfying if this is really her metier." Of course there are special obstacles which block the way of a woman lawyer. But then there are obstacles before any one in any profession. In order to forestall disillusionment later a girl should know exactly what lies before her in any profession or business. It saves much bitterness and disappointment later to learn this from the experience of other women already in the field.

To discover and give her this information is the task of Miss Hirth and her staff. They cannot tell the individual girl what career to choose, but they can help her see what faces her in the work she selects. They give her specific, carefully gathered facts concerning fields in which women have made a success. They study and discover why—and where, women have been failures. They can tell whether a pioneer has an opportunity in a new field. Their work is to find what sorts of positions women hold, what their salaries are, what the maximum income is, why women have made good, and, when they fail, why they have not.

This makes the choice for the girl selecting her work a practical evaluated decision, and not a movement in a game of blind-man's buff.

There is no question now that the man or woman coming prepared for any job has the better chance to get it, and to make good in it. Miss Hirth and her staff have studied not only the field of occupation, but the whole field of education. They can tell the girl the school in which the very training she most needs is available. In a study now being made of the occupation of secretary, for instance, they are attempting to learn whether, in the experience of women and girls holding secretarial jobs, a college education is an advantage, or whether a high school education alone, or supplemented by a business school education, is sufficient preparation. They are collecting data on salaries being earned by secretaries in various fields, and at various lengths of service. A study of training opportunities in twenty-three such occupations for women has already been made and is available to parents and teachers in a book entitled "Training for the Professions and Allied Occupations." Not only does it give a brief resumé of possibilities and developments in every one of the occupations described, but in addition it offers a complete list of schools, institutes, and colleges, all over the country, which are giving the training a girl requires for the particular sort of job she wants. These occupations vary from cooking at home to engineering or dentistry.

LAST year two hundred organizations from all over the country came to Miss Hirth for information about women and their jobs. Business women's clubs, alumnæ associations and professional women's groups, and even employers' associations were among them. Each year she meets groups of young girls at "round table" conferences and helps them map and plan their courses so that they may enter the career they finally choose adequately prepared and trained.

Every day scores of women and girls coming from colleges, high schools, stores and factories, from every walk of life, ask this question of her: "What do you think I ought to do, Miss Hirth?"

One day a middle-aged woman came in to say she had been a clerk for years, that she hated office work, and that the dream of her life was to do some work "connected with the sea." The only thing to suggest to her was that she apply as floor-clerk at a big New York hotel and there wait for the possibility of interesting some guest who traveled much, and with whom she might work as companion or nurse. A list of hotels was given her and she went forth to seek a new life, a quaint figure and a pathetic one.

But most of the women who come are young girls. They say in effect: "We want to do something that will be fine, that we'll enjoy doing; tell us what to do. Tell us what to choose that we may be a success and not a failure." To reach out and speak individually to the thousands of girls who want such advice would, of course, be an impossibility. The problem is really national in its scope. And the eagerness with which girls are seeking this information shows the need they have for it. Yet even the personal interviews that Miss Hirth can give must be very limited.

"The difficulty I frequently meet is this," said Miss Hirth. "The girl will declare, "I don't do anything particularly well, nor do I enjoy doing one thing more than another." The girl does not know what she would like to do. She has no real choice.

Such a girl was Helen C—, who added, "Except cooking," and then, "I don't want a career. I am to—to be married in a few years." But her mother interposed, "I think it is best for Helen to have a career even if she does marry." The mother, it appeared, had graduated from a country high school, ambitious to be a phyiscian. But a woman, they said, could not be a physician. She had not been permitted to study nursing because "nice girls were not nurses." But nice girls could teach school.

So when the country school chanced to have a vacancy, and she was offered the position, she fell into teaching. But she possessed no aptitude for teaching and soon came to hate it. When she married she felt she had been freed from a hated drudgery. Then she found herself, a dozen years after her marriage, a widow with a small daughter to support. She could not catch up with new methods in education. So there she was with no profession, and no trade. She had managed to exist and to put the girl through school by doing simple sewing and by taking in boarders. She was a worn, middle-aged woman, "a failure." "I won't let my daughter go through the same thing," she concluded with a sort of tenseness. "She'll have a profession, whether she marries or not. Isn't there a profession that involves a liking and aptitude for cooking?"

There is such a profession, big in opportunity, open to the girl who likes cooking, as did Helen C—. It is the profession of dietetics, part of the field of home economics. Very simply the training for dietician was outlined to Helen. Miss Hirth named schools where the training is given, gave the cost and length of tuition, and told of scholarships available. She outlined the possibilities in the field, stated the salary usually offered a beginner, and sketched in related work in factories, welfare departments, hotels, hospitals. She concluded by pointing out that the girl who chooses this, or any branch of home economics, enters a big field. There is a future in it. It means an honorable profession and a practical means of earning a living at the same time. There are about twelve hundred teachers of home economics in colleges, and over four hundred in normal schools. At least five thousand are in public high schools and vocational schools. Thousands of women and girls who are trained in home economics are employed in institutional management. There will always be a demand for workers in the occupations which home economics represents. Furthermore the girl who likes cooking, and knows how to prepare herself for her job, can find a place in social work, business, teaching, or even in writing about her profession for newspapers and magazines. So Helen's problem was on the way to its solution. There is no need for a girl to give up any field because "nice girls are not doing that," as was the case when Helen —'s mother was young.

Nevertheless, women and girls are still choosing their trades or professions, Miss Hirth finds, because of some fad of the hour. Many girls choose their very clothes with greater thought than they do their jobs. Women have been looking, not to their own abilities and opportunities, but have streamed into one field of work after another just as it opened to them.

That there are fashions in work for women as there are in clothes, is shown by the careers chosen by girls in the past fifteen years. They make a succession, a cycle, of fads. The first new profession to attract women, after teaching, library work, and social work had lost their novelty, was literary work in a publishing house. Because she had received high grades in English one girl graduate after another felt herself eminently fitted to take an editorial position with a publishing house. It took years before girls who thought they were destined for the publishing field realized that this business has nothing to do with the writing of books, that it deals with the manufacture of books. The girls who fitted satisfactorily into this work either loved the making of books as a craft, or were interested in mechanical work such as preparation of copy, typing or proof-reading. The others belonged in the advertising or sales-departments. Only the rarer few could hope for editorial work. But to the minds of many girls publishing, reporting, journalism, appeared one great related field. They did not know that in journalism, as in publishing, the opportunities are few. They did not know that reporting is an entirely different profession from that of advertising, that it requires a special sort of skill, imagination and memory for detail. To the average girl being a reporter meant gratuitous seats as a dramatic critic, just as a position in a publishing house was the discovery and sponsoring of works of genius. Of course, many tried in vain to obtain those coveted jobs. Many others who entered were disillusioned and disappointed by the facts. Only the few who fitted in could make good.

AFTER literary work, welfare work in industry was the fashion. Every sweet young girl graduate seemed for a time to wish to devote her life to helping the laboring classes. By a natural stage followed personnel work in industries. The labor course in college, and the establishment of war-time courses to train workers for industry may have been responsible.

But girls who obtained these jobs, and those who tried to get them, began to discover that an academic interest in labor problems, and a patriotic desire to help the government in a crisis were not essential qualifications for a daily task bringing in a weekly salary. Girls learned that welfare work is a highly specialized field requiring a keen mind, knowledge of people, and a practical understanding of industry.

Again and again aspirants failed in this field, as they had been failing in personnel work before, because they did not know that there were temperamental and training qualifications absolutely required for any girl who wished to do it.

Then interior decorating was discovered. It is still a very alluring mirage to all sorts of aspirants. Almost any girl who liked "to fix things up" in the house thought herself fitted for this new profession welcoming the woman-worker.

But after that a novel and entirely unheralded and unexpected field flung wide its doors to them—banking. Girls seemed to be fascinated by the thought of working in a bank. It overshadowed every other field of occupation chosen. But the women who took this for their work found that most women are in banks not because they are bankers, but because they are women. Even a girl with special training to fit her for some particular phase of banking sometimes found very little opportunity.

What the banks need are depositors, and it is the woman who can bring in depositors who is valuable to the bank. That is, perhaps, most often the woman with social connections, just as in bond houses it is often the man with social connections who can do best at the start. What the banks want is an army of clerical workers. Thus, many girls in banking found their salaries remained small and opportunities for advancement to executive positions were relatively very few. It was only from the experience of those who did enter the field, that all this was learned.

Department store work was the next fad. The girls who hoped to achieve success here were to learn that in department store work everyone must begin at the bottom, even if possessed of a high school or college education. The education in itself means nothing to a store worker, except as it increases the ability of a girl *to sell*, or *to help the store sell*.

Her college degree does not, in itself, make a girl an exceptional saleswoman. It does not qualify her to be a buyer, a personnel director, or an educational worker in the store. Gradually it became apparent that in department store work a particular kind of ability and personality are required. There is a splendid future for the girl who possesses that ability and personality, but she must in addition have training and experience before she can hope to succeed. Few girls are now entering department store work without training in one of the special courses offered by many of the great stores to prepare employees for specific departments which range all the way from selling to buying merchandise abroad.

After the store work came advertising work for women as a new opportunity—due it may be to the success of Jane Martin, whose enormous salary was featured in news stories all over the country. Girls read of this woman who, simply by writing a few paragraphs a day, earned ten thousand a year. Advertising seemed a promised land, beckoning to girl graduates in colleges all over the land. To this day many still feel that it is a field which almost any girl may hope to conquer.

Now every girl Miss Hirth meets is trying to go to Europe, with all expenses paid, as representative of a corporation abroad. What she will do, or can do, the young aspirant does not quite know. But the prospect allures her.

What training had most of the young girls who have been selecting one, and then the other, in this long series of occupations chosen by women in the past fifteen years? What did they know of their opportunities? What did they know of the requirements expected of them if they were to reach the success they hoped to attain?

Usually—nothing.

As soon as a new field for women opened, every girl preparing to enter upon her own career, tended to follow with the crowd toward that new work.

BUT all the waste of hope and of years, all the beginning over again, could have been avoided by thousands of women now failures in their jobs and professions, if they had but known what the job they were reaching for offered them and what it demanded of them. The place into which a young girl fits, its opportunities and requirements, ought to be discovered for her, say vocational workers, not after she has spent long years trying to find it and has found at the end only bitterness. Her work ought to be chosen at the time she takes the first step, the moment she selects her first job.

"What occupations are open to women?" repeated Miss Hirth. "Almost every one. There is farming, where women succeed in poultry, horticulture, and teaching. Then there are business, art, landscape gardening, architecture, medicine and dentistry, nursing, pharmacy, public health, museum work, social work—the list can go on endlessly. The girl who is choosing her work has now almost as large a field of choice as her brother. The thing to remember of course is that opportunities for advancement are limited for men too.

Of the six million unmarried working women in the country a half-million are stenographers and another million are clerks and telephone operators. There are only a few who are teaching in colleges and a handful who are doctors, or scientists. Most of the rest are in factories and stores. Yet there is a whole world of work from which all these millions of women might have chosen that work which each would have found joy in doing, and which she could have done well.

The science of vocational guidance will not make a girl of mediocre ability a brilliant success. It will not fit a girl who can be only a clerk for the position of an executive. If a girl can be a stenographer best of all, that is what she should be.

"The man who smokes a pipe has a special charm for me"... Mae Murray

Quality created the demand — Demand made possible the price
FRESH
Tuxedo
TOBACCO
fresh from the factory
fresh
WHEREVER YOU GET IT
THIS BAND IS YOUR PROTECTION
SPECIALLY PREPARED SMOKING TOBACCO

NOW
12¢

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

"**After four years** spent as a detective, I became subject to indigestion. On account of irregularity of meals I was troubled with gas on the stomach, pimples, constipation and loss of appetite. I went to my physician, who recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. After two weeks, the gas on my stomach ceased and gradually my condition returned to normal. My appetite is splendid, my skin has cleared, and my intestinal tract functions perfectly. And on my new job as building contractor I still eat my Fleischmann's Yeast to keep fit."—JOHN A. HEMMERLE, West Philadelphia, Pa.

True Tales about Health

They tell how thousands conquered constipation, corrected skin and stomach disorders—found glorious vitality—by eating one natural food.

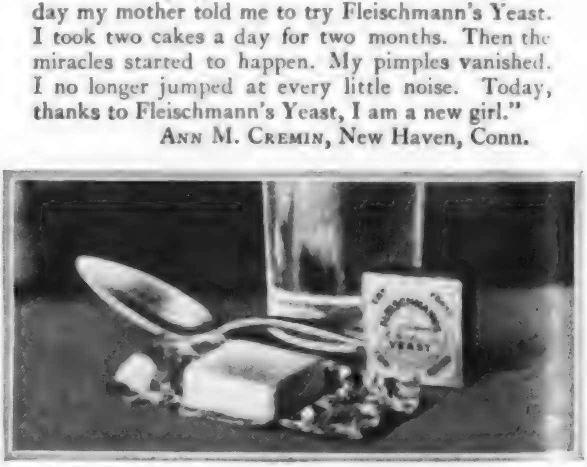
NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health, Health Research Dept. z-24, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"**About a year ago** my face, neck and arms were covered with pimples. I was a bundle of nerves. One day my mother told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I took two cakes a day for two months. Then the miracles started to happen. My pimples vanished. I no longer jumped at every little noise. Today, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, I am a new girl."
ANN M. CREMIN, New Haven, Conn.



This famous food tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation

BUT the girl with ability to grow should know that, as a stenographer, she may prepare herself to be a secretary. She ought to know that as secretary in an editorial office, business house, or advertising agency, she may often receive the best training for higher-paid and more interesting work in the same field. There is no need for the girl who feels "she could do better work" to be "lost in the grind." Every girl ought to know how to make of her daily work a means to more interesting and better-paid work. At least she should know whether there is an opportunity for her at all.

If a girl can work best with her hands, that is what she should choose to do. But she should know what her hands can do.

The Bureau of Vocational Information does its work largely with the college woman, with the girl who seeks training for her work. Its function is to discover the fields that she may enter and the facts concerning the girls who have already entered it. But the findings of Miss Hirth and her organization are of interest to all women, because of two things. The first is the emphasis she places on the need of *adequate knowledge concerning the job and the opportunities it holds*, before a girl selects it. The second is the assistance such knowledge gives the girl. It helps her make a success of her life through knowledge of herself and of the job she chooses to do.

There is no need of failures, the vocational expert feels. The one thing to do is to find the proper place into which the girl will fit, and to help her fill that place.

Queer Things People Collect

[*Continued from page 41*]

"But your pet hobby is musical instruments; does it hold good in your case?"

Mr. Healey laughed. "In my case, the matter is more complex. Collecting all sorts of things is really my hobby and for two reasons. First, I always liked to travel and second, collecting is like a hunt with a rare old instrument or an unexpected treasure for prey. Naturally, I buy all sorts of things. I like to wander about and pick out a good rare article at a reasonable figure.

"I buy everything except pictures. I know nothing about them. You can't buy antiques like sardines or vegetables. You must dig them out, and defend your position for what you pay for them. My early education, which I got by attending schools in France, Italy, Germany and Spain, has given me a command of these languages that helps in this way. The price always goes up for a foreigner who cannot speak the native language.

"I began as a schoolboy to pick up a piece here and there. Then I got interested and spent all my spare time in museums until I finally acquired quite a knowledge of antiques and quite a lot of beautiful things. So I decided I'd like a business where it was my job to travel and to scout out the old rarities. In a way, finding an occasional rarity is just like a man fishing. He may fish for days and get nothing. But when he makes his big catch it's a sufficient incentive to make of him an inveterate fisherman. It pays for all the days of failure and discomfort.

"Then there is the element of surprise. I know a Frenchman who used to travel back and forth between Spain, Portugal and Paris. He kept his finds in the rooms of an old house where he lived. One day he brought back a statue of the Virgin clothed in a red mantle ornamented with colored glass. He priced it at the equivalent of about $20 and showed it to many antique dealers and connoisseurs. They passed it by.

"But one day he went fishing and accidentally struck up a friendship with a fellow fisherman. They enjoyed each other's company so much that they agreed to go together the following week, starting from his apartment.

"When the fisherman came into the rooms on the date of their rendezvous, he was at once struck by the Statue of the Virgin. Looking at the price tag, he exclaimed, 'Why, man, you're crazy.' Those insets were genuine ancient uncut rubies worth a king's ransom and the Frenchman disposed of them for about one hundred thousand dollars.

"Personally, I have experienced a number of gratifying surprises. One day, while I was traveling in Spain, my auto broke down near an out-of-the-way village. Held up for the night, I found my way to a barber shop. The barber with the curiosity of the villager inquired my business. 'Are you a wine-merchant?' he asked. For that was a wine district and he could conceive of no other reason for a journey there. I told him I was interested in antiques and he answered, 'One of my customers has a house full of antiques. He wants to sell them for he is old and if he leaves them to his family, they must pay a large inheritance tax.'

"The son, who had just come home from school, accompanied me to one of the greatest finds of my life. After dinner, the subject of my business was broached and I brought away a wonderful group of things that had been in his family for centuries. It just shows the accidental luck that may lurk around the corner, even as the result of a broken-down automobile.

"AT ANOTHER time, I found an old Abbey, one of the many that, at the time of the French Revolution, had been confiscated by the government and given over to the peasants. I bought the entire panel lining of one room and the refectory from the present owner. More accurately, I rescued it. For the room was being used as a pigsty and cow stable and the refectory was filled with potatoes and peas.

"This room now adorns a millionaire's home in Long Island. But a surprise awaited me even here. While my workmen were dismantling the panels, suddenly one of them fell over unconscious. He had been struck in the head by a bag full of gold pieces worth 28,000 francs, none later than 1700. According to the French law, the government gets one-third of such a find, the owner of the house one-third and the finder one-third. But there was an aftermath, for the bag had burst and a wild scramble of the workmen ensued during the course of which a free for all fight started ending up in one man's being severely injured with a dagger.

"Most of the things I buy are the prizes of prowling about in isolated places or wandering around the country. But an auction sale is a fascinating place to study human nature. Go to any auction sale in New York City and you'll see one dominant motive—the desire to outbid an opponent. It's the same element that makes a man play tennis or poker or golf to win. But his acquisitions are sometimes so incongruous as to make me dub him Mr. Rash.

"A certain woman buys up every porcelain miniature offered for sale. She owns over a thousand but she won't pay a cent for carfare. Home she trudges with the prize under her arm and places it on the floor, for long since her wall space has been exhausted and there's no other place for it. Perhaps, she has a covert ambition to corner the market. Perhaps, she is planning to leave her collection to a museum when she dies. Anyway, her hobby has become her master. She can't stop. The urge to buy just one more, and that will be the last, is too much for her and many of her family.

"Mr. Canvas has lived in the same hotel suite for thirty years. He has to rent a warehouse for his trophies but he keeps on buying. He checks himself, however, by one predetermined principle to which he sticks. He never pays more for a picture than he has previously decided on. When the bidding goes over that, he stops. He puts that much of a rein on himself.

"You know how crowds gather about strange spectacles. We watched one day while a huge marble statue was being hoisted into a house. It was necessary to erect a scaffold with rigging to move it in. Inquiry brought the information that here lived one of the genus collector, a man who had a penchant for large statuary, the larger the better. He often paid more for the moving and hauling than he did for the marble, which he placed in his cellar, in his attic, anywhere.

"And so it goes! Everybody collects something. The boy of ten litters the house with bottle-caps, birds' nests, tops, marbles, eggs, stamps, coins, snakes and lizards. This collecting tendency persists in grown-ups who have the money to specialize in books and become a bibliophile or in rugs and paintings and become a connoisseur.

"Some adults collect degrees; the Indians collected scalps; Homer, Anderson, Grimm and Scott collected folk-lore that would otherwise have been lost to future generations. And that brings me to one of the potent factors that lies behind the collections of many of our wealthiest citizens.

"The desire to save from future destruction and ruin the great artistic products of the past is fortunate indeed for the future generations. James F. Ballard has traveled all over the world in search of rare specimens of rugs. He gave them to the Metropolitan Museum because he felt that he wanted others to share their beauty with him. Charles L. Freer hunted out masterpieces with tireless zeal all over the world, meantime studying the true and false in art and always seeking the element of beauty that underlies real art. Then he gave to the nation the museum at Washington.

"Henry E. Huntington, Napoleon of book collectors, has a quarter of a million of the greatest pieces of literature, including rare manuscripts, books and autographed letters. These, housed in a magnificient home, have been given to the people of California. Its collection is still in the process of cataloging so that the library will not be in use until this task is completed.

"At that time, it is planned to use the library in much the same way as the Morgan library is now being used. Professors, students working for degrees and research workers are to have access to the books, while the greatest care will be taken for their preservation.

"These men do not always collect for themselves. Often, large sums of money are given outright to a museum for an express purpose, as when Carnegie gave six million dollars to the Pittsburgh Institute for the purchase of pictures. Often men are delegated to watch the markets for the breaking up of a valuable collection.

"In this event, the millionaire misses the joy of collecting with its attendant thrills, but he raises the level of the collecting instinct to one of perpetuating the gems of the past for future generations, feeling that for purposes of research and historical study, such valuable objects belong to no one man, but to the public, who did not have the means to assemble them, but who can enjoy them."

Broadway's Poet Laureate

[*Continued from page 95*]

Times Square to confer with some manager or music publisher, or to direct some rehearsal or to attend some performance, he spends practically all his time at home in his spacious apartment overlooking Central Park. His tall, fair-haired wife is kept busy informing telephone callers, in her cool yet graciously engaging voice, that "Mr. Harbach is very busy just now and can't be disturbed." The only intruders allowed are Bill, aged five, and Bobby, aged four, who are apt to burst into the study at any time with news about the goldfish or the canary.

LAST August the Harbachs moved into their new summer home at Mamaroneck, an attractive and thoroughly comfortable house set in ample grounds. Their ingenuous delight in it—their child-like gloating over every wonderful detail, from the sun-porch to the old well in the back yard which has a "real bucket"—was a joy to witness.

Harbach confided that he was in a hurry to have a small barn built next to the garage, so that his horse, King, might be kept there. "I want to look after him myself. You know, I learned how to take care of horses when I was at Galesburg, and if I have charge of King myself I'll feel more satisfied than if he were in the hands of some stable man who mightn't treat him right." As we were strolling out toward the vegetable garden we heard the grating of gravel on the driveway, and a velocipede came "steaming" by, propelled by the negro cook's small son. Suddenly there was a tumble—and tears.

"There now, George," said Harbach, reassuring him. Then studying the velocipede a moment, he said, "Why, that seat's wrong." And the Grand Mogul of Musical Comedy went and got a monkey-wrench and did a repair job.

Leaving the little fellow to resume cycling, he led me to the spot from where one gets a beautiful vista of Long Island Sound, not far distant. "Pretty nice, isn't it?" he remarked. "I believe I'm going to enjoy living here."

But he failed to mention the fact that before buying this house he had presented his parents with one of the finest homes in Salt Lake City, and had likewise donated costly homes to his sister and to several of his brothers. I learned that by chance from someone else who tells me that for years Harbach has played Santa Claus to all his relatives.

At the begining of this article it was stated that Harbach's life story resembled the plot of a struggle-to-success happy-ending play. Perhaps that is why his plays ring true. A Harbach show has a warm hearted atmosphere, full of "lucky breaks" and happiness all around for everybody at the end. Of course it is sentimental—the highbrows may call it banal, but it rings true to its audience from boxes to gallery. This is because Harbach is frankly sentimental himself, and writes exactly as he feels about life. He knows the point of view of hundreds of different kinds of people the average Broadway writer never heard of. And through all his success Harbach has kept this point of view, never gotten blasé or "faked his stuff." That is why he can give his audiences honestly the glamour they have come to get.

The Bee-man of Orn

[*Continued from page 137*]

"What are you going to do with that baby?" said the Languid Youth.

"I shall carry it along with me," said the Bee-man, "as I go on with my search, and perhaps I may find its mother. If I do not, I shall give it to somebody in that little village yonder. Anything would be better than leaving it to be devoured by that horrid dragon."

"Let me carry it. I feel quite strong enough now to carry a baby."

"Thank you," said the Bee-man, "but I can take it myself. I like to carry something, and I have now neither my hive nor my doublet."

"It is very well that you had to leave them behind," said the Youth, "for the bees would have stung the baby."

"My bees never sting babies," said the other.

"They probably never had a chance," remarked his companion.

THEY soon entered the village, and after walking a short distance the youth exclaimed. "Do you see that woman over there sitting at the door of her house? She has beautiful hair and she is tearing it all to pieces. She should not be allowed to do that."

"No," said the Bee-man. "Her friends should tie her hands."

"Perhaps she is the mother of this child," said the Youth, "and if you give it to her she will no longer think of tearing her hair."

"But," said the Bee-man, "you don't really think this is her child?"

"Suppose you go over and see," said the other.

The Bee-man hesitated a moment, and then he walked toward the woman. Hearing him coming, she raised her head, and when she saw the child she rushed toward it, snatched it into her arms, and screaming with joy she covered it with kisses. Then with happy tears she begged to know the story of the rescue of her child, whom she never expected to see again; and she loaded the Bee-man with thanks and blessings. The friends and neighbors gathered around and there was great rejoicing. The mother urged the Bee-man and the Youth to stay with her, and rest and refresh themselves which they were glad to do as they were tired and hungry.

They remained at the cottage all night, and in the afternoon of the next day the Bee-man said to the Youth: "It may seem an odd thing to you, but never in all my life have I felt myself drawn toward any living being as I am drawn toward this baby. Therefore I firmly believe that I must have been transformed from a baby."

"Good!" cried the Youth. "It is my opinion that you have hit the truth. And now would you like to be changed back to your original form?"

"Indeed I would!" said the Bee-man, "I have the yearning to be what I originally was."

The Youth, who had now lost every trace of languid feeling, took a great interest in the matter, and early the next morning started off to inform the Junior Sorcerer that the Bee-man had discovered what he had been transformed from, and desired to be changed back to it.

The Junior Sorcerer and his learned Masters were filled with enthusiasm when they heard this report, and they at once set out for the mother's cottage. And there by magic arts the Bee-man was changed back into a baby. The mother was so grateful for what the Bee-man had done for her that she agreed to take charge of this baby, and to bring it up as her own.

"It will be a grand thing for him," said the Junior Sorcerer, "and I am glad that I studied his case. He will now have a fresh start in life, and will have a chance to become something better than a miserable old man living in a wretched hut with no friends or companions but buzzing bees."

The Junior Sorcerer and his Masters then returned to their homes, happy in the success of their great performance; and the Youth went back to his home anxious to begin a life of activity and energy.

Years and years afterward, when the Junior Sorcerer had become a Senior and was very old indeed, he passed through the country of Orn, and noticed a small hut about which swarms of bees were flying. He approached it, and looking in at the door he saw an old man in a leathern doublet, sitting at a table, eating honey. By his magic art he knew this was the baby which had been transformed from the Bee-man.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the Sorcerer. "He has grown into the same thing again!"

Some Like it Cold

[*Continued from page 125*]

it? Would he haul it in cars? And how would he distribute it?

"But to us who have made a science of forecasting," continued Mr. Marvin, "the claim of the rain-maker is no more fallacious than is that of the man who foretells weather conditions for a year in advance, or even from season to season, as is done in the almanacs.

"The official forecasts of the Weather Bureau cover thirty-six to forty-eight hours. Sometimes at the request of shipping interests, forecasts are issued of conditions in general which *may* prevail in certain areas for a period of six or seven days. But any prophecy beyond that time, whether made by weather-man or faker, is purely a speculation, a step into the borderland of things we do not know.

"Weather is the most speculative thing in the world—hence of never failing interest, more uncertain than the New York Stock Exchange or the Chicago Board of Trade. More people gamble on it each day than in both those institutions. They are more intimately affected by it and make or lose by it more money."

Everyone has heard of the bombastic native son whose weather is always either good or unusual. In proof of its unusual unusualness Professor Cox cited the following instance:

"A forecaster in the U. S. Weather Bureau in California wrote a treatise on the San Diego climate akin to a rhapsody. In a period of forty years, he stated, the temperature at San Diego had never gone below the freezing point nor above ninety-four degrees. Before the book was off the press, came a startling cold wave which sent the official thermometer shivering far below freezing. The publishers came to the author's aid and the phenomenon was explained in a foot-note. The book came out in the spring. In September came a withering wind off the desert which sent the thermometer in one day to a stifling 106. Within eight months the man's theory had been broken in both directions. The rhapsody had become a eulogy."

THE following is, in brief, the method of the U. S. Weather Bureau in making the daily forecasts read by millions each morning in the papers. It is interesting to note that comparison of these forecasts with the weather for the periods covered shows an approximate verification of ninety percent. since 1891.

Twice a day, at 8 A.M. and again at 8 P.M., Eastern standard time, observations of local weather conditions are taken simultaneously at approximately two hundred regular observing stations throughout the United States and the West Indies. Each Weather Bureau station is operated by one or more trained observers, and equipped with mercurial barometers, thermometers, wind vanes, rain and snow gauges and anemometers, as well as other devices which make a continuous, automatic record of the local weather conditions and changes.

The results of those observations are immediately telegraphed to the central office at Washington, D. C., and other forecast centers. Here they are charted for study and interpretation by experts trained to forecast the conditions that may be expected to prevail in the next thirty-six or forty-eight hours. A complete telegraphic report includes the following data: temperature, pressure (reduced to sea level), precipitation, direction of wind, state of weather, current wind velocity, clouds and maximum and minimum temperature since last observation. From this data the forecaster is able to trace the paths of storm areas and approximately determine their subsequent courses and attendant weather conditions.

Liberty or Death

[*Continued from page 146*]

used to read now and then how the Virginia colonists, outraged at the humiliation of Massachusetts, called a convention to protest to the mother country. He learned how the members came to Richmond because of the hostility of the British Governor at Williamsburg, the state capital, and how they, like the first General Assembly at Jamestown, convened in a church, St. John's, because it was the most convenient place to be had. He lingered over Patrick Henry's part in those proceedings, read his oration aloud over and over again, and finally learned it by heart.

When visitors came to the church, the young Italian keeper of the cemetery used to walk about and talk with them. The idea occurred to him that they might be interested in hearing a delivery of the famous oration on the spot where it was originally made. So one day he paused suddenly at pew forty-seven, where tradition holds that Patrick Henry stood, and commenced:

"Mr. President, no man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as the abilities of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the house."

The visitors stopped, dumfounded. Their chatter died away in an expectant hush. The youth went on: "But different men often see the same subject in different lights"— On through that historical oration he went, sonorous word by sonorous word, to its brilliant ringing climax. It seemed as if the past of the nation were speaking through that serious immigrant boy.

Word quickly got about of the youthful orator on Church Hill, and other visitors requested delivery of the speech. Antonio did his best. Year by year his reputation increased until now visitors return there just to hear him make the speech. Time in its passing has thinned his locks and robbed him partially of his sight but has taken no toll of his eloquence.

"Walk up the left aisle to the third pew from the front, on the left," he instructs the stranger. Though guide duty is not part of his work in the cemetery, he is proud to offer his services. "Open the door and step in. You are now standing where Patrick Henry stood when he made the famous speech."

ON THE door is a silver plate with an inscription to that effect and above the red-cushioned seat, beside the window, is a bronze tablet to the orator and patriot. If one is sufficiently interested, then and there he may hear what the conventionists heard from the lips of Patrick Henry in 1775—not all of it, perhaps, for now that more and more visitors come to St. John's and more and more calls are made on the orator, only large gatherings and distinguished guests get the oration from beginning to end. But even the humblest may count on a stirring rendition of at least the final paragraph.

Antonio Graffignia is proud of his Italian birth and his Garibaldian forbears. But he is too much absorbed in the historical past of America to be anything but American. His memory goes back to Civil War days when he was a little barefoot urchin hunting uniform buttons on the Seven Pines battlefield, while shells burst overhead. He can go back even further through the memory of others, for when he was a young man, old men used to come to the burying ground and they passed old traditions on to him. He "interviewed" these visitors at every chance.

There was an aged police official who used to tell how he himself oft-times had chased the poet Poe, as he raced his horse up the street, and how on one occasion he even put him in the "watch-house." Others told him tales of the church and the men and women buried there, of such people as George Wythe, signer of the Declaration of Independence, John Page, Governor of Virginia, and of the mother of Edgar Allan Poe, who rested in a grave for many decades unmarked. These stories the keeper in his turn recounts, with all the dramatic touches that make them live. He knows about all the dead who lie buried in that little cemetery. He can cite the dates of their deaths and in some cases even the cause. He knows by heart the faded inscriptions on their tombs. He speaks of them as if they came there but yesterday, though the markers date back one hundred and seventy-five years.

No one dare joke about the great of the past with the keeper of St. John's or attempt to confuse him in his facts. One visitor smilingly tried to convince him that George Washington was an Irishman. But Antonio Graffignia failed to see anything funny in that. In all seriousness he put his hand over his heart, bowed reverently and replied: "I beg your pardon. I was not taught that way. George Washington was a native of Virginia and proved himself to be one of the most skillful generals that ever lived." The visitor was squelched.

The story is told that upon another occasion he caused considerable embarrassment to a group of visitors from a local girls' school, when he started to quiz them on the founding of Richmond. Finally, getting no results, he turned to their chaperone and inquired: "What do you teach in your school?"

"Oh, we have Spanish and French and Latin," she replied.

"You have Latin? Well, let's see," the learned keeper went on. "What do the letters on this tombstone mean?" The letters were the familiar "I.H.S."

One little girl raised a timid hand and piped feebly, "I have suffered."

But this elicited no gleam of humor from the extempore schoolmaster. With a withering glance he rolled the sacred Latin syllables on his tongue, *Iesus Hominum Salvator*, and translated: "Jesus, Savior of Mankind."

He recalls with a just measure of pride a tilt he once had with a retired Latin teacher beside the tomb of Governor Page. Seeing her bend over the Latin inscription, he asked if she could read it, and she did. Then he put quotations to her and she put others back to him until the teacher pronounced the keeper "a good scholar" and left as he commenced to quote German.

Antonio Graffignia is a man of simple life, dividing his time between the churchyard and the little house down the street, where he chats in Italian with his sister and plays with his cat. For all his simplicity he has had for audience some of the most distinguished men in the world. Every guest of the city is taken as a matter of course to see St. John's. For admirals, lords and generals, senators and ambassadors, Antonio Graffignia has been requested to deliver that famous address. Strangers often find this the most interesting event of their entire visit to Richmond. It adds a touch of solemnity to the most casual sightseeing trip.

About two years ago the keeper walked into the church one day and found it filled to capacity.

"What's this?" he whispered to some one at the door.

"Hurry up, we're waiting for you," was the reply. Then he found himself rushed to the pulpit. Realizing that it must be some special occasion, he delivered the famous speech from beginning to end with all the power at his command.

As soon as he was done and had dropped his hands to his sides, one of the men in the gathering rose:

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have heard and read Patrick Henry's oration many a time, but never before have I heard it delivered with such gesture and fire."

Thereupon the orator was accorded a rising vote of thanks. As he looked into the faces before him he suddenly realized that these men were senators and representatives of his adopted country. It seemed to Antonio Graffignia as if the whole of Congress had come. It was in fact the Deep Waterways Commission of Congress on a special visit. Rarely does a convention of any sort meet in Richmond, without arrangements being made for it to visit St. John's in a body. And there, through the keeper of the cemetery, they hear Patrick Henry speak.

These occasions mean more to Antonio Graffignia than the opportunity to repeat the undying phrases of a famous man. Candidly, he finds a thrill in playing Patrick Henry and using his words to hold the ears of other men. But to him the oration is more than a matter of history. It is a challenge to every generation, and he is the vehicle through which that challenge is made articulate to thousands of people.

During the War, he felt very sincerely that Patrick Henry's words, intended to arouse American patriots against the British king, carried an even deeper message to a nation once more at war. Frequent repetition of an appeal a century and a half old, he thinks, contributed more than hundreds of new speeches could have done. It is still his mission to dramatize a great historic event and give voice, as often as men will listen, to a gallant past that thunders across the years its defiant plea for "Liberty or Death."

—FRANCES DREWRY MCMULLEN.

The Lost Dog That Trekked 1000 Leagues

[*Continued from page 68*]

around the little town, expecting every minute to see Bobbie come bounding toward him. He and Mrs. Brazier even went back a short distance on the road by which they had entered town. But there was no Bobbie. They repeated this over and over again and finally gave up at midnight.

The first thing next morning they had a sympathetic telephone operator start connecting them up with everyone in and around Wolcott who had a local phone. No one had seen the dog. The weekly paper went to press that day, but the editor made room for their "lost" advertisement and promised to run it for two months. After two days' more fruitless search they gave up with heavy hearts and drove on across the state to the end of their journey in Ohio. On the way back, Mr. and Mrs. Brazier stopped again for two more days in Wolcott and fairly combed the town. No one had seen or heard of Bobbie. It was evident that they must give up hope of ever seeing him again. The whole town promised, if Bobbie ever reappeared, to crate him up and send him home to Oregon by express. Then the Braziers went on their way by the southern route. After a two months' trip, they were back home by way of California, and the children had to be told that Bobbie was lost.

On February 15, 1924, six months to a day from the time Bobbie was lost in Indiana, the younger daughter, Nova and a girl friend were walking along a street in Silverton, Oregon, when Nova suddenly gasped, and grabbed hold of the girl's arm. "Look, look!" she cried. "Isn't that Bobbie?"

At the word "Bobbie," a lean, bedraggled looking dog just ahead of them, turned around and fairly flew at Nova. He leaped up again and again to caress her, making the most unusual sobbing sounds of relief. It was the only way he had of expressing his wordless joy. It was Bobbie, all right. At the hotel Mrs. Brazier and Leona received the same glad greeting that Nova had. But he was not yet satisfied and he began questing all over the house. For there was another member of his family whom he had not seen. Mr. Brazier at that time had been working the night shift at the hotel and was asleep upstairs. They took Bobbie up there, calling out, "Wake up quick, Daddy, and see who's here!" Mr. Brazier had been dreaming, and thought he still was when the emaciated dog fell frantically in his master's arms, whining and crying in a way that was indescribably human and pitiful. The tears stand in Mr. Brazier's eyes when he tries to describe the scene, even now. The dog was trying to tell so much with such pitifully inadequate means. He had put up the best fight he knew how, and now he had won out. Here he had reached the home he had been seeking through months of heat and cold, rain and snow. Nothing else mattered.

HIS feet bore unmistakable signs of hard travel; the toenails were worn to the quick. But, strange to say, he was otherwise in fairly good condition. Evidently he had found a friend here and there along the way. Later in the day they gave him a nice sirloin steak and a pint of cream. The greater portion of this he consumed, and then sought his own old bed in the basement and curled himself up. For three days and nights he slept the sleep of complete exhaustion. When anyone spoke to him he would roll over on his back, holding up his feet toward them in a way that plainly said, "Please do something to make them quit hurting, but let me rest." He touched no more food except raw meat for three weeks, probably because his principal sustenance after striking the Rockies had come from foraging for wild game.

How dreadfully long the time must have seemed to this forlorn little animal. Through the autumn months and the severe stormy winter following he was somewhere in the Middle Western states, climbing the Rocky Mountains in Colorado or Wyoming, and tracking through the wilderness in Idaho. Probably he followed more or less the route by which the Braziers went east and which he had watched so carefully. But it was a marvelous instinct that guided him home. Surely no dumb animal ever wanted more to talk and tell of hazardous adventures and hardships which few human beings could have endured, and of which no human being will ever know.

Some of the details of Bobbie's heroic struggle have, however, come back to the Braziers. Every once in a while they hear from some one who has a little more light to shed on that dauntless journey. Of course the local newspapers had something to say about the dog's astonishing achievement, and this was copied and referred to in various parts of the middle west. Almost at once Mr. Brazier began to receive letters from all over the United States. Most of them were just kindly inquiries about the dog. But many others were from people who felt sure they had seen him at some stage or other of his journey. All those who seem most certain that it was Bobbie stress the fact that he seemed to be always looking for someone and always in a hurry. A few of those who have written are people from whom Bobbie unquestionably did receive food and lodging for a night or so.

A man at Vinton, Iowa, wrote that one day last fall while his car was standing near the curb, he honked the horn to attract someone's attention. Instantly a strange collie appeared from nowhere and jumped right into his car. Naturally he was somewhat startled, but his two little daughters seized the dog with joy. A dog of their own named Bobbie had recently been killed, and they called this dog Bobbie at which he seemed to be beside himself with joy. They could see at once that his name actually had been Bobbie. He evidently thought they were at least good firends of his people, for he rode home with them quite contentedly. But he would touch no food until he had gone through every room in the house, upstairs and down, and although only partially satisfied, he ate his supper and stayed all night. At daybreak the next day he was up and around, whining nervously. He disappeared before breakfast and they never saw him again.

Another letter from a woman living on Gaylord Street in Denver, Colorado, says that without the shadow of a doubt this dog stayed all night at her house on December 6th.

Denver is considerably off the route the Braziers took from Oregon to Indiana, but there are certain marks that identify Bobbie rather accurately. They are all records of his early life on the farm. The Braziers were living on a farm in Oregon when he came to them a six weeks old romping, frolicsome pup. By the time he was two months old he began to show the earmarks of a natural born "heeler." He would drive sheep, horses, any kind of animals ahead of him wherever he wanted them to go. Perhaps this instinct was due to the fact that he had a little English shepherd blood in him, or perhaps it was a collie inheritance. At any rate he seemed to be a born animal herder.

ONCE he took a nip at a strange horse's heel and promptly received a swift kick which sent him sailing through the air and left a scar over his right eye. Later when they were working on a fruit farm a tractor ran over the dog while he was asleep in a prune orchard. Fortunately the ground had been deeply cultivated so that it was soft and Bobbie was not seriously injured. But this experience left another long identifying scar. Another time when he was hot on the trail of an old gopher who had gone to earth, he tore so furiously at the roots of a tree that he broke off three front teeth. These three accidents all played their part in positively identifying the dog at various stages of his long hike.

Far out in one of the suburbs of Portland lives a demure little gray-haired woman who acted the good Samaritan to Bobbie when he must have needed it most of all. Mrs. Smith quite frankly admits that she has never yet been able to turn away from her door anyone or anything that looked hungry. On the last day of January in 1924 a strange collie dog came up to the door. He was so dirty and sick-looking that the young woman next door who saw him was afraid and drove him away. Next morning he came back. Perhaps a sixth sense told him that there was someone here who could help him; or perhaps animals who have been befriended have some way of passing along information like this to others. At any rate Mrs. Smith saw him this time.

"You poor thing," she had the courage to say as she flung the front door wide, "you come right in the house here and see if I can't do something for you." He understood and staggered in after her. She didn't think he had many hours to live, but she was sure he ought to be taken care of. He was ragged, sore and dirty, and his back was so weak he could scarcely stand. In her kitchen he drank up a quart or more of water. He didn't seem to be hungry, but he picked up a small piece of bread from the food she placed before him, and immediately dropped over on the floor, falling into a deep sleep from which he did not wake until late in the afternoon. In the meantime, Mrs. Smith rubbed his swollen ankle joints. Then she got a pan of warm water and borax and, with a soft cloth, bathed his sore eyes and his bloody feet. His nails were worn completely off to the skin with the bare bones showing through. When he woke the bread was still in his mouth. He walked painfully and asked for more water. The light hurt his eyes, and he couldn't scratch his head, so she scratched it for him, and he thanked her by wagging his tail. About five o'clock she opened the door for him to go out, thinking, of course, he would come back, but that was the last she saw of him—then.

Another echo of Bobbie's experience came from a warm-hearted woman who lives in Des Moines near the tourist camp where the Braziers stopped with Bobbie on their way East. She says:

"I do not now recall whether it was July or August of 1923 the dog came to us wearing a heavy black strap collar, with no name plate. He made his appearance during the night, and finding my nephew sleeping on the porch, offered his paw to shake hands, after which he quietly went to sleep. In the morning, after shaking hands with the family and receiving his breakfast, he departed in the direction of the tourist camp, which is only a few blocks from our home. But in an hour or so he came back to us. Although we were very fond of him, no effort was made to keep him. Almost every day he made the trip in the direction of the tourist camp. We tried out different names, and found the name Bob seemed to suit him best.

"The latter part of November he again disappeared, and has never returned to us.

"It is unnecessary to say that we deeply regretted losing him, but have always hoped that he found his way back to his own people."

The whole town took part in Bobbie's homecoming. At the Eugene Field auditorium in Silverton, on March 3, 1924, a public ceremony was held, with the dog and his family as principal participants. The president of the Oregon Humane Society, having confirmed the dog's story, presented him with a silver medal, and the school children petitioned the city council to give Bobbie the freedom of the city.

Then chance and a lucky idea made Bobbie the hero of a far wider circle. It happened that the Portland Realty Board was conducting a Home Beautiful exposition in the metropolis of Oregon. They had appointed Mr. J. W. Crossley a committee of one to obtain outside attractions that would vitally interest people. He conceived the idea of having the Silverton collie as a feature of the show. This dog he reasoned, typified *love of home* to an unusual degree. Mr. Crossley enlisted the support of Mr. J. W. McFadden, also a member of the board and the latter built a handsome house, all for Bobbie. It measured five by six and a half feet, weighed nine hundred pounds, was painted yellow, with a red roof, glass windows (with silk curtains) on every side and had a front door of solid oak, swinging each way. In fact it was a perfect replica of a modern bungalow, and on a brass plate over the door were the words: "Bobbie's Castle." This bungalow occupied a conspicuous corner in the auditorium, and Bob was the most honored guest. It is estimated that more than a hundred thousand persons visited him during that week.

It is probably one of the few times on record when popular appreciation of a magnificent exploit has created a hero, without any danger of spoiling the hero.

For Bobbie has settled down quietly to an unassuming domestic existence. The Braziers moved to Salem shortly after the dog's homecoming, to take advantage of new business opportunities. And in the front yard of their home was set up the little Portland bungalow for Bobbie—and his spouse. For by this time romance had come into Bobbie's life and he was living in happy domesticity with a Salem lady collie named Tippy. And now the bungalow is too small!

Not so long ago, Mr. Crossley received in Portland the following astounding telegram: "I am daddy to fifteen puppies this morning by my wife, Tippy. All bobbies.

(*Signed*) BOBBIE."

The somewhat shocked members of the Portland Realty Board realizing that their famous bungalow is already inadequate for Bobbie's domestic needs, frankly admit that something will have to be done about an addition.

Meanwhile the Braziers continue to receive letters addressed to Bobbie from children and grown-ups all over the country. They contain requests for photographs and innumerable presents for the dog. One Christmas present came all the way from West Australia. So widespread is the interest that a motion picture "The Call of the West," has been made featuring Bobbie and his exploit. But Bobbie has no Hollywood ambitions to outshine Strongheart or Peter the Great. Humble and happily content he sticks close to his adored family, and he still grows nervous if the Braziers are out of his sight for very long. As for them, Mr. Brazier says Bobbie can have anything he wants as long as he lives.

In itself it is a remarkable thing for a dog to have traveled alone over half the United States, in the dead of winter. But the thing that appeals so strongly to people must be something more than this. The loyalty and devotion that will carry an animal through such difficulties, back to those he loves, speaks very highly indeed for the kind of folks they must be. And a country in which, scattered over three thousand miles, live enough men and women to take care of a forlorn, homeless dog, sympathize with him, understand him, and help him on his way, must be a pretty good sort of country.

The Alligator Boy

[*Continued from page 145*]

Then, in the most unceremonious manner in the world, Coppinger rolls the beast into his canoe to take him home. Usually there is another scrap right then and there, during which he must keep control of the reptile and at the same time prevent the canoe from tipping. But the man always wins and brings his exhausted booty home from the Everglades.

As an outdoor sport there do not seem to be many others which compare with this one in excitement and danger. Even the few daring South Sea Islanders who will dive for man-eating sharks carry long knives with which they stab the shark. The danger is hardly as great as that involved in the handling of a twelve-foot alligator equipped with tiger-like claws, powerful limbs, a tail capable of knocking over small trees and a mouth lined with hundreds of razor-edged teeth, set in jaws like a stone-crusher. To round out this deadly equipment the beast has unbelievable speed in attack, terrible ferocity, and a skin so thick that it is practically immune to injury from anything save a high powered rifle.

Talk about putting one's head in a lion's mouth! That, comparatively, is nothing. A lion can be trained and an alligator can't.

Coppinger, who is the son of a prominent horticulturist, has been learning the habits of alligators from the time he was a little boy. As a matter of fact, he is only twenty-four years old now. He used to go into the Everglades with the Seminole Indians whose livelihood depends principally on the number of alligator skins which they can capture. From them he learned their methods of handling alligators, but his system of wrestling with them he invented himself. The Seminoles were very wary of coming to close quarters with the vicious 'gators and they watched with amazement when Coppinger began experimenting with his hand-to-hand encounters.

As soon as he became adept at this hair-raising outdoor sport, Coppinger cast about for some way to make it remunerative and to commercialize his knowledge of alligators in general. That is how he came to conceive the idea of an alligator farm. It was not long before he had such a farm established at Tropical Grove, Miami and began his collection of live alligators. The farm is now one of the show places of Florida, with two thousand or more alligators, ranging in size from the baby 'gators of ten or twelve inches to great reptiles of twelve feet.

When some friend traveling in Florida sends you a little wooden box containing a small live alligator, the chances are it came from Coppinger's "farm." Annually he sells hundreds of these baby 'gators to tourists who ship them up north as souvenirs. He has established a lucrative business stuffing small alligator skins which are used as the base for lamps. Thousands of alligator skins are also shipped yearly to Japan where they are used in the manufacture of purses, novelties, etc.

Coppinger had the usual difficulties in getting such an enterprise started, but he had a means of attracting people and getting publicity which no one else possessed. He could give wrestling exhibitions with his alligators! Right from the start he put the large alligators which he had captured in the Everglades, on exhibition at his farm. He had a large pool constructed and here he began recklessly to perform all sorts of wrestling bouts with the reptiles for the amusement of the spectators. In fact he still makes a handsome income by giving exhibitions of diving up alligators from his pool.

DOWN into the ten-foot pool he dives after some huge alligator and there before your eyes he struggles with it just the way he learned to do in the Everglades. After a furious struggle in the water, he gets the 'gator up onto a small raft in the middle of the pool and there they wrestle until the animal is conquered. Then he turns it on its back and with a few swift strokes on its belly he puts it to sleep. This uncanny feat never fails to give the spectators the thrill of their lives. Despite the fact that Coppinger seems to be absolutely in control of the situation at all times, there are many small scars on his arms and legs which attest slight miscalculations he has made from time to time.

So far as is known, this young man is the only human being who has ever dared to dive into the water and attack an alligator. It is now a popular sport in Miami—to watch. It is doubtful if a vocation involving so much danger is likely to have any active adherents besides Coppinger. —CALVIN COFFEY.

She Started With a Pail of Goldfish

[*Continued from page 147*]

The rest of Miss Cooper's plant comprises a stockroom with crates of globes piled ceiling-high—bin after bin of pottery ornaments—an aquarium-making department—girls packing wafer fish-food, sea shells, pebbles, sand, or putting lead loops about fish moss shipped in from the southern swamps.

This—the Auburndale Goldfish Company—is the outgrowth of Miss Cooper's first sales in the trolley-car towns. From the very start she did well with these sales and began at once to add to her store of capital. In those days goldfish could be bought cheaply, even when one had to buy through a jobber as she had to do at the start. Then it occurred to her that any one who could contrive a good steady market for goldfish globes, fish-food, castles, dipnets, and all the other accessories to an aquarium could easily afford to give away the fish—at least one to a customer. Having the courage of her convictions, Miss Cooper decided that she would be the first one to try this out.

She had cards printed announcing that each child calling at Blank's drug-store would be given a goldfish free if he or she called for it after school with something to put it in. She picked a little town to try the scheme out in, and passed out cards when school was dismissed. Three-quarters of an hour later all the fish at the store had been given out to a clamoring mob of children with bowls, pans and pails. One even had a coffee-pot. By seven o'clock Miss Cooper's guess had proved right. Parental love would not deny the

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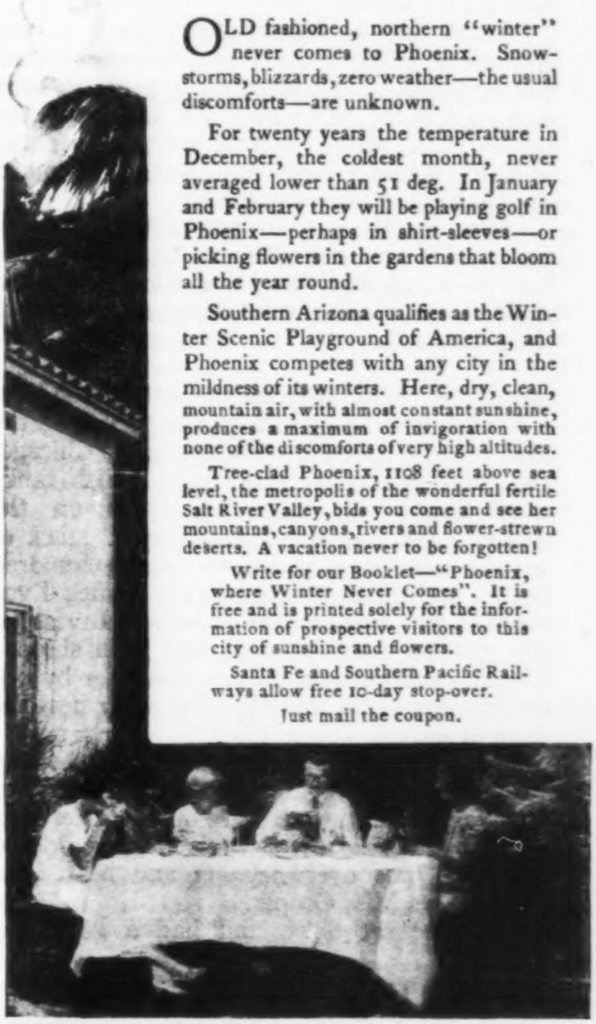

OLD fashioned, northern "winter" never comes to Phoenix. Snowstorms, blizzards, zero weather—the usual discomforts—are unknown.

For twenty years the temperature in December, the coldest month, never averaged lower than 51 deg. In January and February they will be playing golf in Phoenix—perhaps in shirt-sleeves—or picking flowers in the gardens that bloom all the year round.

Southern Arizona qualifies as the Winter Scenic Playground of America, and Phoenix competes with any city in the mildness of its winters. Here, dry, clean, mountain air, with almost constant sunshine, produces a maximum of invigoration with none of the discomforts of very high altitudes.

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children the pleasure of keeping the fish. Yet they manifestly called for at least a little of the proper equipment. The stock of accessories was cleaned out by eleven o'clock and the druggist was falling all over himself in his anxiety to have a more complete line of supplies shipped him at once by Miss Cooper.

On one of her trips back to Chicago she encountered a former business associate who became interested in her prospering venture. For want of a better alias we will call him Smith.

"Smith was shrewd and active," says Miss Cooper, "and persuaded me that we should open up a wholesale house in Chicago. In that way we would be able to buy things in quantity at discounts and put a lot of people to work for us.

"Smith had no money but he was a very convincing talker. We rented a basement on the west side. I deposited my money in a bank and used it for reference. We had stationery printed and began ordering fish and supplies liberally—paying cash and taking discounts and thereby establishing credit.

"Mrs. Smith was an experienced saleswoman and it was soon decided that she should hold sales just as I was doing, going out to the smaller towns and establishing merchants in the business."

AFTER a while, correspondence from the store back in Chicago to Miss Cooper out on the road became irregular. She hurried to Chicago. Her wholesale house was closed. Fish tanks were empty. No glassware stood on the shelves. Nothing was left—except a stack of unpaid bills, amounting to twelve hundred dollars and all contracted in her name. Even the rent was two months overdue. Investigation showed that the stock had been shipped to many different points and called for by one or the other of the Smiths. She never heard of them again.

"To one who had never been in debt beyond a couple of week's board, occasioned by an over-extravagance in the purchase of an Easter bonnet, the realization of a twelve-hundred-dollar obligation was overwhelming and heart-sickening," says Miss Cooper.

First she sat down and had a good cry. Then she wrote the globe factories and other supply houses, telling them frankly what had happened. Every one of them hurried to offer her credit for a new stock. She was to pay off the old bills as fast as she could but they were all back of her and would help to see her through. That is what it means to have what they call "character" credit, and it can't be measured in terms of money. Naturally Miss Cooper could not disappoint the people who had such faith in her ability as well as her honesty. In a couple of years things were going well again and the business was being extended. The experience, terrible as it was at the start, had really served to land her in the wholesale business.

It was the rapid way in which Miss Cooper acquired expert knowledge about the business that shoved it ahead. It takes expert knowledge to ship the fish so they will reach their destinations alive. You have to know just how much water to put in the big metal tub according to the distance and time on the road. How many fish can be shipped in a certain sized tub or can from Chicago to Portland, Maine? to Vancouver, British Columbia? to San Luis Potosi, Mexico? Will they be continuously on the road so that the train's motion aerates the water and no change of water is needed, or will there be a long layover that allows the water to stagnate? These are things you have to thoroughly understand if you are to succeed as a distributor of goldfish. Miss Cooper learned by actual experiments which included shipping a thousand goldfish in a sealed freight car from Chicago to San Francisco. They were three weeks on the road without a bit of attention and there were only eighteen dead upon arrival. This was because the bumping cars had slopped the water about, allowing new oxygen to enter.

Since the day she stopped at the department-store fountain, Miss Cooper's business has grown steadily. The growth is largely due to her discovery that there was an increasing interest in goldfish that was not being given attention. She had the courage to put this idea into practical use at once, and despite all sorts of difficulties she has made a go of it. Starting with two galvanized iron pails of goldfish, she has built up a big, successful, wholesale business.

—FRANK HILTON MADISON.

The Man Who Hated Sheffield

[*Continued from page 121*]

His hoarse yell of anger brought the headman of the paddlers to him.

"Lord, it was only earth, and was weighting down the canoe, for the waters are rough near the Isisi River, so we threw it overboard."

Odwall raged up and down the bank like a lunatic, cursing the men, cursing Sanders, cursing everything except his own insensate folly.

Bones went down to meet the canoe as soon as it was sighted, and was shocked at the ghastly appearance of the man.

"Dear old astrologer!" he said, in alarm. "You've got fever, dear old secretary. You must let me give you a little quinine—"

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Name ....

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"When does the next boat call?"

"It's calling, dear old archi—whatever the word is. Did you find the Roman remains? That thing. . . ." Bones's hands worked rapidly.

"Yes, yes, I found it," said the other impatiently.

He was relieved to discover that news had not already come to headquarters of his crime. Perhaps Ch'uga was not dead. These old natives were as tough as wire.

"Won't you wait and see the Commissioner? He's returning tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Odwall nearly screamed the word. "No, no, I must go today. You say the ship is calling?"

Bones pointed dramatically to the sea. A big German steamer had dropped anchor, and the surf-boat was being lowered.

The departure of Mr. Walter S. Bagen, Secretary of the Central African Archæological Society, was something in the nature of a disappointment to Bones, who had prepared quite a lot of interesting but inaccurate information upon a hypothetical Greek occupation of the country, based largely on the presence of a Corinthian pillar which supported the verandah of the Residency, and which, if the truth be told, had been brought to the country by Sanders's predecessor.

Not until the flat shores of the river territories had sunk beneath the rim of the ocean did Mr. Odwall feel comfortable.

The boat did not touch at another British port until it called at Plymouth. And now he could settle down to the invention of a story which would satisfy his financial supporter.

MR. WILBERRY came to the reoccupied Jermyn Street flat, well aware that he had to listen to a story of failure; for he was a business man, and was quite capable of interpreting a letter which began: "I have got back, and although the results of my visit were not all I could have desired. . . ."

"I am going to tell you the truth," said Odwall, when the red-faced man had settled himself comfortably in the only armchair large enough to seat him.

Oddly enough, the story the returned wanderer told was substantially true—it was the easiest and the most plausible explanation of his abortive effort.

"Bad luck," said Mr. Wilberry, who had lost money before. "But I should have thought that if you'd given the old bird enough money, he'd have helped you."

Odwall shook his head.

"You don't know the influence that swine Sanders has over the natives," he said. And then he remembered. "Here's something that will interest you."

He went into his bedroom, brought back a small jar of native make and showed the greenish-yellow ointment. Mr. Wilberry frowned.

"A depilatory?" he said. "Does it work?"

"Does it work?" Odwall laughed. "It's half-empty now. I've used it all the way back from Africa to save shaving."

Wilberry reached out his hand, took the pot, smeared a little on the hair by the side of his ear, and, taking out his handkerchief, wiped it. A bare patch showed where the ointment had touched.

He caught his breath.

"Do you know . . . the formula for this?" he gasped.

Odwall shook his head.

"No, I didn't bother—you can get it analyzed—"

"Analyzed! It's a vegetable product, you fool! Analysts can't tell us anything. Did he offer you the formula?"

"Yes—I couldn't be bothered. I was after gold. . . ."

Wilberry waved his podgy hands in despair.

"My God!" he howled, and turned around on the adventurer with blazing eyes. "You fool! You great brainless fool!" he shouted. "Gold, did you want? And you had it!" He held up the pot. "Do you realize what you've got here—what we could have had? If I had this formula I could ruin Sheffield! There wouldn't be a razor sold. . . . Oh, you short-sighted lunatic!"

"But—but—" stammered the other.

"But, but!" mimicked his patron savagely. "That pot was worth a million pounds—it was worth ten million—I'd have had half Sheffield at my feet begging for mercy . . . for the formula of this would have put out of business every razor, every safety razor company in the world! Gold? This is gold! Under your ugly nose and you couldn't see it!"

It is a strange fact that neither Bones nor Sanders associated the untimely death with the visit of the secretary of a great archæological society. Sanders went in search of the white man, and learned only, from the descriptions that were given, that Mr. Odwall had in some way returned to the country and had made his escape again.

"I don't know whether it's a sign of mourning or whether it's due to some other cause—the bald people are no longer bald," said Sanders at dinner on the night of his return. "Apparently they used some sort of stuff that the old chief made, and the secret of which he did not pass on to his people. Now the poor old boy's gone, the bald men are becoming quite normal again. You ought to write to your archæological society about it, Bones.

A piece of advice which Bones followed, but the letter came back marked "Gone away—addressee not known."